THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS."

LEIGH HUNT

POET AND ESSAYIST

THE CHOICEST PASSAGES FROM HIS WORKS

SELECTED AND EDITED

With a Biographical Introduction

BY CHARLES KENT



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I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others

LEIGH HUNT, *On Books.*

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LEIGH HUNT'S ESSAYS.

have here been made also from among his contributions to many other contemporary organs of public opinion — such as *Fraser's Magazine*, *Ainsworth's Magazine*, *Tait's Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Atlas*, the *Traveller*, the *True Sun*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Musical Times*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *Monthly Chronicle*.

What is especially noticeable in regard to the writings of Leigh Hunt is the fact that they were penned almost without any premeditation whatever. They were produced, so to speak, from hand to mouth, on the emergency of the moment, in obedience to the clamorous necessity of the occasion. Whenever he wrote, it was always at a drive, and *currente calamo*. Even when he sat down to indite a three volume novel, he had, in submission to the imperious demand of the hour, to supply his publisher with chapter after chapter at rapid intervals so as to secure for his home needs the advantage of a weekly payment. One of his periodicals, and that a daily one, the *Tatler*, so long as his health enabled him to do so, he wrote entirely himself, without any extraneous assistance whatever. In putting this fact upon record, he adds, not very surprisingly, that the labour of its continuous production almost killed him. Beginning the brain-work of his life, as he did, besides, when he was a mere stripling, he had to persist in it strenuously almost to the very last. Bearing this in mind, it hardly seems matter for amazement to find him stating frankly in his Autobiography, that the staple productions of his hand as an author, his prose writings, were called into existence always under more or less excitement, his face becoming flushed as he wrote, and his whole nervous system visibly agitated. In startling contrast to this, he takes note, there, of the calming influence upon him of metrical composition, verse, as he says, having been invariably written by him with the utmost composure. His rhythmical effusions, indeed, sweetened for him the whole current of his existence.

What appears, now, in the retrospect, all but incomprehensible in his regard, is the circumstance that, at the outset of his career, Leigh Hunt was for several years together in the early part of this century assailed by more than one of the leading organs of public opinion with a scurrility that was often nothing less than ferocious and malignant. It arose clearly from the completest misapprehension, by his vilifiers, alike of his writings and of his character. His writings, both prose and verse, remain to this day intact—unaltered and unmodified. Nothing in them having been cancelled or withdrawn, they can speak for themselves. His character, again, such as it was then, continued, in all essentials, identically the same to the very end—ripened, it may be, with the mere lapse of years, but otherwise unchanged.

Other poets of that period, with whom from the first his name was intimately associated, and whose writings are now among the glories of our literature, were no doubt by those same critics alternately derided and reviled. But Leigh Hunt, being in point of time their immediate precursor, was the chosen and central target upon which were concentrated by that select band of reviewers their fiercest and most unmeasured vituperations. He was held mainly responsible by them as the originator and leader of what was scornfully dubbed the Cockney School of Poetry. Keats, it is almost ridiculous now to recall to mind, was contemptuously spoken of by them as an insignificant disciple of his, whom he was vainly striving to lift into notoriety. All through that distressing interval, during which Leigh Hunt had to bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, he not only held on his course with the most perfect equanimity, but exercised a truly remarkable influence over some of the most illustrious of his contemporaries. Byron, when they eventually met, told him that it was the sight of his earliest volume at Harrow that had been one of his own first incentives to write verses—five years prior, that is, to the publication of the "Hours of Idleness." Keats

paid him the signal tribute of dedicating to him his first volume of poetry, and the yet more signal tribute of imitating him in his last volume, meaning "Lamia." Shelley, besides laying claim to him as his dearest friend, offered him the homage of echoing in "Julian and Maddalo" the fluent and refined yet often masculine versification in which he had sung of the fateful loves of Paulo and Francesca. While, later on, John Forster gratefully acknowledged that, at the outset of his career as a student, he was mainly indebted to Leigh Hunt for his strong predilection for, and final adoption of, literature as his profession.

Who and what, then, after all, was this long-reviled, gentle, kindly, gifted creature when his character came to be really known, and his writings, whether in prose or verse, dispassionately examined, by men peculiarly well qualified to judge as to the merits and demerits of himself and his books? What, for example, was the deliberate utterance in his regard of the usually atrabilious, cynical, captious, dyspeptic Carlyle? It was this, that Leigh Hunt, in his estimation, was—"A man of genius in a very strict sense of that word; of brilliant, varied gifts; of graceful fertility; of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character, also of most pure and even exemplary private deportment; a man who can be other than loved only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium." Charles Dickens, again, has no less emphatically pronounced Leigh Hunt to have been —"A man who in the midst of the sorest temptations maintained his honesty unblemished by a single stain—who in all public and private transactions was the very soul of truth and honour—who never bartered his opinion or betrayed his friend." Any one who could have been so lovingly regarded and so earnestly spoken of by men of such sterling qualities, and of such searchingly keen intelligence as Dickens and Carlyle, could only have been systematically assailed by means of a series of monstrous libels and misrepresentations. It is inconceivable—he said himself long

afterwards—to what extent he suffered in mind, body, and estate in consequence. Further on in his life, however, there came to him, in compensation for all this, what James Hannay aptly termed "an Indian summer of fame," when he himself could exultingly remark, "It is not possible for many persons to have greater friends than I have;" and could even add what may have been in his own experience almost still sweeter, "I am not aware that I have now a single enemy." If the goal he was then approaching was an Old Age in Europe, it was also just as distinctly what is termed a Euthanasia.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, whose parents were both of Transatlantic origin, was born, on the 19th October, 1784, about eight miles north of London, at the pretty little rustic village of Southgate, in Middlesex. His father, Isaac Hunt, who was a native of Barbados, was the son, grandson, and great-grandson of a succession of clergymen of the English Church in that colony. According to a family tradition, they were descended from a race of Tory Cavaliers, one of whom, at about the middle of the seventeenth century, had fled from Devonshire to the West Indies to escape from the ascendancy of Cromwell, and, on reaching his destination, had taken his place at once among the earliest English settlers in the island of Barbados. Isaac Hunt, having been sent thence, in his boyhood, for his education to Philadelphia, had completed his academical course by taking his degree, both in that city and at New York, as a Master of Arts. Immediately after this he decided upon settling down permanently at Philadelphia, where he married Mary Shewell, the daughter of a flourishing merchant of that place; and, though originally set apart for the Church by his father, finally resolved himself upon adopting the law as his profession. His practice—according to the American system, about equally that of attorney and barrister—was as rapidly increasing upon his hands, as his family was upon those of his wife, when their domestic fortunes were completely

transformed by the abrupt outbreak of the Revolution. So pronounced in its earlier stages was his general bearing as a loyalist, that, to escape the popular fury, or in other words the imminent risk of being tarred and feathered, he had no choice but hurriedly to take flight from Philadelphia. This was accomplished so precipitately that he had to go alone to England, leaving his wife and children to follow him thither at the first available opportunity. Pending their arrival in his wake, in the old, ancestral mother-country, the ex-lawyer from Philadelphia had to open for himself a new path in life by tardily carrying out, as though an afterthought, his father's earliest intention in his regard. Though his religious views were from first to last of rather dubious orthodoxy, he readily made up his mind at this sudden turning-point in his career to become a clergyman of the Church of England. Shortly after this decision was arrived at, he was duly ordained by Lowth, the then Bishop of London. His reputation, thereupon, soon became remarkable as that of a fashionable preacher.

When his young family and their mother at length rejoined him in England, they found him officiating in this capacity at Bentinck Chapel in Lisson Grove. His home, then temporarily established in Newman Street, Oxford Street, was soon afterwards removed to Hampstead Square, and the scene of his labours as a pulpit orator from Paddington to Southgate. There, near Southgate, was a seat of the Duke of Chandos, the then Master of the Horse, who, being numbered amongst his congregation, was, needless to say, the most influential of them all. And there, under his Grace's favour, the genial and scholarly parson was appointed, and for several years remained, tutor to the Duke's nephew, Mr. Leigh. It is curious to bear in mind for a moment, in association with both Master and Pupil, that, thanks to the genius of the Rev. Isaac's youngest son, who was born to him there in Southgate, their united names are still to this day held in remembrance.

Under the patronage of so powerful a nobleman as the

Duke of Chandos, there appeared for a time to the popular preacher himself every fair prospect of his winning his way sooner or later to almost any preferment. His aspirations led him, in the vague future, to cherish, even, the day-dream of a bishopric. His vivacious and convivial temperament, if nothing else, would nevertheless have effectually barred for him the path towards the development of any such ambition. His outspeaking disdain of anything like tact, too, would of itself have constituted an impassable barrier: as illustrated one day, in the midst of an altercation with one of the bishops, by his reply to the inquiry "Do you know who I am?"—"Yes, my lord," (with a bow) "dust and ashes." Apart from all this, his religious opinions were so little to be counted upon as in any way orthodox that his Anglicanism, after lapsing for a time into Unitarianism, led him at length to that absolute Universalism which believes that the devils themselves in the end will be brought to a state of bliss. To complete all the obstacles of his own creation thus perversely raised before him and his on the road to good Fortune, his Bohemian tastes and his unlucky persistence in perpetually falling into debt, brought him at last to that constantly recurring oscillation upon the verge of ruin which is the cruellest of all the many cruel phases in which the poverty of a home can be realized. Recalling this period to mind in his Autobiography, Leigh Hunt vividly enough describes by a single touch how the family struggled on "between placid readings and frightful knocks at the door." His earliest recollection of a room, he further says, was of one in the King's Bench where his father was a prisoner.

All the good that could be secured to him by his friends by way of solace for his misfortunes was by getting his name enrolled on the Civil List for a Loyalist pension of £100 a year. One by one, his three eldest sons, somehow, while they were yet striplings, got into employment,—Stephen as a lawyer's clerk, Robert as an engraver, John by being apprenticed to Reynell the printer. As for the

youngest of them all, Leigh Hunt, shortly after whose birth at Southgate their little home had been moved to Finchley, he was the especial pet of every one under its roof-beams; and, even as a mere child, was clearly the most introspective and thoughtful member of the whole household. While yet in his infancy he gave in his adhesion to Universalism, out of the very revulsion of feeling inspired by the alarming reflection that occurred to him one day when on his knees repeating the Litany—"Suppose Eternal Punishment should be true!" Equally characteristic of him at that same tender age is the incident of his having been led one day, out of the very horror inspired by the most trivial oath (perhaps, as he conjectured, out of the very excess of it) to snatch a "fearful joy" by its utterance, when such was the remorse he experienced that for a long while afterwards he could not receive a bit of praise, or a pat of encouragement on the head, without thinking to himself, "Ah! they little suspect I am the boy who said, 'd—n it.'" In 1792, being then seven, he donned the red leather belt, the yellow tunic and stockings, and the blue gown of a student of Christ's Hospital—entering that institution just after Charles Lamb and Coleridge had quitted it.

His Masters and Schoolfellows, as he recalls them to mind, live again in his Recollections. There is Salt, the morning reader, who spoke in his throat with a sound as of weakness and corpulence, and who was famous among them for saying "murracles" instead of miracles! There is Field, the under grammar-master, who was so good-natured that when he feebly hit one of the boys with a cane he would make a face as if he were taking physic: and who was so absent-minded and at the same time so deaf that, if a boy, instead of asking his permission to go and see a friend then in waiting, put to him some preposterous question entirely wide of the mark, such as, "Are you not a great fool, sir?" or "Isn't your daughter a pretty girl?" would answer quite innocently, "Yes, child!" Then, again, there is the waggish Junior

Pupil who, under punishment, used to "snatch his jokes out of the very flame and fury of the Master, like Snapdragon!" And Le Grice, one of the Head boys, who whimsically excused himself for not having done a particular exercise by saying that he had had a "lethargy," and who, by the very impudence of his plea, escaped even a word of reproof! And another, Allen, the handsome Grecian, who so captivated every one who came near him that, blundering one day in the street against an apple-woman, and turning round to appease her in the midst of her revilings, he had yelled after him, "Where are you driving to, you great hulking, good-for-nothing—beautiful fellow, God bless you!" Each in turn, after the lapse of years, is photographed to the life in the camera of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.

As for himself, sensitive and delicate though he was during the earlier part of the seven years he remained at the Bluecoat School, he must, even then, as these sketches indicate, have been keenly observant. What he was like at that period is realized for us upon the instant by the exclamation of the fat and comely under grammar-master, Stevens—"whom you loved as you looked at," says Hunt, "and seemed as if you must love the more the fatter he became." whose genial greeting, whenever the boy made his appearance, was. "Here comes our little black-haired friend who stammers so. Let us see what we can do for him." The impediment in his speech here referred to, unlike that of Charles Lamb, happily proved, as years ran on, to be only temporary. His jet-black hair and dark eyes he inherited from his mother. as he did also, as was shown from his earliest boyhood, "her two accomplishments"—a love of nature and a love of books. The classics, curiously enough, he recoiled from—all except a single episode in Virgil.

He took to his heart, however, three works the contents of which he devoured at every opportunity—these being Lemprière's Dictionary, Tooke's Pantheon, and Spence's Polymetis, the great folio edition with plates. To these

three books, indeed, and to Cooke's darling little duodecimo edition of the English Poets—which was just then, providentially for him, coming out in sixpenny numbers, and which instalments he bought over and over again, fresh sets of them in his hands, as he records, "disappearing like buttered crumpets"—Leigh Hunt may be said to have owed, in truth, the chief part of his education. Very soon, as was but natural, he began to emulate these chosen instructors by writing verses himself—his first poem being in honour of the Duke of York's "Victory at Dunkirk," which said Victory (only, however, after the poem was completed) turned out, greatly to his mortification, to be a Defeat. His ambition rising, he wrote a poem of larger dimensions, called "Winter" in emulation of Thomson, and another of yet greater elaboration, called "The Fairy King" in emulation of Spenser

What is especially remarkable, however, in regard to one who was afterwards to become so delightful an essayist, is the fact that he could make nothing of his schoolboy attempts to imitate the *Spectator*, his master, Boyer, crumpling up his themes and tossing them away with the utmost contempt. Prose composition, in the production of which he was so soon afterwards to show such extraordinary facility and vivacity, appeared indeed, at the outset, for him, to have been hedged round with insuperable difficulties.

In 1799, being then fifteen, Leigh Hunt reluctantly—with tears even, to the surprise of both masters and schoolmates—took his departure from Christ's Hospital. For some little time after this his life was very desultory. He haunted the bookstalls. He took his place for a while in the law office of his brother Stephen. He continued persistently and most industriously to write verses. A collection of these, written between the ages of twelve and sixteen, was inconsiderately put together by his father and precipitately published, in 1801, under the title of "Juvenilia," with a portrait of the boy-author, by Jackson, prefixed to it as a frontispiece. It had a success, too, that might have proved

disastrous. It ran through two editions within the twelvemonth, a third making its appearance early in 1802. "I was as proud, perhaps, of the book at that time," wrote Leigh Hunt when he had grown grey and had become famous, "as I am ashamed of it now." Before reputation of any kind could be won, however, he had to serve a long apprenticeship both to the periodicals and the booksellers.

His first venture in journalism was his contributing in 1804 a series of papers called "The Traveller" to the evening journal of that name afterwards incorporated with the *Globe* "Mr. Town, Junior, Critic and Censor-General,' was the signature he appended to these essays, all but the Junior being borrowed from the Elder Colman's "Connoisseur" Then, too—so far at least as the production of the manuscript was concerned—he wrote a couple of Farces, a Comedy, and a Tragedy. In 1805 he supplied *The News*, a journal that year started by his brother John, with a succession of animated and thoroughly independent "Theatrical Criticisms," a selection from which was afterwards published under the title of "Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres." Besides writing, in 1806, in *The Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature*, he contributed five introductory biographical papers, three of them having relation to Voltaire, Johnson, and Goldsmith, to "Classic Tales,' which as a collection was completed in 1807 in five volumes.

Early in the following year, on the 8th January, 1808, appeared the first number of *The Examiner*, of which his brother John was the proprietor, and of which he himself, being then just twenty three years of age, undertook the editorship. Shortly before this, and for a little while afterwards, he held the position of clerk in the War Office, to which he had been inducted through the influence of his father's friend, the then Premier, Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth, but who had ceased to be Prime Minister, as it happened, before *The Examiner* actually came into existence. The

motto of that journal, which was pronouncedly Liberal and of no political party whatever, was from Swift—"Party is the madness of many and the gain of a few." For fourteen years together Leigh Hunt conducted it, not merely as a critical but as a political organ, with the utmost boldness and independence. This is all the more noteworthy, seeing that he was himself in no way a politician. On his bookshelves you would have looked in vain for a single political text-book, like "The Wealth of Nations." They were abundantly laden instead with Spensers and Arabian Nights.

The literary, artistic, and theatrical notabilities with whom he was then brought into contact, he depicts, often to the very life in retrospect, by an apt phrase or two of extraordinary vividness. Campbell, who gave him the idea of a French Virgil, he found to be as handsome as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. Fuseli's dominant colouring, he realizes to us upon the instant as "a sort of livid green, like brass diseased." The incongruous bust of Liston the comedian, he shapes out for us by no more than a touch or two of his pen—the mouth and chin, with the throat under it hanging "like an old bag," but the upper part of the head being as fine as possible.

In the second year of *The Examiner*, Leigh Hunt married Marianne, the daughter of Thomas and Ann Kent. In that same year, 1809, he first saw one who afterwards came to be the dearest of his friends, Shelley. In 1810 he edited a new quarterly called *The Reflector*, which was another literary venture started by his brother John, but one that extended only to four numbers. In its final instalment appeared the earliest and perhaps the most characteristic of those colloquial essays in the writing of which he may be said to stand alone. It takes its place therefore by right in the present collection (pages 81–96) as the initial specimen of his most charming manner as an Essayist

At the very time, however, when he was chatting thus delightfully with his reader "By the Fire" in *The Reflector*,

he was, by his vigorous and uncompromising denunciation of the Prince Regent in the columns of *The Examiner*, calling down upon himself and his brother the penalties of a State prosecution. More than once previously that journal had been arraigned (to no purpose, as it happened), as an assailant of the powers that be, at the bar of public opinion. But its offence was now too heinous to admit of its any longer evading condign punishment. An adulator of the Regent had but just then fawned upon him in print in so many words as an "Adonis in loveliness." Whereupon Leigh Hunt, revolted by such nauseating sycophancy, and unable to suppress his sense of the ridiculous, had ironically recalled to public recollection the fact that "This Adonis of loveliness, was a corpulent man of fifty." So poignant was the sting of this *persiflage*, that, as the result of the Trial, which took place on December 9, 1812, in the Court of King's Bench, at Westminster, before Lord Ellenborough, "The Prince of Wales *v.* The Examiner," John and Leigh Hunt were condemned to pay into Court, each of them, a fine of £500, and to undergo, apart from one another, in fact in separate goals, two years imprisonment. Horsemonger Lane Gaol, during the whole of that time, was the scene of Leigh Hunt's incarceration. Entering it on the 3rd February 1813, he quitted it only, as it were, when the last grain of sand, at the last turn of the hour-glass, had run out, at the close of the appointed interval, on the 3rd February 1815. Beyond the cruel gap thus made in the lives of himself and his brother, by their isolation for so long a period within the walls of a prison, they found themselves mulcted, when the penalty inflicted upon them had been paid to the last farthing, not to the tune of merely £500 apiece, but, when all was said and done, of fully two thousand pounds sterling.

Putting a cheerful face upon the matter from the very outset, however, in obedience to the dictates of his own blithe philosophy, Leigh Hunt made a sunshine in that shady place by turning the room allotted to him, one of the ample

wards of the infirmary, into a very bower of contentment. He papered its walls with a trellis of roses. He had its ceiling coloured with the semblance of clouds floating in a blue sky. Its barred windows were hidden from view by Venetian blinds. Bookcases were set up surmounted with busts. Flowers, either in bouquets, or, better still, growing in pots, were *disposed about the apartment.* A *pianoforte*, by bringing a look of home to it, and infusing a very soul of music into it all, gave the finishing touch to his arrangements. His delight was, whenever a stranger crossed his threshold, to note his stare of amazement at such unexpected surroundings. Charles Lamb protested that there was no room at all like it anywhere, except in a fairy tale.

A garden to match, in the little gaol-yard just outside this halcyon chamber, was sedulously cultivated by the sybarite prisoner, who, to screen from sight its sordid surroundings, enclosed it with green trellis-work, and adorning its centre with a grass-plot, prided himself upon getting a pudding, in his second year, out of his apple-tree, and upon hearing one of his visitors (Tom Moore) declare that he had seen nowhere such heartsease. *Upon one* of the bookshelves in his house-room, besides, as a very talisman of delight to himself, Leigh Hunt had, at the beginning of his time of durance, placed with loving hands what was for him, as he declared, "truly a lump of sunshine," the fifty-six duodecimo volumes of the "Parnasso Italiano" with vignettes, which he had picked up for thirty pounds, and always regarded as a bargain, it having throughout his life *repaid* him a million times over in the happiness he derived from it.

Meantime all through the period of his incarceration a world of sympathy from outsiders poured in upon the compulsory recluse. Jeremy Bentham, venerable in age but with the simplicity of a child, took part with him, there in a game of battledore and shuttlecock. Lord Byron, knowing he was engaged at the time upon a Dante-esque poem, brought to him under his arm a couple of quarto volumes, with a view to aid him in his writing by the supply of autho-

rities. Charles and Mary Lamb comforted him with their visits in all weathers. Moore, Hazlitt, Shelley, Brougham, and a throng of other notabilities, brightened his solitude. A new gladness of a tenderer kind was brought to him by the birth, within the walls of the prison, of his eldest daughter, Mary Florimel, of whom he pathetically remarks after her death, "she was beautiful, and, for the greatest part of an existence of thirty years, she was happy.". When the time for Leigh Hunt's release had arrived, an illness of long standing, which had needed very different treatment, had been so burnt in upon him "by the iron that enters into the soul of the captive," that, once again at large, his health recovered but very slowly.

Because his brother's house was in its immediate neighbourhood, he took up his residence, on regaining his liberty, in the Edgware Road. At their first meeting, as he records, with an evident pang in the mere retrospect, their faces were wet with the tears of manhood. His exquisite appreciation of the ridiculous, however, even at that depressing epoch in his career, seems to have come almost immediately afterwards to his assistance. For, the absurdities of the dignified personage who was then his landlord, must of themselves have proved a distinct restorative Thus, at one moment, he would direct his lodger's attention to an exceedingly wealthy old gentleman who lived next door and was getting into his carriage, adding in a tone amounting to the awful, "He is the greatest plumber in London. And at another, with a manifestly splendid turn for anti-climax, he would call from his parlour window to one of his children, "You, sir, there —Maximilian—come out of the gutter." Or, with an air of good-natured domineering, he would be heard bawling to his wife as he left the house, "D—n it, my love, I insist on having the pudding." To the dwelling presided over by this Micawber-like lodging-house keeper, Lord Byron, then, as Leigh Hunt long afterwards recalled to mind, looking at his very handsomest, frequently went, out of his eagerness to cheer up by his companionship the valetudinarian friend

who, when apparently at the last gasp, had but just won his way back to freedom.

Already, when the second year of his imprisonment was approaching, Leigh Hunt had issued from the press, as a substantive reprint from *The Reflector*, his maiden poem, a *jeu d'esprit* suggested by "The Session of the Poets" of Sir John Suckling. It was entitled "The Feast of the Poets," and, though obviously a mere *pièce d'occasion*, and as light and frothy as a whipped syllabub, was so vivacious that it ran into a second edition in the year. Then, too, in 1815, he published "The Descent of Liberty: a Masque," in celebration of the fall of Napoleon, which he inscribed to his old schoolfellow at Christ's Hospital, with whom he had learnt Italian, Thomas Barnes, who two years afterwards became the editor of *The Times*. All through the period when Leigh Hunt was under lock and key in the Surrey gaol, it should be borne in mind that he had persevered in his editorial labours on *The Examiner*. As a welcome relaxation in the midst of his political and critical drudgery upon that journal, he had, soon after his release, brought to a completion the poem, begun prior to his conviction, continued at intervals during his confinement, and at length, in the spring of 1816, published soon after he had made for himself a new home in the Vale of Health at Hampstead. This was "The Story of Rimini," which he inscribed to Lord Byron, and by the instant success and undoubted influence of which upon contemporary poets as illustrious as Keats and Shelley, he may very confidently be said to have made his most enduring mark upon English literature.

With Keats, at this happy period of their lifetime, Hunt was then first brought, to the delight of both, into personal communication. How the younger poet rejoiced in the unlooked-for pleasure awakened in his heart by their intimate communings, he clearly enough indicated by the exquisite sonnet addressed to his new friend shortly after they had been thus brought together; the one beginning with the lament that—

Glory and loveliness have passed away;

and ending—

> But there are left delights as high as these,
> And I shall ever bless my destiny
> That in a time when under pleasant trees
> Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
> A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
> With these poor offerings, a man like thee

The "Julian and Maddalo" of Shelley, on the other hand, showed at once in a very signal manner how great had been the effect upon him of Leigh Hunt's exultant revival, or readaptation, in "The Story of Rimini," of the resonant versification of Chaucer, and the ringing triplets of Dryden. In collaboration with Hazlitt, he, in 1817, brought out in two volumes a collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners, which the joint authors entitled *The Round Table.* To this Leigh Hunt contributed twelve, some of which, however, were merely reprints from *The Reflector*.

In 1818 he issued from the press, under the title of "Foliage," what he afterwards referred to, with an evident sense of regret, as "a hasty set of miscellaneous poems," both original and translated Those which were original, he headed "Greenwoods;" and—more appropriately—those which were translations from the poets of antiquity, "Evergreens." Meanwhile, through *The Examiner*, he was availing himself of every discoverable opportunity to spread the fame of his more cherished friends and intimates. Through its columns both Keats and Shelley were first brought to the knowledge of the outer world. There, too, Charles Lamb gave brilliant evidence of his peerless skill in poetic, and especially in dramatic, criticism. There, moreover, in *The Examiner*, it is worth mentioning that O'Connell produced one of the very earliest of his thenceforth famous addresses. Another periodical publication of Hunt's, called *The Literary Pocket-Book*, appeared in 1819, as well as in 1820, after which it was discontinued. It contained, among other dainty contributions from his hand.

a Calendar descriptive of the successive beauties of the year, afterwards, in 1821, republished in a collected form, as "The Months." In 1819, again, he issued from the press two poems upon classic themes, one of them relating to "Hero and Leander" and the other to "Bacchus and Ariadne;" while, in 1820, he reproduced from Tasso, "Amyntas, a Tale of the Woods," which he inscribed to Keats.

What is of far greater interest to note, however, in his regard, at this period of his literary career, as marking more particularly its laborious development, is the fact that, between the 3rd October 1819 and the 21st March 1821, he brought out, from week to week, in sixty-six numbers, one of the most racy and delectable of all his periodicals—*The Indicator*. In it, just as the humour of the moment prompted him to his choice of a theme, he discoursed, always deliciously, upon topics the most varied and wildly incongruous in the wide universe of things—upon Sticks, Hats, Thieves, Shops, Books, Dreams, Coaches. It was in recognition of his exceptional success in this new character that Charles Lamb apostrophized him in the couplet—

> Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator,
> Hunt, thy best title yet is "Indicator"

It is interesting to bear in recollection the fact in regard to these essays that, among many of the more notable men who were contemporaries when, from week to week, they made their first appearance, each had his special favourite. Thus, Shelley took by preference to "The Fair Revenge," Lord Holland to those on the "Old Lady" and the "Old Gentleman," Hazlitt to the one on "Sleep," Lamb to the "Deaths of Little Children," Keats to a "'Now'—descriptive of a Hot Day"—the last mentioned, not impossibly, because he happened to be living with Leigh Hunt at 13 Mortimer Terrace, Kentish Town, at the very time when it was being written, and because he had himself,

in fact, contributed one or two hints towards the more vivid realization of the picture therein described.

During the year in which Leigh Hunt had brought his delightful but almost killing work on *The Indicator* to a conclusion, he contributed four articles to *The Examiner* upon as many popular poets then living—one of them now almost forgotten, certainly never read—to wit, the Sonneteer Bowles; and the other three being Byron, Campbell, and Coleridge. For some time past the hitherto well-sustained prosperity of that journal had been sensibly declining, borne down, on the one hand, as Hunt himself conjectured, by the long-continued ascendancy of the Tories, and on the other by the all but abandonment by the Whigs of the Reform Movement. Under these depressing circumstances, with his delicate frame worn down by his anxious and exhaustive labours, it is small matter for surprise that his health at this juncture failed him completely.

Acting in obedience to the earnest advice of his friends, and heartened to so bold a movement by the direct invitation of the dearest of them all, Shelley, he embarked for Italy on the 15th of November 1821, in search of better fortunes and a brighter climate, taking with him on this (for him) hazardous enterprise his sick wife and their whole brood of children. Although they dropped down the river no later than the next morning, the weather was so adverse to them when once they were in the Channel, that not until the 22nd December had they reached Plymouth, where, having landed, they decided upon putting off the continuance of their voyage to the following spring. There, at Plymouth, Leigh Hunt's journalistic repute was so far appreciated by the Devonshire Liberals, that to his pleasurable embarrassment, he, "the privatest of all public men," as he says, found himself complimented, face to face with his readers, by the presentation of a silver cup by way of testimonial. Having re-embarked at Plymouth on the 13th May 1822, it was not until the very close of June that they contrived to reach Leghorn. So long had been

their journey that it was only to be compared, as Peacock said, to one of the voyagings of Ulysses. What was designed in connection with this rather venturesome migration of Leigh Hunt and his family to Central Italy, was the association of himself with Byron and Shelley, in the production of a new quarterly, to be published by Murray, and to be called *The Liberal*. When upon the day of Leigh Hunt's landing he had come face to face again with Lord Byron at Monte Nero, where the latter was living in villeggiatura, they had some difficulty in recognizing one another—Byron had grown so fat and Hunt so thin. Shortly after the latter had returned to Leghorn from that first meeting, he was visited at his hotel by Shelley, whose villeggiatura was at Lerici, and who almost immediately accompanied the travellers to Pisa, where he and Byron had, both of them, their town residence. Lord Byron quitting Monte Nero by pre-arrangement, at the same time, reached their place of destination almost simultaneously. For, the new abode of the Hunts, in which Shelley was so eager to see them comfortably housed, was the ground-floor of Lord Byron's Pisan mansion, said to have been built by Michael Angelo, the Casa Lanfranchi on the river Arno.

Leigh Hunt ever afterwards remembered with emotion one delightful afternoon, during Shelley's brief stay with his friends at Pisa, when the two of them wandered for hours about the old-world city, and visited together that wonderful grass-grown corner of it, where stand confronted, the Leaning Tower and the Cathedral. When the evening of that fatal day closed in, Shelley drove in a post-chaise to Leghorn, whence, urged on by a desponding note, which he found awaiting him there from his wife, he took his departure sooner than he had intended, accompanied by his friend, Captain Williams, and a seaman named Charles Vivian, in an open boat, and in the midst of a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, on his return home to Lerici. From that moment, a week of terrible suspense dragged on

before the worst was known. Then the young poet's body was washed on shore near the town of Via Reggio—in the jacket pocket being found, open, Leigh Hunt's copy of Keats's "Lamia," borrowed on the day of his departure from Pisa, by Shelley, whose last reading of it had evidently been interrupted by the sudden outbreak of the tempest.

The catastrophe had occurred on the 8th July, and upon the 16th August, in the heavenliest weather, on the shore of the gulf of Spezzia, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean lapping on the golden sands, Shelley's remains, in the presence of Byron, Hunt, and Trelawny, were, after the ancient fashion, burnt, with all the classic accompaniments of frankincense and libations of wine, with Keats's last volume of poetry, thrown as a finishing touch upon the funeral pile—"the flame of the fire bearing away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty." Thence, the heart, which remained unconsumed, and which was given to Leigh Hunt, was, at the latter's instance, later on conveyed to Rome, where, under the inscription *Cor cordium*, it was reverently laid, hard by the tomb of Cestius, and not far from the grave of Adonais, in that English cemetery, sown even in winter with violets and daisies, of which Shelley himself had so recently written: "It might make one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Three months after this the first number of *The Liberal* reached Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt, at their Pisan home in the Casa Lanfranchi, containing, besides the former's "Vision of Judgment," and the latter's "Letter from Abroad," descriptive of Pisa, their dead friend's splendid version of the "Mayday Night," from the Faust of Goethe. As had previously been the case with *The Reflector*, no more than four numbers in all of *The Liberal* made their appearance. In a monetary point of view it was a failure. It ceased in 1823, in which year, between the 5th July and the 27th December, Hunt wrote, as an unstamped supplement to his old weekly journal in England, twenty-seven

numbers of the *Literary Examiner*, the first of which appeared as No 67 of *The Indicator*.

Shelley being now dead, Lord Byron found that upon himself alone would thenceforth devolve the responsibility of aiding Leigh Hunt, his sick wife and their numerous family, to secure for their support in Italy anything like a moderate competence. Living together under the same roof-beams at the Casa Lanfranchi, the daily existence of the two friends passed for some time very pleasantly Byron's occupation as a rule, until long after midnight, was, at this period, the writing of his incomparable masterpiece. "Don Juan." Late in the morning, breakfast having been cleared away, he would be overheard singing some Italian air, generally one of Rossini's, in the courtyard, whence, ascending into the little garden filled with orange-trees, he would cheerily call Leigh Hunt to his study-window, by the playful name into which the two had been abbreviated by Shelley and himself—to wit, "Leontius." Emerging then from his room, the latter would saunter by the hour with his companion among the orange-bushes, Byron clad at that time in the airy costume of a nankin jacket with white waistcoat and trousers, and a peaked cap of either velvet or linen.

Jarring incidents unhappily were only too soon, however, to drive the two friends into something like an estrangement Leigh Hunt's pecuniary embarrassments were of such frequent recurrence, that they came at last to be sources only of increasing worry and depression to Byron at the very time when all his thoughts and aspirations were beginning to turn eagerly towards the fast nearing War of Independence in Greece, in the furtherance of which his life was so soon afterwards to be heroically sacrificed. Immediately after Lord Byron, again, had pledged Leigh Hunt to undertake the conduct of *The Liberal*, he was disappointed to find that the latter had ceased to have any further interest in *The Examiner* than as a mere contributor, so that his chief reliance seemed to be on the precarious foothold of the new venture. Added to all this, it must have been

peculiarly unpalatable to Byron, who evidenced at all times the profoundest respect and admiration for Gifford as a critic, when Leigh Hunt, precisely at this inopportune moment, brought out, in 1823, his scathing satire on the ex-cobbler turned editor of *The Quarterly*, under the significant title of "Ultra-Crepidarius." Further and further in every sense, literally and metaphorically, the two friends drifted apart. By the 5th January 1824 Lord Byron had landed at Missolonghi, where on the 19th April following he so darkened the world with gloom by his abrupt death, that Sir Walter Scott compared it to the sun going down at noonday.

Meanwhile Leigh Hunt, deserted now in death by Byron, as, within three years before that time, he had been by Keats and Shelley, forlornly drifted, in Italy, over that soil of earthquakes and volcanoes which he has himself aptly described as "a great grapery built over a flue," to Boccaccio's suburban retreat of Maiano, about two miles from Florence. There, bent upon eking out in his usual way his modest income, he wrote in *The Examiner* a series of papers called "The Wishing Cap," the first of which appeared on the 28th October 1824, and the last on the 16th October 1825. In the latter year he further occupied his time, and slightly increased his means, by his brilliant rendering of Redi's dithyrambic poem "Bacchus in Tuscany;" besides contributing to the *New Monthly Magazine* a series of papers called "The Family Journal,' which were signed by him Harry Honeycomb. Scared from Italy by his importunate needs and his isolated condition, he left his then residence, the Villa Morandi at Maiano, for England, on the 10th September 1825, and reached London on the 14th October, taking up his abode there at first among the familiar surroundings of Highgate. What had considerably helped to hasten his return homewards was an unfortunate litigation with his brother, to whom he had not long before fraternally inscribed his felicitous translation of the "Bacco in Toscana."

Having returned to England with his fortunes marred

and his health still broken, and with a painful sense upon him of his Italian excursion being regarded among his friends as nothing less than a *fiasco*, Leigh Hunt then committed the one mistake of his life as an author, by publishing in 1828 his distressing and most regrettable work, entitled "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." It was written from first to last under the profoundest error of judgment. It drew down upon its author's head a very storm of obloquy The book was eagerly read, but by the vast majority with burning indignation. Appearing originally as a costly quarto volume embellished with cleverly engraved portraits of the author himself, of Keats, of Charles Lamb, and of the Countess Guiccioli, it seemed to flaunt rather significantly as its frontispiece the most odious caricature of Byron—a sort of ghostly *silhouette* reversed—white, that is, on a black ground. It was recognized as of a piece with the letterpress, which was universally regarded as having been penned in the worst possible taste. So attractive was the theme, however—Byron, then, being a name to conjure with—that the work passed at once into a second edition in two volumes octavo. But, with that, its course was run out completely. As an authority it was obsolete on the morrow of its republication. And the time soon arrived when Leigh Hunt frankly acknowledged (among others, to myself) his profound regret that it had ever been produced.

While living at Highgate in 1828, Hunt resumed his congenial labours as a weekly essayist by issuing from the press in twenty-eight numbers a new periodical entitled *The Companion*, the first instalment of which was dated the 9th January, and the last the 23rd July. Securing to itself readers fit certainly, but few, it ceased, like so many other of his serial issues for want of an adequate circulation. Having moved his family in 1829 from Highgate to Epsom, he there started a lighter and more gossipy weekly, called *The Chat of the Week*, No. 1 of which appeared on the 5th June 1830, but with the thirteenth number, printed on the 28th August, its existence

terminated. Leigh Hunt then embarked upon a more onerous undertaking—namely, that of himself producing without the aid of any other contributor, a daily journal of literature and the stage, called *The Tatler*. So long as his health could bear the unnatural strain, this he actually accomplished. It so cruelly taxed his energies, however, that towards the close of its career he had no alternative but to call in extraneous assistance. Beginning on the 4th September 1830, it ended its course on the 13th February 1832, his constantly recurring toils upon it, often extending far on past midnight into the small hours of the morning, more than once taxing his powers to the very uttermost.

While still residing at Epsom, Leigh Hunt began writing, there, in the manner of a fictitious autobiography, his three volume novel of "Sir Ralph Esher," descriptive of the adventures of a gentleman of the days of the Commonwealth and of the Court of Charles II. On the mere promise of his undertaking to write this work, his publisher, Mr. Colburn, had enabled him to return home from Italy. This historical romance, which was first published in 1832, ran into a second edition in 1836, and into a third in 1850, the last-mentioned imprint of the tale being inscribed to Lord John Russell.

At the instance of John Forster, and indeed also at his expense, there were printed in 1832 what may be termed the Articles of Faith of Leigh Hunt, entitled "Christianism, or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled," being some thirty-one Exercises and Meditations. What was the crowning benefaction of that year to Leigh Hunt howbeit, was the publication by subscription of the first collected edition of his Poems. During that twelvemonth also he wrote a preface of thirty pages to the volume containing Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy." From a sequestered part of Old Brompton, whither he had migrated in 1830 immediately on quitting Epsom, and where he had his old friend Charles Knight as his landlord, Leigh Hunt, in 1833, moved first of all for a while to St. John's Wood, and then back again to the New Road,

in which last home he all but died from the after-effects of his long-continued drudgery on the periodicals. Thence he passed on in a south-westerly direction to a quiet corner of Chelsea, where he settled down in a *cul-de-sac* near the river Thames, with a beautiful lime-tree immediately in front of his house, and where he first came to know Carlyle, whose acquaintance soon ripened into intimate friendship. Here again, in spite of his precarious health, he industriously set to work, contributing articles to *Tait's Magazine* between January and September, besides writing from the 16th August to the 26th December on the *True Sun*, an offshoot from *The Sun*, into which old journal that new-comer and rival was shortly afterwards absorbed.

Collecting together a goodly assortment of his choicest essays, Leigh Hunt in 1834 published as a Miscellany for the Fields and Fireside two attractive volumes called after the periodicals in which they had originally appeared, "The Indicator and The Companion." In that same year he began, on the 2nd April, issuing from the press in weekly numbers—what was the delight of his readers for nearly two whole years, not closing its career until the 26th December 1835. It was then completed in a noble double folio volume of 800 triple-columned pages as filled as an egg is with meat or as a pomegranate is with seeds, with essays, sketches, epigrams, anecdotes, criticisms, poems, and translations, as well as with the most carefully chosen selections from the wide world of literature. This, in fact, was one of the most famous and popular of all his periodicals—still occasionally to be met with, and always as a very treasure trove, on the old bookstalls—known and prized by every true book-fancier, when so encountered, as *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*. Has not Launcelot Cross written the daintiest panegyric upon it in a volumette of 57 pages octavo under the heading of "Characteristics of Leigh Hunt?" In it among other pearls of price Leigh Hunt gave to the world his inimitable metrical fragment in celebration of that peerless magician of the bow, "Paganini."

Aiding him, for one brief interval in its production, Hunt had at least one deliciously congenial contributor in poor dead and gone Egerton Webbe, whose grave-faced emulation of the classic epigrams of Martial resulted in such a preposterous imitation as this—

TO THOMSON, CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare,—
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir.

Recalling which to mind, Leigh Hunt exclaims, "Were ever three patronymics jumbled so together? or with such a delightful importance?"—adding, "It is like the jingling of the money in Jackson's pocket."

From the very outset, the Journal was designed as indicated by Hunt's motto "to assist the inquiring, to animate the struggling, and to sympathize with all." While it was yet in mid-career he brought out in book form, as a striking denouncement of War, his poem of "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," his description in which of the incidents on the battlefield at night—such as the shriek of the horse, the bridegroom sabred in the ditch, and the taken city—are among his most powerful imaginings.

Several poems and articles, it should be said here, were contributed by Hunt in 1835 and 1836 to the *New Monthly Magazine.* Between July 1837 and March 1838 he wrote abundantly in *The Monthly Repository*—one of his best known effusions in which was his "Blue Stocking Revels, or the Feast of the Violets." His first contribution to one of the quarterlies was his article on "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," in the *Westminster Review* for April 1837. During four years, from 1838 to 1841, he was numbered upon the staff of writers on *The Monthly Chronicle,* which within that interval was published in seven volumes by the Longmans. Before its completion, Leigh Hunt scored one of his most brilliant successes by the first night's performance, on Friday, the 7th February 1840, at Covent Garden Theatre, of his singularly

beautiful and poetic five-act play, "A Legend of Florence." Written in six weeks it was welcomed enthusiastically at the close of each act by its first audience, the applause on the fall of the curtain being, according to the *Times* report, tumultuous—each actor being called for in turn, and Leigh Hunt himself, the shyest of all shy men of letters, being finally summoned into the glare of the footlights to bow his acknowledgments. Four times during its first season it was witnessed by the young Queen. Ten years afterwards it was revived at Sadler's Wells, and on the 23rd January 1852 it was performed by Her Majesty's command at Windsor Castle. The triumph achieved by it, therefore, was something more than a mere *succès d'éstime.* Its popularity was thoroughly genuine and spontaneous.

During the same year in which the fortune of the drama was first secured, its author collected together, under the title of "The Seer, or Common Places Refreshed," the pick of the most entertaining papers in his *London Journal.* Then also, in 1840, he prefixed a brief but brilliant sketch of Sheridan, to the complete dramatic works of the author of the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal." Written in a kindred vein, but at greater length and with larger pretension, were the biographical and critical notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, with which he introduced the goodly volume containing the dramatic masterpieces of those great playwrights of the Restoration. It was this work which suggested to Macaulay the theme of his masterly paper in the *Edinburgh Review* on the "Dramatists of the Restoration," the opening words of which so large a multitude of readers have since echoed—"We have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt" After that it could hardly be matter for surprise to find Leigh Hunt himself contributing to the *Edinburgh* in October 1841, the subject of his article therein being "The Colman Family." Prior to its appearance, in the earlier part of 1841, after having sojourned for seven years in the near neighbourhood of Carlyle, Leigh Hunt removed his home from Chelsea to Kensington.

There he composed, for the most part in Kensington Gardens and Lord Holland's Walk, his poetical love-story of Old Times called "The Palfrey," which was first published in 1842. Another collection of papers from his *London Journal* was made by him in the following year, entitled "One Hundred Romances of Real Life;" while in 1844 he produced, under the title of "Imagination and Fancy," a volume of selections from the poets, with intercalary comments of his own, so attractive in its general character, that it rapidly won its way to popularity, running into a second edition in 1846, and into a third edition in 1852. A second contribution of his to the *Edinburgh* appeared in the number for July 1844, its subject being "George Selwyn, his Correspondents and Contemporaries."

What rendered that year pre-eminently memorable to himself, however, was the fact that within it was realized for him the most dearly cherished of all his day-dreams—the publication of poems by himself, produced in a cheap and popular form, as a handy volume, that might be easily carried in the pocket as a home companion, like those darling little duodecimos of Gray and Collins, so dearly loved by him in the happy days when he was a Bluecoat boy. Then also, in 1844, he was benefited by the generosity of the widow of his "friend of friends," Mrs Shelley, and of her son, Sir Percy Shelley, who on succeeding to the family estates and the Baronetcy on the death of the poet's father, settled upon Leigh Hunt an annuity of £120. During 1845 he contributed several minor poems to *Ainsworth's Magazine*, and one of rather larger dimensions, translated from the Italian of Berni, to the *New Monthly Magazine*, under the whimsical title of "Lazy Corner, or Bed *versus* Business" For the first series of an amusing work, published in 1846, and called "Heads of the People," being portraits of the English, drawn by Kenny Meadows, he penned characteristic sketches of "The Monthly Nurse," and "The Omnibus Conductor," among his fellow-contributors to this publication being Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Samuel

Lover, and Thackeray. During that same year he brought out in two volumes, summarized in prose, "Stories from the Italian Poets," interspersed with the choicer passages from them daintily versified, and accompanied by the lives of Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Tasso, and Ariosto. Familiar though the subject-matter of the work was to him, and delightful, as a very labour of love, though the toil of its compilation, so delicate was his health at this time, and so worn down was he by long continued anxiety and incessant occupation, that immediately after he had finished it he was prostrated by a serious illness.

It was about this time that, at twenty-two years of age, I began my twenty-five years editorship of the oldest of the daily London Journals after *The Times*, and it thenceforth became my privilege, among the many agreeable duties devolving upon me as a reviewer, to sit in judgment upon each of Leigh Hunt's subsequent works, at the time of its first appearance. The earliest of these was his mirthful selection from the poets, known as "Wit and Humour." And attention is here directed to the circumstance because, young though I was, Leigh Hunt, to my great delight, did me the honour of seeking my personal acquaintance by reason of what I, as his anonymous critic, had written about him; and when we were once brought together, that acquaintance, in spite of the disparity of years between us, soon ripened into an intimate and affectionate friendship.

Leigh Hunt contributed a series of papers to *The Atlas* during 1847, which papers fourteen years afterwards were collected together and posthumously published as a volume, entitled "A Saunter through the West End." After forty years' incessant toil in the service of the periodicals and the booksellers, he was thus still drudging on as laboriously as ever in a vain endeavour to avoid running into debt while supporting his family on the narrowest income. It became evident at last, not only to his personal friends but to the public at large, and eventually to the Government, that the

claims of the veteran author ought at length to be ungrudgingly allowed, and his precarious fortunes in some degree assured. Twice before this date Lord Melbourne had obtained a royal grant of £200 for Leigh Hunt, first from William IV., and upon the second occasion from the young Queen, as a temporary *solatium.* A letter addressed to him now, however, under date the 22nd June 1847, by Lord John Russell, announced to him that Her Majesty had conferred upon him an annual pension of £200 from the Civil List. "Allow me to add," wrote the Premier in conclusion, "that the severe treatment you formerly received, in times of unjust persecution of Liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." A month afterwards £900 were placed to his credit, as the result of merely two nights' performance of Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," by Charles Dickens and his band of amateur comedians, half the amount being secured on the 26th July at Manchester, and half on the 28th at Liverpool.

Towards the close of that year Leigh Hunt published in two volumes one of the most delightful collections of essays he had yet given to the world, under the title of "Men, Women, and Books." In acknowledgment of what I had occasion to say about it as his unknown reviewer, he wrote to me, on Christmas Eve 1847, in my capacity as editor, thanking me very cordially for the opinion I had expressed. "It is so very kind," he added in his letter, "that I hardly know how to put my thanks into words:" observing immediately after this to my amusement:

"I sometimes suspect that a friend of mine, in revenge for the high opinion I have of his genius, has been playing me a sort of trick. But, on the other hand, he (if it *is he*) shows such a desire to fetch out the best things in the book (if I may use such words in speaking of it), that I cannot but put the most grateful construction on his most friendly abstinence from objection,"—signing himself, after a word or two more, "your most obliged friend and servant.

"LEIGH HUNT."

Out of this grew our personal knowledge of each other, and my admission before long to the privilege of his intimate friendship.

One of his most characteristic works appeared, in 1848, in "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," daintily illustrated by Richard Doyle. This had been preceded, but a few months earlier in the same year, by his two charming volumes of "The Town," descriptive of all the more interesting localities in London from St Paul's to St. James's, and the materials of which had originally appeared fourteen years previously, in a series of supplements to *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*. In 1849 he contented himself with producing a couple of what artists deprecatingly call mere pot-boilers. One was a miscellaneous selection in two volumes, of Prose and Verse, entitled by him "A Book for a Corner" The other was a yet more fugitive collection of minor pieces, called "Readings for Railways." He was reserving himself, in fact, at this time, and was concentrating all his best powers, with the ripened wisdom of experience, upon the production of his next book, which on its appearance in the following year, 1850, proved to be, incomparably, among all his works, his prose masterpiece.

This was his enthralling "Autobiography,' in three volumes, admirably well described by Carlyle as the record of "a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown though often in danger cannot *be* drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it." It justifies its right to be placed upon the same shelf with Lockhart's Scott and even with Boswell's Johnson. It accounts for the fact that those who knew him best regarded Leigh Hunt—every one of them—with mingled feelings of love and respect It was at the very heart of the nineteenth century that this manly record of his life was thus rounded to a close While it was yet winning its way into the affections of its readers, its author was contributing poems alternately to *Ainsworth's Magazine* and the *New Monthly*, and at the

end of 1850 he took heart of grace to set on foot the last of his periodicals. Simply and attractively entitled *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, it had, however, one of the briefest runs of them all, extending only to seventeen numbers, its first issue appearing on the 7th December 1850, and its last on the 29th March 1851. Within the year last mentioned, "Table Talk," originally contributed to *The Atlas*, made its appearance in a separate and complete form. A great home grief befell Leigh Hunt, at the close of October 1852, in the death of his youngest son, Vincent; and while the anguish of that loss was still freshly upon him, he published in 1853. under the title of "The Religion of the Heart," a Manual of Faith and Duty which was an expansion of his previous book called "Christianism" At this time he was still living at Kensington. from which place he supplied a series of articles to the columns of the *Musical Times* between the December of 1853 and the November of 1854. His anecdotal memorials of that locality, quaintly dubbed by him "The Old Court Suburb," appeared in two volumes in 1855, as did his own "Stories in Verse," then first collected. During the same twelvemonth he edited, with notes and an introductory preface of some elaboration, a collection of the finest scenes, lyrics, and other beauties, from the dramatic masterpieces of Beaumont and Fletcher. The following year, 1856, would have been a blank one in his career but for his being busily engaged towards its close in the careful revision of a complete edition of his Poetical Works in two volumes, published in 1857, at Boston in the United States.

The crowning grief of his life came to him at the beginning of 1857, when his wife, who had been the sharer of all his joys and sorrows for nearly half a century. died at the age of sixty-nine. leaving him thenceforth with a sense, as he said, that he belonged as much to the next world as to this. One other literary enjoyment was yet reserved for him, meaning that of witnessing. on Wednesday, the 20th January 1858, the first performance, at the Lyceum Theatre, of

his three-act play of "Lovers' Amazements." Three other dramatic productions of his remain to this moment unprinted and unperformed—namely, what was originally called "The Secret (and afterwards The Prince's) Marriage"—a two-act piece called "The Double"—and "Look to your Morals," a prose after-piece or little comedy. In the June of that year I addressed to him through *Bentley's Miscellany*, under his Byronic or Shelleyan title of "Leontius," the lines which I am tempted to give at the end of this volume (see p. 524), if only by reason of their having caused him to write for me on the fly-leaf of my copy of his Poems.

"I wish I had happened to give this book to Charles Kent; but, not having done so, I can only take occasion from it to thank him for the honour he has done my verses by his own, and to wish him all the happiness in life due to those who love to bestow it.

"LEIGH HUNT."

Twice before penning those words he had written letters to me on the same subject, expressing his cordial acknowedgments.

During the first eight months of 1859 he was still industriously contributing to the periodicals. On the 15th January he began supplying the *Spectator* with a series of papers, headed "The Occasional," the sixteenth, and as it proved the last, of which appeared on the 20th of August. While, as an evidence that the well-spring of poetic thought, which had so long been the delight of his existence, was still flowing, in spite of his being so far advanced in his seventy-fifth year, he wrote in the February number of *Fraser's Magazine* a poem called "The Tapiser's Tale," in imitation of Chaucer, and another in the May number, called "The Shewe of Faire Seeming," in imitation of Spenser.

Although by this time we had in many respects come to know each other thoroughly, it was characteristic of the gentle courtesy for which Leigh Hunt all through his life had been remarkable, and by which he had endeared him-

self to more than one generation of his intimates, that, by reason of his silence to one so much his junior as myself, for several weeks together in the summer of 1859, he should, on the 29th July, have gone out of his way to write me a long letter of most earnest apology for his apparent neglect. How I answered him may be inferred from his instant reply, the opening words of which were:

"My dear and kind Forgiver, right Friend and Gentleman!

"Most relieved and thankful your letter has made me, and most happy shall I be to see you to-morrow (Tuesday) as close upon the hour you mention as possible."

Without giving here the whole of the letter, which was couched throughout in terms of the utmost kindness, I will add in this place merely the very end of it, in which I found myself, not without emotion, thus addressed:

"Your letter expresses an amount of pleasure so much like my own, with the addition on my side of the certainty of being forgiven (such strange advantages sometimes may the culpable have over the guiltless!) that I also feel our present communication like a doublement of the bond between us. It is like one of the friendships of former days come back to me in my old age, as if in reward for my fidelity to their memory.

"Your affectionate friend,

"LEIGH HUNT."

He was then living in a little villa farther west than Kensington—it was his last home—in what he spoke of in one of his letters to me as "the not very attractive sub-urbanity" of Hammersmith. When I arrived that evening he was alone, and in a mood at first of unusual pensiveness. He appeared eager at this period, whenever he could find the opportunity, to talk of the mysteries of the hereafter. It seemed to me later on that evening, when we had once more been left alone together to talk on thus late into the night, as if his thoughts reverted with an awful joy to the same high argument. Looking back to them now, I cannot help

feeling that these were but the instinctive flutterings of his spirit as he felt the jarring back of the bolts of life at the portal of the grave, or as Young more finely terms it in his 'Night Thoughts," that

Dark Lattice letting in Eternal Day.

For all that, he still evidenced the same insatiable appetite he had all through life betrayed for the sugar-plums of existence, the lumps of flowers and the snatches of melody. Yet to the last, too, he indulged in those freakish turns of thought and fantastic whimsicalities of expression, which brightened so delightfully at unexpected moments, all through his career, both his essay writing and his familiar conversation. As when he described Kinnaird the loyal magistrate listening reverently to "'God save the King,' as if his soul had taken its hat off!" Or as when, recalling to mind his reception one day of Wordsworth in his study, under which was an archway leading to a nursery ground, he mentioned that a cart happened to go through it while he was inquiring if his visitor would take any refreshment, and Wordsworth uttered in so lofty a voice the words, "Anything that is *going forward*,' that he felt half inclined to ask him "whether he would take a piece of the cart!" Thus, still to the last, he could not resist the inclination to turn even one of his own infirmities into a jest—congratulating himself to me upon having that day lost a tooth, from the exultant sense it gave him of having made that additional advance towards being etherealized! How genially sympathetic his whole nature was even when prostrated by the lassitude of age, and of profound exhaustion, his next letter to me, dated the 5th August, will sufficiently indicate. It ran thus

'My dear young Friend, good for keeping youth alive in the old'

"I have delayed answering your letter, in the hope of sending you a long one in return, for it came to me at a moment when I was busy with work that I was unable to set

aside. But what thus engrossed me has so knocked me up, that I cannot well settle myself down to anything but pure nullification, and a solitary word. You must therefore suppose, that in this brief response, I feel all which I do not express—all which is due to the pleasure you gave us the other evening. I thank you also in my own heterodox particular for the kindly toleration which my opinions received from one who is so earnest in his own; and am most truly and heartily your affectionate friend,

"LEIGH HUNT."

One other communication I was to receive from him—and but one, which came to me three days afterwards. Mere memorandum though it was—pledging me to go to him on the following afternoon—it was one, as the sequel showed, full of significance, closing with a benison that sounds almost like a prophetic farewell. Written on the 8th August, without any preamble, it said:

"To-morrow (Tuesday) by all means. And the evening will suit me better than any other, for a very curious extemporaneous reason as you will hear."

The reason being simply that, had I gone after that evening, I should have found he had already taken his departure from home, in search of health at a friend's house upon the opposite bank of the Thames. Continuing his note, he then added—

"Ainsworth's words are very valuable to me, and I thank you heartily for them. Indeed I never knew either his words or his handsome face turned upon me but in kindness.

"All blessings attend you, prays

"Your affectionate friend,

"LEIGH HUNT"

Early on the following evening (Wednesday, the 9th August) I was with him again—it was for the last time for him and for me—at that last of all his London homes, 7 Cornwall Road, Hammersmith. There I re-

mained with him in the midst of the home group of his daughters and his grandchildren, until long after nightfall. In all my intercourse with him I never remember him more delightful. Throughout the evening he charmed us all by his varying moods, according to the fluctuating themes of the conversation among us Late that night we all stood at the garden-gate of his little villa to see him drive away to the house of his old friend, Mr. Charles Reynell, at Putney, where so soon afterwards, on the 28th of August 1859, he died when within two months of the completion of his seventy-fifth year. He was buried in his own chosen resting-place, in Kensal Green Cemetery, where for the next ten years his grave remained unmarked by any monument. During that interval, however, funds were raised among his friends for the erection of a suitable memorial. Designed by Joseph Durham, A.R.A., and costing no more than £150, thanks to the generosity of the sculptor, who willingly undertook the work for the mere expense of employed labour and materials, it bore on its front, below a life-like bust of the poet, his name, with the dates of his birth and death, and as its most appropriate motto his own words—

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

In the presence of a number of the admirers and intimate personal friends of Leigh Hunt, this memorial was, on the 19th October 1869, uncovered by the late Lord Houghton.

The last contribution from his industrious hand to the periodicals appeared before the close of the year of his death in the December number of *Fraser's Magazine*, it being his posthumous vindication of his especial

* In the *Dublin University Magazine* for November 1861, I wrote a paper entitled "Leigh Hunt's Last Evening at Home," which I afterwards elaborated into the monograph of "Leigh Hunt—the Town Poet," in a work of mine called "Footprints on the Road," published in 1864 by the Messrs. Chapman and Hall —ED.

favourite Spenser, in an article entitled "English Poetry *versus* Cardinal Wiseman." In the following year, 1860, there were published, under the editorship of his eldest son, "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," in two volumes, and in one volume a complete edition of his collected Poems. Upon these latter, and upon his choicest Essays, will rest now whatever may be durable in his gentle and graceful reputation. In all that I have here written in his regard, I have as certainly nothing extenuated as I have assuredly set down nought in malice.

It should be added that this typical man of letters, who in the early part of his career was for years reviled with the utmost scurrility by some of the leading critics of his time, as though he had been the vilest of voluptuaries, was throughout his life remarkable above all things for this, that he was the most frugal and abstemious of men. His drink, as a rule, was water: the food he consumed was principally bread; his raiment was always plain and economical. He was the shyest and most domestic of home-loving students. Like Alban Butler, he was hardly ever to be seen without a book in his hand, or in his pocket, or on the table beside him at his elbow. Except when he was sauntering out of doors along the leafy lanes, or through the green fields of the London suburbs he chiefly delighted in, he was, day after day, pen in hand, working from early morning until long past midnight As Thornton Hunt happily said of him, he was striving all his life to open more widely the door of the library, and the windows looking out upon Nature. Whatever faults he had, when they came to be examined proved to be mere foibles. Remarkable throughout life for his tall, slight figure, and dark complexion, his black eyes sparkled with intellect and good-humour, while his carriage and manner in his intercourse with his fellow-creatures were extraordinarily animated. As an artist in words, even when he held the pen as a mere translator, his style was often characterized by the rarest felicities, as where, in echoing

the immortal 14th line of the 31st carmen of Catullus, "Ad Sirmionem Peninsulam," he rendered the—

> Ridete quicquid est domi cachinnorum—
> Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home.

When referring to the natural gaiety and sprightliness of Leigh Hunt and his abounding animal spirits, Hazlitt takes occasion to say that what he calls "the vinous quality of his mind" produced an immediate fascination and intoxication in those who came in contact with him. Upon which Professor Dowden very justly observes that, instead of the heavy liquor implied by Hazlitt's words, what coursed through the veins of his friend, was a bright, light wine—

> Tasting of Flora and the country green,
> Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth

It typifies, on the one hand, as it seems to me, that blithe philosophy of the hearth, which he was ever striving to disseminate, that his very first essay, with which I therefore here naturally commence, should have been "A Day by the Fire;" and on the other hand, that genial gospel of what scholiasts call the humanities, which he was always endeavouring to scatter among his fellow-men, that one of the very last, with which I therefore bring this collection to a close, was one inculcating above all things among his brother writers the good accruing from the cultivation of "Cheerfulness in English Literature."

LEIGH HUNT'S POEMS.

When the Author was a boy at school, he used to look at one of the pocket volumes of Cooke's Edition of Gray, Collins, and others, then in course of publication, and fancy that if ever he could produce anything of that sort, in that shape, he should consider himself as having attained the happiest end of a human being's existence. The form had become dear to him for the contents, and the reputation seemed proved by the cheapness. In respect of his wishes for his mere self, they are precisely the same as they were then; and when Mr Moxon proposed to him the present volume, he seemed to realize the object of his life, and to require no other prosperity.—*Preface to the 1844 Edition of "The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt."*

LEIGH HUNT'S POEMS.



THE STORY OF RIMINI.

(1816)

THE OCCASION.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,
Dazzles the bridemaids, looking from the towers:
Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,
Glitter with drops; and heaven is sapphire clear,
And the lark rings it, and the pine-trees glow,
And odours from the citrons come and go,
And all the landscape—earth, and sky, and sea—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and loved.
E'en sloth, to day, goes quick and unreproved;
For where's the living soul, priest, minstrel, clown,
Merchant, or lord, that speeds not to the town?
Hence happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light;

Come gleaming up—true to the wished-for day—
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

And well may all the world come crowding there,
If peace returning, and processions rare,
And, to crown all, a marriage in the spring
Can set men's hearts and fancies on the wing;
For, on this beauteous day, Ravenna's pride—
The daughter of their prince—becomes a bride;
A bride to ransom an exhausted land;
And he, whose victories have obtained her hand,
Has taken with the dawn—so flies report—
His promised journey to the expecting Court,
With hasting pomp, and squires of high degree,
The bold Giovanni, Lord of Rimini.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAGEANT.

First come the trumpeters, clad all in white,
Except the breast, which wears a scutcheon bright.
By four and four they ride, on horses grey;
And as they sit along their easy way,
To the steed's motion yielding as they go,
Each plants his trumpet on his saddle-bow.

The heralds next appear, in vests attired,
Of stiffening gold with radiant colours fired;
And then the pursuivants who wait on these,
All dressed in painted richness to the knees;
Each rides a dappled horse, and bears a shield,
Charged with three heads upon a golden field.

Twelve ranks of squires come after, twelve in one,
With forkèd pennons lifted in the sun,
Which tell, as they look backward in the wind,
The bearings of the knights that ride behind.
Their horses are deep bay; and every squire
His master's colour shows in his attire.

These past, and at a lordly distance, come
The knights themselves, and fill the quickening hum—
The flower of Rimini. Apart they ride,
Two in a rank, their falchions by their side,

But otherwise unarmed, and clad in hues
Such as their ladies had been pleased to choose,
Bridal and gay—orange, and pink, and white—
All but the scarlet cloak for every knight,
Which thrown apart, and hanging loose behind,
Rests on the horse, and ruffles in the wind.
The horses, black and glossy every one,
Supply a further stately unison—
A solemn constancy of martial show;
Their frothy bits keep wrangling as they go.
The bridles red, and saddle-cloths of white,
Match well the blackness with its glossy light,
While the rich horse-cloths, mantling half the steed,
Are some of them all thick with golden thread.
Others have spots, on grounds of different hue—
As burning stars upon a cloth of blue;
Or heart's-ease purple with a velvet light,
Rich from the glary yellow, thickening bright;
Or silver roses in carnation sewn,
Or flowers in heaps, or colours pure alone:
But all go sweeping back, and seem to dress
The forward march with loitering stateliness.

FRANCESCA'S FIRST SIGHT OF PAOLO.

The talk increases now, and now advance.
Space after space, with many a sprightly prance,
The pages of the Court, in rows of three;
Of white and crimson in their livery.
Space after space, and still the train appear;
A fervent whisper fills the general ear—
"Ah—yes—no! 'tis not he, but 'tis the squires
Who go before him when his pomp requires."
And now his huntsman shows the lessening train,
Now the squire-carver, and the chamberlain,
And now his banner comes, and now his shield,
Borne by the squire that waits him to the field;
And then an interval—a lordly space,
A pin-drop silence strikes o'er all the place.
The Princess, from a distance, scarcely knows
Which way to look; her colour comes and goes,

And, with an impulse like a piteous plea,
She lays her hand upon her father's knee
Who looks upon her with a laboured smile,
Gathering it up into his own the while,
When some one's voice, as if it knew not how
To check itself, exclaims, "The Prince! now, now!"
Upon a milk-white courser, like the air,
A glorious figure springs into the square:
Up, with a burst of thunder, goes the shout,
And rolls the trembling walls and peopled roofs about.

Never was nobler finish of fair sight—
'Twas like the coming of a shape of light;
And many a lovely gazer, with a start,
Felt the quick pleasure smite across her heart.
The Princess, who at first could scarcely see,
Though looking still that way from dignity,
Gathers new courage as the praise goes round,
And bends her eyes to learn what they have found.
And see—his horse obeys the check unseen,
And, with an air 'twixt ardent and serene,
Letting a fall of curls about his brow,
He takes, to all, his cap off with a bow.
Then for another, and a deafening shout,
And scarfs are waved, and flowers come pouring out;
And, shaken by the noise, the reeling air
Sweeps with a giddy whirl among the fair,
And whisks their garments and their shining hair.

With busy interchange of wonder glows
The crowd, and loves his bravery as he goes;
But on his shape the gentler sight attends,
Moves as he passes, as he bends him bends—
Watches his air, his gesture, and his face,
And thinks it never saw such manly grace:
So fine are his bare throat, and curls of black—
So lightsomely dropt in, his lordly back,
His thigh so fitted for the tilt or dance,
So heaped with strength, and turned with elegance;
But, above all, so meaning in his look,
As easy to be read as open book;

And such true gallantry the sex descries
In the grave thanks within his cordial eyes.
His haughty steed, who seems by turns to be
Vexed and made proud by that cool mastery,
Shakes at his bit, and rolls his eyes with care,
Reaching with stately step at the fine air;
And now and then, sideling his restless pace.
Drops with his hinder legs, and shifts his place,
And feels through all his frame a fiery thrill,
The princely rider on his back sits still.
And looks where'er he likes, and sways him at his will.

SOUND OF THE ANGELUS BELL

So ride they pleased;—till now the couching sun
Levels his final look through shadows dun;
And the clear moon, with meek o'er-lifted face,
Seems come to look into the silvering place.
Then woke the bride indeed, for then was heard
The sacred bell by which all hearts are stirred—
The tongue 'twixt heaven and earth, the memory mild,
Which bids adore the Mother and her Child.
The train are hushed; they halt; their heads are bare;
Earth for a moment breathes angelic air.
Francesca weeps for lowliness and love;
Her heart is at the feet of Her who sits above.

THE FATAL READING.

Ready she sat with one hand to turn o'er
The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before,
The other on the table, half enwreathed
In the thick tresses over which she breathed.
So sat she fixed, and so observed was she
Of one, who at the door stood tenderly—
Paolo—who from a window seeing her
Go straight across the lawn, and guessing where.
Had thought she was in tears, and found, that day,
His usual efforts vain to keep away.
Twice had he seen her since the Prince was gone,
On some small matter needing unison;
Twice lingered, and conversed, and grown long friends
But not till now where no one else attends.

"May I come in?" said he:—it made her start—
That smiling voice;—she coloured, pressed her heart
A moment, as for breath, and then with free
And usual tone said,—"O yes,——certainly."
There's wont to be, at conscious times like these,
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,
An air of something quite serene and sure,
As if to seem so, were to be, secure.
With this the lovers met, with this they spoke,
With this sat down to read the self-same book,
And Paolo, by degrees, gently embraced
With one permitted arm her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Came with a touch together thrillingly.
And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,
And every lingering page grew longer as they read.

And thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart
Their colour change, they came upon the part
Where fond Genevra, with her flame long nurst,
Smiled upon Launcelot, when he kissed her first:
That touch, at last, through every fibre slid,
And Paolo turned, scarce knowing what he did,
Only he felt he could no more dissemble,
And kissed her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble.
Oh, then she wept—the poor Francesca wept,
And pardon oft he prayed; and then she swept
The tears away and looked him in the face,
And, well as words might save the truth disgrace,
She told him all, up to that very hour,
The father's guile, th' undwelt-in bridal bower—
And wished for wings on which they two might soar
Far, far away, as doves to their own shore,
With claim from none.—That day they read no more.

THE HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE

The spiteful fop I spoke of, he that set
His eyes at work to pay his anger's debt—
This idiot, prying from a neighbouring tower,
Had watched the lover to the lady's bower,
And flew to make a madman of her lord,
Just then encamped with loss, a shame his soul abhorred.

Pale first, then red, his eyes upon the stretch,
Then deadly white, the husband heard the wretch,
Who in soft terms, almost with lurking smile,
Ran on, expressing his "regret" the while.
The husband, prince, cripple, and brother heard,
Then seemed astonished at the man; then stirred
His tongue but could not speak; then dashed aside
His chair as he arose, and loudly cried,
"Liar and madman! thou art he was seen
Risking the fangs which thou hast rushed between.
Regorge the filth in thy detested throat."
And at the word, with his huge fist he smote
Like iron on the place, then seized him all,
And dashed in swoon against the bleeding wall.

'Twas dusk:—he summoned an old chieftain stern,
Giving him charge of all till his return,
And with one servant got to horse and rode
All night, until he reached a lone abode
Not far from the green bower Next day at noon,
Through a byway, free to himself alone,
Alone he rode, yet ever in disguise,
His hat pulled over his assassin eyes,
And coming through the wood, there left his horse,
Then down amid the fruit-trees, half by force,
Made way; and by the summer house's door,
Which he found shut, paused till a doubt was o'er.
Paused, and gave ear. There was a low sweet voice:
The door was one that opened without noise,
And opening it, he looked within, and saw,
Nought hearing, nought suspecting, not in awe
Of one created thing in earth or skies,
The lovers, interchanging words and sighs,
Lost in the heaven of one another's eyes
"To thee it was my father wedded me,"
Francesca said.—"I never loved but thee.
The rest was ever but an ugly dream."
"Damned be the soul that says it," cried a scream.
Horror is in the room—shrieks—roaring cries,
Parryings of feeble palms—blindly shut eyes:
What, without arms, availed grief, strength, despair?
Or what the two poor hands put forth in prayer?

Hot is the dagger from the brother's heart,
Deep in the wife's:—dead both and dashed apart,
Mighty the murderer felt as there they lay,
Mighty, for one huge moment, o'er his prey,
Then, like a drunken man, he rode away

To tell what horror smote the people's ears,
The questionings. the amaze, the many tears,
The secret household thoughts, the public awe,
And how those ran back shrieking, that first saw
The beauteous bodies lying in the place,
Bloody and dead in midst of all their grace,
Would keep too long the hideous deed in sight;
Back was the slayer in his camp that night;
And fell next day with such a desperate sword
Upon the rebel army at a ford,
As sent the red news rolling to the sea,
And steadied his wild nerves with victory.

THE FEAST OF THE POETS.

(*The Reflector*, No 4, 1812)

Apollo then led through the door without state,
Each bard, as he followed him, blessing his fate;
And by some charm or other, as each took his chair,
There burst a most beautiful wreath in his hair.
I can't tell 'em all, but the groundwork was bay,
And Campbell, in his, had some oak-leaves and may;
And Southey a palm-branch, and Moore had a vine,
And pepper-leaf Byron, surmounted with pine,
And mountain-ash Wordsworth, with groundsel and yew;
And Coleridge the rare petals four, that endue
Their finder with magic, and, lovely to tell,
They sparkled with drops from Apollo's own well.

Then Apollo put his on, that sparkled with beams,
And rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams,
Not epicure civic, or grossly inclined,
But such as a poet might dream ere he dined:

For the god had no sooner determined the fare,
Than it turned to whatever was racy and rare:
The fish and the flesh, for example, were done,
On account of their fineness, in flame from the sun;
The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which Muscat was nothing, nor Virginis Lac,
No, nor even Johannisberg, soul of the Rhine,
Nor Montepulciano, though king of all wine
Then, as for the fruits, you might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages;
And all on the table no sooner were spread,
Than their cheeks next the god blushed a beautiful
red.
'Twas magic in short, and deliciousness all;
The very men-servants grew handsome and tall;
To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turned
The service with opal and adamant burned;
Each candlestick changed to a pillar of gold,
While a bundle of beams took the place of the mould.
The decanters and glasses pure diamond became,
And the corkscrew ran solidly round into flame;
In a word, so completely forestalled were the wishes,
E'en harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.

THE SONG OF CERES.

(The Descent of Liberty, a Masque, 1815)

Oh, thou that art our Queen again,
And may in the sun be seen again,
Come, Ceres, come,
For the war's gone home,
And the fields are quiet and green again.

The air, dear goddess, sighs for thee,
The light-heart brooks arise for thee,
And the poppies red
On their wistful bed
Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
That's fit for a goddess to work in,
With shoulders brown,
And the wheaten crown
About thy temples perking.

And with thee come, Stout Heart in,
And Toil, that sleeps his cart in,
And Exercise,
The ruddy and wise,
His bathèd forelocks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lither
Than willow or birch, drop hither,
To thread the place
With a finishing grace,
And carry our smooth eyes with her.

[Enter three rustic figures of STOUT HEART, TOIL, and EXERCISE, with a band of REAPERS and VINE-GATHERERS, male and female,—the first a manly swain in corduroy with an oaken cudgel, the second in white with a fork over his shoulder, the third in green with a vaulting-staff, and buskined. The rest of the men have sickles and pruning-hooks at their side, handled like swords and hanging from sword-belts, the women are in short white gowns with rose-coloured bodices, and straw hats with ribands To them, overhead, enter CERES reclining on a horn of plenty, and gliding slowly along on a summer-cloud. She is a plump and laughing figure, dressed in a loose green bodice, with bare shoulders, large auburn curls, and a crown of wheat As she goes along she makes joyful salutes to PEACE and LIBERTY, and the background breaks into golden fields of corn that wave in the sunshine, while vines run over a hill in the distance, and the trees in front are hung with them like garlands from bough to bough

TRIO AND CHORUS

All joy to the giver of wine and of corn,
With her elbow at ease on her well-filled horn,
To the sunny cheek brown,
And the shady wheat crown,
And the ripe golden locks that come smelling of morn.

STOUT HEART. 'Tis she in our veins that puts daily delight

TOIL. 'Tis she in our beds puts us kindly at night.
EXERCISE. And taps at our doors in the morning bright.
CHORUS. Then joy to the giver, &c.
We'll fling on our flaskets and forth with the sun,
With our trim-ankled yoke-fellows, every one;
We'll gather and reap
With our arm at a sweep,
And oh! for the dancing when all is done;

EXERCISE. Yes, yes, we'll be up when the singing-bird starts.
TOIL. We'll level her harvests, and fill up her carts;
STOUT HEART. And shake off fatigue with our bounding hearts.
CHORUS. Then hey for the flasket, &c

[By this time CERES has crossed the scene, and a sunbeam suddenly striking down to the middle of it in front of LIBERTY, a lightsome figure, with wings at her feet and shoulders, comes rapidly tripping down it, and, taking a spring before she reaches the bottom, leaps into a graceful attitude of preparation.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

(December 30, 1816.)

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

TO JOHN HUNT, ÆTAT. FOUR.

(1816)

Ah, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes
With voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so,
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And arms as sunny shining
As if their veins they'd wine in;
And mouth that smiles so truly,
Heaven seems to have made it newly
It breaks into such sweetness
With merry-lipped completeness;
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio,
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the *Tatler*,—
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little Cor-di-fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolic as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah! Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it,

A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John;
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half shut teeth with "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies
With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses,
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue! and do you know, John,
Why 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye,
Exclaim, "Ah Johnny, Johnny!"
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you tease 'em
Because too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn too,
You'd be as kind to them too.

In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
And are as quick at giving,
As easy at receiving;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly;
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends the thrushes;
And see what flowers the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you,
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

THOUGHTS ON THE AVON.

(September 28, 1817)

It is the loveliest day that we have had
This lovely month, sparkling and full of cheer;
The sun has a sharp eye, yet kind and glad;
Colours are doubly bright. all things appear
Strong outlined in the spacious atmosphere;
And through the lofty air the white clouds go,
As on their way to some celestial show.

The banks of Avon must look well to-day;
Autumn is there in all his glory and treasure;
The river must run bright, the ripples play
Their crispest tunes to boats that rock at leisure;
The ladies are abroad with cheeks of pleasure,
And the rich orchards in their sunniest robes
Are pouting thick with all their winy globes.

And why must I be thinking of the pride
Of distant bowers, as if I had no nest
To sing in here, though by the houses' side?
As if I could not in a minute rest
In leafy fields, quiet, and self-possest,
Having, on one side, Hampstead for my looks,
On t'other, London, with its wealth of books?

It is not that I envy autumn there,
Nor the sweet river, though my fields have none,
Nor yet that in its all-productive air
Was born Humanity's divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one—
Shakspeare; nor yet, oh no—that here I miss
Souls not unworthy to be named with his.

No; but it is, that on this very day,
And upon Shakspeare's stream, a little lower,
Where, drunk with Delphic air, it comes away
Dancing in perfume by the Peary Shore,
Was born the lass that I love more and more:
A fruit as fine as in the Hesperian store,
Smooth, roundly smiling, noble to the core;
An eye for art: a nature, that of yore
Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters wore,
When in the golden age one tune they bore;
Marianne,—who makes my heart and very rhymes
run o'er.

TO THORNTON HUNT, ÆTAT. SIX.

(1817)

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy,
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways,
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

But Care, ungrateful to a host that long
Had borne him kindly, came and marred his song,
Marred it, and stopped, and in his envious soul
Dreamt it had ceased outright, and perished whole
Dull god! to know not, after all he knew,
What the best gods, Patience and Love, can do.
The song was lamed, was lated, yet the bird
High by the lady's bower has still been heard,
Thanking that balm in need, and that delightful word.
Blest be the Queen? Blest when the sun goes down,
When rises, blest. May love line soft her crown.
May music's self not more harmonious be,
Than the mild manhood by her side and she.
May she be young for ever—ride, dance, sing,
'Twixt cares of state carelessly carolling,
And set all fashions healthy, blithe, and wise,
From whence good mothers and glad offspring rise.
May everybody love her. May she be
As brave as will, yet soft as charity;
And on her coins be never laurel seen,
But only those fair peaceful locks serene,
Beneath whose waving grace first mingle now
The ripe Guelph cheek and good straight Coburg brow,
Pleasure and reason! May she, every day,
See some new good winning its gentle way
By means of mild and unforbidden men!
And when the sword hath bowed beneath the pen,
May her own line a patriarch scene unfold,
As far surpassing what these days behold
E'en in the thunderous gods, iron and steam,
As they the sceptic's doubt, or wild man's dream!
And to this end—oh! to this Christian end,
And the sure coming of its next great friend,
May her own soul, this instant, while I sing,
Be smiling, as beneath some angel's wing,
O'er the dear life in life, the small, sweet, new,
Unselfish self, the filial self of two,
Bliss of her future eyes, her pillowed gaze.
On whom a mother's heart thinks close, and prays

Your beadsman, Madam. thus, "in spite of sorrow,"
Bids at your window, like the lark, good morrow.

TO THE INFANT PRINCESS ROYAL.

(*The Morning Chronicle*, November 25, 1840.)

Welcome, bud beside the rose,
On whose stem our safety grows;
Welcome, little Saxon Guelph;
Welcome for thine own small self;
Welcome for thy father, mother,
Proud the one and safe the other;
Welcome to three kingdoms; nay,
Such is thy potential day,
Welcome, little mighty birth,
To our human star the earth.

Some have wished thee boy; and some
Gladly wait till boy shall come,
Counting it a genial sign
When a lady leads the line.
What imports it, girl or boy?
England's old historic joy
Well might be content to see
Queens alone come after thee—
Twenty visions of thy mother
Following sceptred, each the other,
Linking with their roses white
Ages of unborn delight
What imports it who shall lead,
So that the good line succeed?
So that love and peace feel sure
Of old hate's discomfiture?
Thee appearing by the rose
Safety comes, and peril goes;
Thee appearing, earth's new spring
Fears no winter's "grisly king;"
Hope anew leaps up, and dances
In the hearts of human chances;
France, the brave, but too quick-blooded,
Wisely has her threat re-studied;
England now, as safe as she
From the strifes that need not be,
And the realms that hushed and still,
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,

Growing harvests of all good
Day by day, as planet should,
Till it clap its hands, and cry,
Hail, matured humanity!
Earth has outgrown want and war;
Earth is now no childish star.

But behold, where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Nought of planet's love, nor people's:
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heaven had rained them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctor's learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank, a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
Nowise dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind lips pursue it,
Nor the arms that draw thee to it,
Nor the eyes, that, while they fold thee.
Never can enough behold thee
Mother true and good has she,
Little strong one, been to thee,
Nor with listless indoor ways
Weakened thee for future days;
But has done her strenuous duty
To thy brain and to thy beauty,
Till thou cam'st, a blossom bright,
Worth the kiss of air and light;
To thy healthy self a pleasure;
To the world a balm and treasure.

CONFRONTING FOES.

(*A Legend of Florence*, act III scene 2 1840.)

AGOLANTI AND RONDINELLI

AGO. The more you speak, the greater is the insult
To one that asks not your advice nor needs it,
Nor am I to be tricked into submission
To a pedantic and o'erweening insolence,
Because it treats one like a child, with gross
Self-reconciling needs and sugary fulsomeness.
Go back to the world you speak of, you yourself,
True infant, and learn better from its own school.
You tire me.
RON. Stay, my last words must be heard.
In nothing then will there be any difference
From what the world now see?
AGO. In nothing, fool.
Why should there be? Am I a painter's posture figure?
A glove to be made to fit?—a public humour?
To hear you is preposterous; not to trample you
A favour, which I know not why I show
RON. I'll tell you.
'Tis because you, with cowardly tyranny,
Presume on the blest shape that stands between us,
Ay, with an impudence of your own, immeasurable,
Skulk at an angel's skirts.
AGO. I laugh at you.
And let me tell you at parting, that the way
To serve a lady best, and have her faults
Lightliest admonished by her lawful helper,
Is not to thrust a lawless vanity
'Twixt him and his vexed love.
RON. Utter that word
No second time. Blaspheme not its religion
And mark me, once for all I know you proud,
Rich, sanguine during passion, sullen after it,
Purchasing shows of mutual respect
With bows as low as their recoil is lofty;
And thinking that the world and you, being each
No better than each other, may thus ever,
In smooth accommodation of absurdity,

More prosperous to your graves. But also I know you
Misgiving amidst all of it, more violent
Than bold, more superstitious e'en than formal,
More propped up by the public breath, than vital
In very self-conceit Now mark me——

AGO. A beggar
Mad with detection, barking like his cur!

RON. Mark me, impostor! Let that saint be worse
By one hair's-breadth of sickness, and you take
No step to show that you would have prevented it,
And every soul in Florence, from the beggar
Up to the princely sacredness now coming,
Shall be loud on you, and loathe you. Boys shall follow you,
Plucking your shuddering skirts, women forego,
For woman's sake, their bashfulness, and speak
Words at you, as you pass, old friends not know you;
Enemies meet you, friend-like, and when, for shame,
You shut yourself indoors, and take yourself to bed,
And die of this world by day, and of the next by night,
The nurse that makes a penny of your pillow,
And would desire you gone, but your groans pay her,
Shall turn from the last agony in your throat,
And count her wages.

AGO. [*drawing his sword*]. Death in thine own throat!

RON. Tempt me not.

AGO. Coward!

RON. [*drawing his sword*]. All you saints bear witness!

[*Cries of* "Agolanti! Signor Agolanti!"

Enter Servants *in disorder*

FIRST SERV. My lady, sir

AGO What of her?

SERV. Sir, she is dead

MAGIC INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

(*A Legend of Florence*, act iv. scene 1. 1840.)

OLIMPIA. I have noted oft
That eyes, that have kept dry their cups of tears,
The moment they were touched by music's fingers,
Trembled, brimful.

THREE VISIONS.

ON THE BIRTH AND CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

(*The Morning Chronicle*, February 8, 1842)

O LOVE of thanks for gentle deeds,
O sympathy with lowly needs,
O claims of care, and balms of song,
I feared ye meant to do me wrong,
And let me fade with stifled heart,
Ere time and I had leave to part;
But waking lately in the morn,
Just as a golden day was born,
Lo, the dull clouds, by sickness wrought,
Began to break on heights of thought,
And fresh from out the Muse's sky
Three visions of a Queen had I;
Three in auspicious link benign,
One dear, one gorgeous, one divine!
The first—(and let no spirit dare
That vision with my soul to share,
But such as now that angels spread
Their wings above a mother's bed)—
The first disclosed her where she lay
In pillowed ease, that blessèd day,
Which just had made her pale with joy
Of the wished-for, princely boy,
Come to complete, and stamp with man
The line which gentler grace began
See, how they smooth her brows to rest,
Faint, meek, yet proud, and wholly blest;
And how she may not speak the while,
But only sigh, and only smile,
And press his pressing hand who vies
In bliss with her belovèd eyes

Vanished that still and sacred room,
And round me, like a pomp in bloom,
Was a proud chapel, heavenly bright
With lucid glooms of painted light
Hushing the thought with holy story,
And flags that hung asleep in glory,

And 'scutcheons of emblazon bold,
The flowers of trees of memories old.
And living human flowers were there,
New colouring the angelic air;
Young beauties mixed with warriors grey,
And choristers in lily array,
And princes, and the genial king
With the wise companioning,
And the mild manhood, by whose side
Walks daily forth his two years' bride,
And she herself, the rose of all,
Who wears the world's first coronal—
She, lately in that bower of bliss,
How simple and how still to this!
For ever and anon there rolled
The gusty organ manifold.
Like a golden gate of heaven
On its hinges angel-driven
To let through a storm and weight
Of its throne's consenting's state;
Till the dreadful grace withdrew
Into breath serene as dew,
Comforting the ascending hymn
With notes of softest seraphim.
Then was call on Jesus mild;
And in the midst that new-born child
Was laid within the lap of faith.
While his prayer the churchman saith,
And gifted with two loving names—
One the heir of warlike fames.
And one befitting sage new line
Against the world grow more benign.

Like a bubble, children-blown,
Then was all that splendour flown;
And in a window by the light
Of the gentle moon at night,
Talking with her love apart
And her own o'erflowing heart,
That queen and mother did I see
Too happy for tranquillity;

Too generous-happy to endure
The thought of all the woful poor
Who that same night laid down their heads
In mockeries of starving beds,
In cold, in wet, disease, despair,
In madness that will say no prayer;
With wailing infants, some; and some
By whom the little clay lies dumb:
And some, whom feeble love's excess,
Through terror, tempts to murderousness.
And at that thought the big drops rose
In pity for her people's woes;
And this glad mother and great queen
Weeping for the poor was seen.
And vowing in her princely will
That they should thrive and bless her still.

And of these three fair sights of mine,
That was the vision most divine.

OLD KENSINGTON PALACE.

(*The Palfrey*, 1842)

'Tis June, and a bright sun burneth all.
Sir William hath galloped from Hendon Hall
To Kensington, where in a thick old wood
(Now its fair Gardens) a mansion stood,
Half like fortress, and half like farm,
A house which had ceased to be threatened with harm,
The gates frowned still, for the dignity's sake,
With porter, portcullis, and bit of a lake;
But ivy caressed their warm old ease,
And the young rooks chuckled across the trees,
And burning below went the golden bees.
The spot was the same, where on a May morn
The Rose that toppeth the world was born.

RIDING PILLION.

(*The Palfrey*, 1842.)

This riding double was no crime
In the first great Edward's time;
No brave man thought himself disgraced
By two fair arms about his waist,
Nor did the lady blush vermilion,
Dancing on the lover's pillion.
Why? Because all modes and actions
Bowed not then to Vulgar Fractions;
Nor were tested all resources
By the power to purchase horses.

WEALTH AND WOMANHOOD.

(1844.)

Have you seen an heiress
  In her jewels mounted,
Till her wealth and she seemed one,
  And she might be counted?

Have you seen a bosom
  With one rose betwixt it?
And did you mark the grateful blush,
  While the bridegroom fixed it?

ALBUMS.

(1844.)

An Album! This! Why, 'tis for aught I see,
Sheer wit, and verse, and downright poetry,
A priceless book incipient; a treasure
Of growing pearl, a hoard for pride and pleasure;
A golden begging-box, which pretty Miss
Goes round with, like a gipsy as she is,
From bard to bard, to stock her father's shelf,
Perhaps for cunning dowry to herself.

Albums are records, kept by gentle dames,
To show us that their friends can write their names;
That Miss can draw, or brother John can write
"Sweet lines," or that they know a Mr. White.
The lady comes, with lowly grace upon her,
"'Twill be so kind," and "do her book such honour;"
We bow, smile, deprecate, protest, read o'er
The names to see what has been done before,
Wish to say something wonderful, but can't,
And write, with modest glory, "William Grant."
Johnson succeeds, and Thomson, Jones and Clarke,
And Cox with an original remark
Out of the Speaker;—then come John's "sweet lines,"
Fanny's "sweet airs," and Jenny's "sweet designs:"
Then, Hobbs, Cobbs, Dobbs, Lord Strut, and Lady Brisk,
And, with a flourish underneath him, Fisk.

Alas! why sit I here, committing jokes
On social pleasures and good-humoured folks,
That see far better with their trusting eyes,
Than all the blinkings of the would-be wise?
Albums are, after all, pleasant inventions,
Make friends more friendly, grace one's good intentions,
Brighten dull names, give great ones kinder looks,
Nay, now and then produce right curious books,
And make the scoffer (as it now does me)
Blush to look round on deathless company.

GENERAL SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

(1844)

We are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith:
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us, love us;
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop, sweet Flowers!

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the withered clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller
Taste, how heaven loves colour,
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman of the flowers!

Uselessness divinest
Of a use the finest
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers weary-eyed
Bless us far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce;
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylon's whole vaunting.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till his gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without them, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more?
Oh pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

A HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

(1844)

For there are two heavens, sweet,
Both made of love—one, inconceivable
Ev'n by the other, so divine it is,
The other, far on *this* side of the stars,
By men called *home*, when some blest pair are met
As we are now sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,
Where friends are matched) each at its gentle task
Of book, or household need, or meditation,
By summer-moon, or curtained fire in frost;
And by degrees there come—not always come,
Yet mostly—other, smaller inmates there,
Cherubic-faced, yet growing like those two,
Their pride and playmates, not without meek fear,

Since God sometimes to His own cherubim
Takes those sweet cheeks of earth. And so 'twixt joy,
And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain
Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old;
And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,
And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANOFORTE.

(1844)

Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss,
Out-values thee:
Love only, wakened with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear;
And Sorrow, with his tightened breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh since few joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice blessed be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet—
Thine answer, kind.

REFLECTIONS OF A DEAD BODY.

(1844)

WHAT change is this! What joy! What depth of rest!
What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain
Into all bliss! Into a balm so perfect
I do not even smile! I tried but now,
With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face
That watches me—and lo! all in an instant,
Instead of toil, and a-weak, weltering tear,
I am all peace, all happiness, all power,
Laid on some throne in space.—Great God! I am dead
(*A pause*) Dear God! thy love is perfect, thy truth known.
(*Another*) And he,—and they! How simple and strange! How beautiful!
But I may whisper it not—even to thought;
Lest strong imagination, hearing it,
Speak, and the world be shattered
(*Soul again pauses*) O balm! O bliss! O saturating smile
Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty
Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged,
Encouraged to be wilful;—to delay
Even its wings for heaven, and thus to rest
Here, here, ev'n here,—'twixt heaven and earth awhile,
A bed in the morn of endless happiness.

I feel warm drops falling upon my face:
They reach me through the rapture of this cold.
My wife! my love!—'tis for the best thou canst not
Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond
A kiss meets thine in these unowning lips.
Ah, truly was my love what thou didst hope it,
And more, and so was thine—I read it all—
And our small feuds were but impatiences
At seeing the dear truth ill understood.
Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest
Memory on memory of imagined wrong,
As I should have done too—as all who love;
And yet I cannot pity thee:—so well
I know the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter.

She speaks my name at last, as though she feared
The terrible, familiar sound; and sinks
In sobs upon my bosom. Hold me fast,
Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow calm—
Me, cruelly unmoved, and yet how loving!

How wrong I was to quarrel with poor James!
And how dear Francis mistook *me!* That pride,
How without ground it was! Those arguments,
Which I supposed so final, oh how foolish!
Yet gentlest death will not permit rebuke,
Ev'n of one's self. They'll know all, as I know,
When they lie thus

Colder I grow, and happier.
Warmness and sense are drawing to a point,
Ere they depart;—myself quitting myself.
The soul gathers its wings upon the edge
Of the new world, yet how assuredly!
Oh! how in balm I change! actively willed,
Yet passive, quite; and feeling opposites mingle
In exquisitest peace! Those fleshly clothes,
Which late I thought myself, lie more and more
Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me,
Who am as a hand withdrawing from a glove.

So lay my mother: so my father: so
My children · yet I pitied them I wept,
And fancied them in graves, and called them "poor!"

O graves! O tears! O knowledge, will, and time,
And fear, and hope! what petty terms of earth
Were ye! yet how I love ye as of earth,
The planet's household words; and how postpone,
Till out of these dear arms, th' immeasurable
Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal!
Ah, not excluding these, nor aught that's past,
Nor aught that's present, nor that's yet to come,
Well waited for. I would not stir a finger
Out of this rest, to reassure all anguish;
Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture;
Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss.

That was my eldest boy's—that kiss. And that
The baby with its little unweening mouth;
And those—and those— Dear hearts! they have all come,
And think me dead—me, who so know I'm living,
The vitalest creature in this fleshly room.
I part; and with my spirit's eyes, full opened,
Will look upon them.

[*Spirit parts from the body, and breathes upon their eyes.*

Patient be those tears,
Fresh heart-dews, standing on these dear clay-moulds
Of souls made of myself—made of us both
In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but
To meet again, and will revisit soon
In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh.

[*Spirit looks at the body.*

And was that me?—that hollow-cheeked pale thing,
Shattered with passions, worn with cares; now placid
With my divine departure? And must love
Think of thee painfully? of stifling boards
'Gainst the free face, and of the irreverent worm?
To dust with thee, poor corpse! to dust and grass.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

(1844)

T'OTHER day as I was twining
Roses, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, 'midst the heap
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desparate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him,
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him.

'Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

CATULLUS'S RETURN HOME TO SIRMIO.

(1844.)

O BEST of all the scattered spots that lie
In sea or lake—apple of landscape's eye—
How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
With what a sigh of full contented rest,
Scarce able to believe my journey o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more.
Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
When the mind, breathing, lays its load apart—
When we come home again, tired out, and spread
The loosened limbs o'er all the wished-for bed;
This, this alone is worth an age of toil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
Joy, my bright waters, joy, your master's come!
Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home!

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

(1844.)

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that *are* to be

Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

(1844)

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JAFFĀR.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, February 1850)

JAFFĀR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffār was dead, slain by a doom unjust,
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust

Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffàr delivered me,
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me—loved me—put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffàr?"

Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go: and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took, and holding it
High tow'rds the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jaffàr."

THE BITTER GOURD.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, April 1850.)

Lokman the Wise, therefore the Good (for wise
Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),
Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,
Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,
Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat
So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,
The sage received what stretched the donor's eyes;
And, piece by piece, as though it had been food
To feast and gloat on, every morsel chewed,
And so stood eating, with his patient beard,
Till all the nauseous favour disappeared.

Vexed, and confounded, and disposed to find
Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,
"Lokman!" exclaimed his master—"In God's name,
Where could the veriest slave get soul so tame?
Have all my favours been bestowed amiss?
Or could not brains like thine have saved thee this?"

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands.
"Have I received," he answered, "at thine hands
Favours so sweet they went to mine heart's root,
And could I not accept one bitter fruit?"

"O Lokman!" said his lord (and as he spoke,
For very love his words in softness broke),
"Take but this favour yet:—be slave no more:
Be, as thou art, my friend and counsellor:
Oh be! nor let me quit thee, self-abhorred;
'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

(1857)

What delight, in some sweet spot
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers!
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhetoric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos!

TO MAY.

(1857.)

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine,
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands and daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets' praises;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet!
May was *maid* in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face rosily—
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower,

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books,
Love thee in the poets' pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over,
Breathing blessings on the art,
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior;
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise, and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come, ye rains then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still:
But come rather, thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

TO JUNE.

(1857)

MAY's a word 'tis sweet to hear,
Laughter of the budding year,
Sweet it is to start, and say
On May-morning, "This is May!"
But there also breathes a tune—
Hear it—in the sound of "June."
June's a month, and June's a name,
Never yet hath had its fame
Summer's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepened tune

Of the bees and of the birds—
And of loitering lover's words—
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;
And the very colour's tone
Russet now, and fervid grown;
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gipsy June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right,
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best,
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,
Or disposed, full length, to lie
With a hand-enshaded eye
On thy warm and golden slopes,
Basker in the buttercups,
Listening with nice distant ears
To the shepherd's clapping shears,
Or the next field's laughing play
In the happy wars of hay,
While its perfume breathes all over,
Or the bean comes fine or clover.

O could I walk round the earth,
With a heart to share my mirth,
With a look to love me ever,
Thoughtful much. but sullen never,

I could be content to see
June and no variety;
Loitering here, and living there,
With a book and frugal fare,
With a finer gipsy time,
And a cuckoo in the clime,
Work at morn, and mirth at noon,
And sleep beneath the sacred moon.

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

(1858)

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour;
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the scene of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of human joy or pain;
Never will his once-bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timid flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle,
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood
Save the childish one who weeps
O'er the grave where now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now.

THE ROYAL LINE.

(1860)

William I.	The sturdy Conqueror, politic, severe;
William II.	Light-minded Rufus, dying like the deer;
Henry I.	Beau-clerc, who everything but virtue knew;
Stephen.	Stephen, who graced the lawless sword he drew;
Henry II.	Fine Henry, hapless in his sons and priest;
Richard I.	Richard, the glorious trifler in the East;
John.	John, the mean wretch, tyrant and slave, a liar;
Henry III.	Imbecile Henry, worthy of his sire;
Edward I.	Long-shanks, well named, a great encroacher he;
Edward II.	Edward the minion dying dreadfully;
Edward III.	The splendid veteran, weak in his decline,
Richard II.	Another minion, sure untimely sign;
Henry IV.	Usurping Lancaster, whom wrongs advance;
Henry V.	Harry the Fifth, the tennis-boy of France,
Henry VI.	The beadsman, praying while his Margaret fought;
Edward IV.	Edward, too sensual for a kindly thought,
Edward V.	The little head, that never wore a crown;
Richard III.	Crookback, to nature giving frown for frown;
Henry VII.	Close-hearted Henry, the shrewd carking sire:
Henry VIII.	The British Bluebeard, fat, and full of ire;
Edward VI	The sickly boy, endowing and endowed;
Mary.	Ill Mary, lighting many a living shroud;
Elizabeth.	The lion-queen, with her stiff muslin mane;
James I.	The shambling pedant, and his minion train;
Charles I.	Weak Charles, the victim of the dawn of light,
Cromwell.	Cromwell, misuser of his homespun right;
Charles II.	The swarthy scapegrace, all for ease and wit;
James II.	The bigot out of season, forced to quit:
William III.	The Dutchman, called to see our vessel through;
Anne.	Anna made great by conquering Marlborough;

George I. George, vulgar soul, a woman-hated name;
George II. Another, fonder of his fee than fame;
George III. A third, too weak, instead of strong, to swerve;
George IV. And fourth, whom Canning and Sir Will preserve.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

(1860)

As when a friend (himself in music's list)
Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
And glorying as he sees the master roll
The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forbear
With his own hand to join them here and there;
And so, if little, yet add something more
To the sound's volume and the golden roar;
So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
To this thy new-found music of our spheres,
In hopes that by thy Household Words and thee
The world may haste to days of harmony.

LEIGH HUNT'S ESSAYS.

HAD the Author attempted to alter the general spirit of his writings, he would have belied the love of truth that is in him, and even shown himself ungrateful to public warrant. Not that he has abated a jot of those cheerful and wholesome opinions in the diffusion of which he has now been occupied for nearly thirty years of a life passed in combined struggle and studiousness. For, if there is anything which consoles him for those short comings either in life or writings which most men of any decent powers of reflection are bound to discover in themselves as they grow old, and of which he has acquired an abundant perception, it is the consciousness, not merely of having been consistent in opinion (which might have been bigotry), or of having lived to see his political opinions triumph (which was good luck), or even of having outlived misconstruction and enmity (though the goodwill of generous enemies is inexpressibly dear to him), but of having done his best to recommend that belief in good, that cheerfulness in endeavour, that discernment of universal duty, that brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, and that repose on the happy destiny of the whole human race, which appeared to him not only the healthiest and most animating principles of action, but the only truly religious homage to Him who made us all. Let adversity be allowed the *comfort of these reflections*, and may all who allow them, experience the writer's cheerfulness, with none of the troubles that have rendered it almost his only possession.—*Preface to* LEIGH HUNT'S "*Men, Women, and Books.*"

LEIGH HUNT'S ESSAYS.



A DAY BY THE FIRE.

(*The Reflector*, 1812)

I AM one of those that delight in a fireside, and can enjoy it without even the help of a cat or a tea-kettle. To cats, indeed, I have an aversion, as animals that only affect a sociality without caring a jot for anything but their own luxury; and my tea-kettle, I frankly confess, has long been displaced, or rather dismissed, by a bronze-coloured and graceful urn; though, between ourselves, I am not sure that I have gained anything by the exchange. Cowper, it is true, talks of the "bubbling and loud hissing urn," which "throws up a steamy column." But there was something so primitive and unaffected, so warm-hearted and unpresuming, in the tea-kettle, its song was so much more cheerful and continued, and it kept the water so hot and comfortable as long as you wanted it, that I sometimes feel as if I had sent off a good, plain, faithful old friend, who had but one wish to serve me, for a superficial, smooth-faced upstart of a fellow, who, after a little promising and vapouring, grows cold and contemptuous, and thinks himself bound to do nothing but stand on a rug and have his person admired by the circle. To this admiration, in fact, I have been obliged to resort, in order to make myself think well of my bargain, if possible: and accordingly I say to myself every now and then during the tea,—"A pretty look with it, that urn;"

or "It's wonderful what a taste the Greeks had;" or "The eye might have a great many enjoyments, if people would but look after forms and shapes." In the meanwhile, the urn leaves off its "bubbling and hissing," but then there is such an air with it! My tea is made of cold water; but then the Greeks were such a nation!

If there is any one thing that can reconcile me to the loss of my kettle more than another, it is that my fire is left quite to itself, it has full room to breathe and to blaze, and I can poke it as I please. What recollections does that idea excite! Poke it as I please! Think, benevolent reader, think of the pride and pleasure of having in your hand that awful, but at the same time artless, weapon, a poker, of putting it into the proper bar, gently levering up the coals, and seeing the instant and bustling flame above! To what can I compare that moment? That sudden empyreal enthusiasm? That fiery expression of vivification? That ardent acknowledgment, as it were, of the care and kindliness of the operator? Let me consider a moment; it is very odd. I was always reckoned a lively hand at a simile; but language and combination absolutely fail me here. If it is like anything, it must be something beyond everything in beauty and life! Oh, I have it now! Think, reader, if you are one of those who can muster up sufficient sprightliness to engage in a game of forfeits—on Twelfth Night, for instance; think of a blooming girl, who is condemned to "open her mouth and shut her eyes and see what heaven," in the shape of a mischievous young fellow, "will send her." Her mouth is opened accordingly, the fire of her eyes is dead, her face assumes a doleful air, up walks the aforesaid heaven or mischievous young fellow (young Ouranos, Hesiod would have called him), and instead of a piece of paper, a thimble, or a cinder, claps into her mouth a peg of orange, or a long slice of citron; then her eyes above instantly light up again, the smiles wreathe about, the sparklings burst forth, and all is warmth, brilliancy, and delight. I am aware that the simile is not perfect, but if it would do for an epic poem, as I think it might after Virgil's whipping-tops, and Homer's jackasses and black puddings, the reader, perhaps, will not quarrel with it

But to describe my feelings in an orderly manner, I must request my reader to go with me through a day's enjoyment

by the fireside. It is part of my business, as a Reflector, to look about for helps to reflection; and for this reason, among many others, I indulge myself in keeping a good fire from morning till night. I have also a reflective turn for an easy-chair, and a very thinking attachment to comfort in general. But of this as I proceed.

AT BREAKFAST.

Imprimis, then: the morning is clear and cold; time, half-past seven; scene, a breakfast-room. Some persons, by-the-by, prefer a thick and rainy morning, with a sobbing wind and the clatter of pattens along the streets; but I confess, for my own part, that, being a sedentary person and too apt to sin against the duties of exercise, I have somewhat too sensitive a consciousness of bad weather, and feel a heavy sky go over me like a feather bed, or rather like a huge brush which rubs all my nap the wrong way. I am growing better in this respect, and by the help of a stout walk at noon, and getting, as it were, fairly into a favourite poet, and a warm fire of an evening, begin to manage an east wind tolerably well; but still, for perfection's sake, on the present occasion I must insist upon my clear morning, and will add to it, if the reader pleases, a little hoar-frost upon the windows, a bird or two coming after the crumbs, and the light smoke from the early chimneys. Even the dustman's bell is not unpleasant from its association, and there is something absolutely musical in the clash of the milk-pails suddenly unyoked, and the ineffable *ad libitum* note that follows. The waking epicure rises with an elastic anticipation, enjoys the freshening cold water, which endears what is to come; and even goes through the villanous scraping process which we soften down into the level and lawny appellation of shaving. He then hurries downstairs, rubbing his hands, and sawing the sharp air through his teeth; and, as he enters the breakfast-room, sees his old companion glowing through the bars—the life of the apartment—and wanting only his friendly hand to be lightened a little, and enabled to shoot up into dancing brilliancy. I find I am getting into a quantity of epithets here, and must rein in my enthusiasm. What need I say? The poker is applied, and would be so whether required or not, for it is

impossible to resist the sudden ardour inspired by that sight. The use of the poker, on first seeing one's fire, is as natural as shaking hands with a friend. At that movement a hundred little sparkles fly up from the coal-dust that falls within, while from the masses themselves a roaring flame mounts aloft, with a deep and fitful sound as of a shaken carpet. Epithets again! I must recur to poetry at once:—

Then shine the bars, the cakes in smoke aspire
A sudden glory bursts from all the fire,
The conscious wight rejoicing in the heat,
Rubs the blithe knees and toasts th' alternate feet.

The utility as well as beauty of the fire during breakfast need not be pointed out to the most unphlogistic observer. A person would rather be shivering at any time of the day than at that of his first rising. The transition would be too unnatural; he is not prepared for it, as Barnardine says when he objects to being hung. If you eat plain bread-and-butter with your tea, it is fit that your moderation should be rewarded with a good blaze; and if you indulge in hot rolls or toast you will hardly keep them to their warmth without it, particularly if you read: and then—if you take in a newspaper—what a delightful change from the wet, raw, dabbing fold of paper when you first touch it to the dry, crackling, crisp superficies which, with a skilful sput of the finger-nails at its upper end, stands at once in your hand and looks as if it said, "Come, read me." Nor is it the look of the newspaper only which the fire must render complete: it is the interest of the ladies who may happen to form part of your family—of your wife, in particular, if you have one—to avoid the niggling and pinching aspect of cold; it takes away the harmony of her features, and the grace of her behaviour; while, on the other hand, there is scarcely any more interesting sight in the world than that of a neat, delicate, good-humoured female, presiding at your breakfast-table, with hands tapering out of her long sleeves, eyes with a touch of Sir Peter Lely in them, and a face set in a little oval frame of muslin tied under the chin, and retaining a certain tinge of the pillow without its cloudiness. This is indeed the finishing grace of a fireside, though it is impossible to have it at all times, and perhaps not always politic—especially for the studious.

DURING THE AFTERNOON.

From breakfast to dinner, the quantity and quality of enjoyment depends very much on the nature of one's concerns; and occupation of any kind, if we pursue it properly, will hinder us from paying a critical attention to the fireside. It is sufficient if our employments do not take us away from it, or at least from the genial warmth of a room which it adorns—unless, indeed, we are enabled to have recourse to exercise; and in that case I am not so unjust as to deny that walking or riding has its merits, and that the genial glow they diffuse throughout the frame has something in it extremely pleasurable and encouraging. Nay, I must not scruple to confess that, without some preparation of this kind, the enjoyment of the fireside, humanly speaking, is not absolutely perfect; as I have latterly been convinced by a variety of incontestable arguments in the shape of headaches, rheumatisms, mote-painted eyes, and other logical appeals to one's feelings, which are in great use with physicians. Supposing, therefore, the morning to be passed and the due portion of exercise to have been taken, the fireside fixes rather an early hour for dinner, particularly in the winter time, for he has not only been early at breakfast, but there are two luxurious intervals to enjoy between dinner and the time of candles: one that supposes a party round the fire with their wine and fruit; the other, the hour of twilight, of which it has been reasonably doubted whether it is not the most luxurious point of time which a fireside can present. But opinions will naturally be divided on this as on all other subjects, and every degree of pleasure depends upon so many contingencies and such a variety of associations induced by habit and opinion, that I should be as unwilling as I am unable to decide on the matter. This, however, is certain, that no true firesider can dislike an hour so composing to his thoughts, and so cherishing to his whole faculties: and it is equally certain that he will be little inclined to protract the dinner beyond what he can help, for if ever a fireside becomes unpleasant, it is during the gross and pernicious prolongation of eating and drinking to which this latter age has given itself up, and which threatens to make the rising generation regard a meal of repletion as the ultimatum of enjoyment. The inconvenience to which

I allude is owing to the way in which we sit at dinner; for the persons who have their backs to the fire are liable to be scorched, while at the same time they render the persons opposite to them liable to be frozen; so that the fire becomes uncomfortable to the former, and tantalizing to the latter. And thus three evils are produced, of a most absurd and scandalous nature: in the first place, the fireside loses a degree of its character and awakens feelings the very reverse of what it should. secondly, the position of the back towards it is a neglect and affront, which it becomes it to resent; and, finally, its beauties, its proffered kindness, and its sprightly social effect are at once cut off from the company by the interposition of those invidious and idle surfaces called screens. This abuse is the more ridiculous, inasmuch as the remedy is so easy; for, we have nothing to do but to use semicircular dining-tables, with the base unoccupied towards the fireplace, and the whole annoyance vanishes at once, the master or mistress might preside in the middle, as was the custom with the Romans, and thus propriety would be observed, while everybody had the sight and benefit of the fire: not to mention that, by this fashion, the table might be brought nearer to it, that the servants would have better access to the dishes; and that screens, if at all necessary, might be turned to better purpose as a general enclosure instead of a separation. But I hasten from dinner, according to notice; and cannot but observe that, if you have a small set of visitors who enter into your feelings on this head, there is no movement so pleasant as a general one from the table to the fireside, each person taking his glass with him, and a small, slim-legged table being introduced into the circle for the purpose of holding the wine, and perhaps a poet or two, a glee-book, or a lute. If this practice should become general among those who know how to enjoy luxuries in such temperance as not to destroy conversation, it would soon gain for us another social advantage, by putting an end to the barbarous custom of sending away the ladies after dinner—a gross violation of those chivalrous graces of life, for which modern times are so highly indebted to the persons whom they are pleased to term Gothic. And here I might digress, with no great impropriety, to show the snug notions that were entertained by the knights and damsels of old in all particulars relating

to domestic enjoyment, especially in the article of mixed company; but I must not quit the fireside, and will observe that, as the ladies formed its chief ornament, so they constituted its most familiar delight.

AT TWILIGHT.

But twilight comes; and the lover of the fireside, for the perfection of the moment, is now alone. He was reading a minute or two ago, and for some time was unconscious of the increasing dusk till, on looking up, he perceived the objects out of doors deepening into massy outline, while the sides of his fireplace began to reflect the light of the flames, and the shadow of himself and his chair fidgeted with huge obscurity on the wall Still wishing to read, he pushed himself nearer and nearer to the window, and continued fixed on his book, till he happened to take another glance out of doors, and on returning to it could make out nothing He therefore lays it aside, and restoring his chair to the fireplace, seats himself right before it in a reclining posture, his feet apart upon the fender, his eyes bent down towards the grate, his arms on the chair's elbows, one hand hanging down, and the palm of the other turned up and presented to the fire—not to keep it from him, for there is no glare or scorch about it—but to intercept, and have a more kindly feel of its genial warmth. It is thus that the greatest and wisest of mankind have sat and meditated: a homely truism, perhaps, but such a one as we are apt enough to forget. We talk of going to Athens or Rome to see the precise objects which the Greeks and Romans beheld, and forget that the moon, which may be looking upon us at the moment, is the same identical planet that enchanted Homer and Virgil, and that has been contemplated and admired by all the great men and geniuses that have existed: by Socrates and Plato in Athens, by the Antonines in Rome, by the Alfreds, the Miltons, Newtons, and Shakspeares. In like manner, we are anxious to discover how those great men and poets appeared in common; what habits they loved, in what way they talked and meditated, nay, in what postures they delighted to sit, and whether they indulged in the same tricks and little comforts that we do. Look at Nature, and their works, and we shall see

that they did; and that when we act naturally and think earnestly, we are reflecting their common habits to the life. Thus we have seen Horace talking of his blazing hearth and snug accommodations like the jolliest of our acquaintances; and thus we may safely imagine that Milton was in some such attitude as I have described, when he sketched that enchanting little picture which beats all the cabinet portraits that have been produced:—

> Or if the air will not permit,
> Some still removèd place will fit,
> Where glowing embers through the room
> Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
> Far from all resort of mirth,
> Save the cricket on the hearth,
> Or the bellman's drowsy charm
> To bless the doors from nightly harm.

But to attend to our fireside. The evening is beginning to gather in. The window, which presents a large face of watery grey, intersected by strong lines, is perceptibly becoming darker, and as that becomes darker the fire assumes a more glowing presence The contemplatist keeps his easy posture, absorbed in his fancies, and everything around him is still and serene. The stillness would even ferment in his ear, and whisper as it were of what the air contained, but a minute coil, just sufficient to hinder that busier silence, clicks in the baking coal; while every now and then the light ashes shed themselves below, or a stronger but still a gentle flame flutters up with a gleam over the chimney. At length the darker objects in the room become mingled. the gleam of the fire strikes with a restless light the edges of the furniture, and reflects itself in the blackening window; while his feet take a gentle move on the fender, and then settle again, and his face comes out of the general darkness, earnest even in indolence, and pale even in the very ruddiness of what it looks upon. This is the only time, perhaps, at which sheer idleness is salutary and refreshing. How observed with the smallest effort is every trick and aspect of the fire! A coal falling in—a fluttering fume—a miniature mockery of a flash of lightning—nothing escapes the eye and the imagination. Sometimes a little flame appears at the corner of the grate like a quivering spangle; sometimes it swells out at top

into a restless and brief lambency, anon it is seen only by a light beneath the grate, or it curls round the bars like a tongue, or darts out with a spiral thinness and a sulphureous and continued puffing as from a reed. The glowing coals meantime exhibit the shifting form of hills, and valleys, and gulfs; of fiery Alps, whose heat is uninhabitable even by spirit; or of black precipices, from which sweet fairies seem about to spring away on sable wings: then heat and fire are forgotten, and walled towns appear, and figures of unknown animals, and far distant countries scarcely to be reached by human journey: then coaches and camels, and barking dogs as large as either, and forms that combine every shape and suggest every fancy: till at last the ragged coals tumbling together reduce the vision to chaos, and the huge profile of a gaunt and grinning face seems to make a jest of all that has passed. During these creations of the eye, the thought roves about into a hundred abstractions, some of them suggested by the fire, some of them suggested by that suggestion, some of them arising from the general sensation of comfort and composure, contrasted with whatever the world affords of evil or dignified by high-wrought meditations on whatever gives hope to benevolence and inspiration to wisdom. The philosopher at such moments plans his Utopian schemes and *dreams of happy certainties* which he *cannot* prove; the lover, happier and more certain, fancies his mistress with him unobserved and confiding, his arm round her waist, her head upon his shoulder, and earth and heaven contained in that sweet possession; the Poet, thoughtful as the one, and ardent as the other, springs off at once above the world, treads every turn of the harmonious spheres, darts up with gleaming wings through the sunshine of a thousand systems, and stops not till he has found a perfect Paradise, whose fields are of young roses and whose air is music, whose waters are the liquid diamond, whose light is as radiance through crystal, whose dwellings are laurel bowers, whose language is poetry, whose inhabitants are congenial souls; and to enter the very verge of whose atmosphere strikes beauty on the face and felicity on the heart. Alas! that flights so lofty should ever be connected with earth by threads as slender as they are long, and that the least twitch of the most commonplace hand should be able to snatch down the viewless wanderer to existing com-

forts! The entrance of a single candle dissipates at once the twilight and the sunshine, and the ambitious dreamer is summoned to his tea!

> Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in

Never was snug hour more feelingly commenced. Cowper was not a *great* poet, his range was neither wide nor lofty; but such as it was he had it completely to himself; he is the poet of quiet life and familiar observation. The fire, we see, is now stirred, and becomes very different from the one we have just left; it puts on its liveliest aspect in order to welcome those to whom the tea-table is a point of meeting; and it is the business of the firesider to cherish the aspect for the remainder of the evening. How light and easy the coals look! How ardent is the roominess within the bars! How airily do the volumes of smoke course each other up the chimney, like so many fantastic and indefinite spirits, while the eye in vain endeavours to accompany any one of them The flames are not so fierce as in the morning, but still they are active and powerful, and if they do not roar up the chimney, they make a constant and playful noise that is extremely to the purpose Here they come out at top with a leafy swirl, there they dart up spirally and at once; there they form a lambent assemblage that shifts about on its own ground, and is continually losing and regaining its vanishing members. I confess I take particular delight in seeing a good blaze at top, and my impatience to produce it will sometimes lead me into great rashness in the article of poking—that is to say, I use the poker at the top instead of the middle of the fire, and go probing it about in search of a flame. A lady of my acquaintance, "near and dear," as they say in Parliament, will tell me of this fault twenty times in a day, and every time so good-humouredly that it is mere want of generosity in me not to amend it, but somehow or other I do not. The consequence is, that after a momentary ebullition of blaze, the fire becomes dark and

sleepy, and is in danger of going out. It is like a boy at school in the hands of a bad master, who, thinking him dull, and being impatient to render him brilliant, beats him about the head and ears till he produces the very evil he would prevent. But on the present occasion I forbear to use the poker, there is no need of it: everything is comfortable, everything snug and sufficient.

WITH TEA OR COFFEE.

How equable is the warmth around us! how cherishing this rug to one's feet! how complacent the cup at one's lip! What a fine broad light is diffused from the fire over the circle gleaming in the urn, and the polished mahogany, bringing out the white garments of the ladies and giving a poetic warmth to their face and hair! I need not mention all the good things that are said at tea, still less the gallant. Good-humour never has an audience more disposed to think it wit, nor gallantry an hour of service more blameless and elegant. Ever since tea has been known, its clear and gentle powers of inspiration have been acknowledged, from Waller paying his court at the circle of Catherine of Braganza to Dr. Johnson receiving homage at the parties of Mrs. Thrale; the former, in his lines upon "hearing it commended by her Majesty," ranks it at once above myrtle and laurel, and her Majesty of course agreed with him:—

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays:
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise,
The best of Queens and best of Herbs we owe
To that bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit, on her birthday, to salute the Queen

The eulogies pronounced on his favourite beverage by Dr. Johnson are too well known to be repeated here, and the commendatory description of the Emperor Kien Long, to an European taste at least, is somewhat too dull, unless his Majesty's teapot has been shamefully translated. For my own part, though I have the highest respect, as I have already shown, for this genial drink, which is warm to the

cold, and cooling to the warm, I confess, as Montaigne would have said, that I prefer coffee, particularly in my political capacity:—

> Coffee, that makes the politician wise
> To see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

There is something in it, I think, more lively and at the same time more substantial. Besides, I never see it but it reminds me of the Turks, and their Arabian tales, an association infinitely preferable to any Chinese ideas; and, like the king who put his head into the tub, I am transported to distant lands the moment I dip into the coffee-cup; at one moment ranging the valleys with Sindbad; at another, encountering the fairies on the wing by moonlight, at a third, exploring the haunts of the cursed Maugraby, or rapt into the silence of that delicious solitude from which Prince Agib was carried by the fatal horse Then, if I wish to poetize upon it at home, there is Belinda with her sylphs, drinking it in such state as nothing but poetry can supply:—

> For lo! the board with cups and spoons are crowned,
> The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
> On shining altars of Japan they raise
> The silver lamp, the fiery spirits blaze;
> From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide:
> And China's earth receives the smoking tide.
> At once they gratify the scent and taste,
> And frequent cups prolong the rich repast:
> Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
> Some, as she sipped the fuming liquor, fanned:
> Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
> Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the general association of ideas is at present in favour of tea, which on that account has the advantage of suggesting no confinement to particular ranks or modes of life. Let there be but a fire-side, and anybody, of any denomination, may be fancied enjoying the luxury of a cup of tea—from the duchess in the evening drawing-room, who makes it the instrument of displaying her white hand, to the washerwoman at her early tub, who, having had nothing to signify since five, sits down to it, with her shining arms and corrugated fingers, at six. If there is any one station of life in which it is enjoyed

to most advantage, it is that of mediocrity—that in which all comfort is reckoned to be best appreciated, because, while there is taste to enjoy, there is necessity to earn the enjoyment.

UNTIL BEDTIME.

There are so many modes of spending the remainder of the evening between teatime and bedtime (for I protest against all suppers that are not light enough to be taken on the knee), that a general description would avail me nothing, and I *cannot be expected to enter into such a variety of* particulars. Suffice it to say, that where the fire is duly appreciated and the circle good-humoured, none of them can be unpleasant, whether the party be large or small, young or old, talkative or contemplative. If there is music, a good fire will be particularly grateful to the performers, who are often seated at the further end of the room: for it is really shameful that a lady who is charming us all with her voice, or firing us, at the harp or piano, with the lightning of her fingers, should, at the very moment, be trembling with cold. As to cards, which were invented for the solace of a mad prince, and which are only tolerable, in my opinion, when we can be as mad as he was—that is to say, at a round game—I cannot by any means patronize them, as a conscientious firesider, not to mention all the other objections, the card-table is as awkward in a fireside point of view as the dinner-table, and it is not to be compared with it for sociality. If it be necessary to pay so ill a compliment to the company as to have recourse to some amusement of this kind, there is chess or draughts, which may be played upon a tablet by the fire; but nothing is like discourse, freely uttering the fancy as it comes, and varied perhaps with a little music, or with the perusal of some favourite passages which excite the comments of the circle. It is then, if tastes happen to be accordant, and the social voice is frank as well as refined, that the "sweet music of speech" is heard in its best harmony, differing only for apter sweetness, and mingling but for happier participation, while the mutual sense smilingly blends in with every rising measure,

> And female stop smoothens the charm o'er all

This is the finished evening: this the quickener at once

and the calmer of tired thought: this the spot where our better spirits await to exalt and enliven us, when the daily and vulgar ones have discharged their duty.

Bright fires and joyous faces: and it is no easy thing for philosophy to say good-night; but health must be enjoyed, or nothing will be enjoyed, and the charm should be broken at a reasonable hour. Far be it, however, from a rational firesider not to make exceptions to the rule, when friends have been long asunder, or when some domestic celebration has called them together, or even when hours peculiarly congenial render it difficult to part. At all events, the departure must be a voluntary matter; and here I cannot help exclaiming against the gross and villanous trick which some people have when they wish to get rid of their company of letting their fires go down, and the snuffs of their candles run to seed: it is paltry and palpable, and argues bad policy as well as breeding, for such of their friends as have a different feeling of things may chance to be disgusted with them altogether, while the careless or unpolite may choose to revenge themselves on the appeal, and face it out gravely till the morning. If a common visitor be inconsiderate enough on an ordinary occasion to sit beyond all reasonable hours, it must be reckoned as a fatality—as an ignorance of men and things, against which you cannot possibly provide—as a sort of visitation, which must be borne with patience, and which is not likely to occur often, if you know whom you invite, and those who are invited know you. But with an occasional excess of the fireside what social virtue will quarrel? A single friend, perhaps, loiters behind the rest; you are alone in the house, you have just got upon a subject delightful to you both, the fire is of a candent brightness, the wind howls out of doors, the rain beats, the cold is piercing! Sit down! This is a time when the most melancholy temperament may defy the clouds and storms, and even extract from them a pleasure that will take no substance by daylight. The ghost of his happiness sits by him and puts in the likeness of former hours, and if such a man can be made comfortable by the moment, what enjoyment may it not furnish to an unclouded spirit? If the excess belong not to vice, temperance does not forbid it when it only grows out of occasion.

Even when left alone, there is sometimes a charm in

watching out the decaying fire; in getting closer and closer to it with tilted chair, and knees against the bars, and letting the whole multitude of fancies that work in the night silence come whispering about the yielding faculties. The world around is silent: and for a moment the very cares of day seem to have gone with it to sleep, leaving you to snatch a waking sense of disenthralment, and to commune with a thousand airy visitants that come to play with innocent thoughts. Then, for imagination's sake, not for superstition's, are recalled the stories of the secret world, and the midnight pranks of Fairyism; the fancy roams out of doors after rustics led astray by the jack-o'-lantern, or minute laughings heard upon the wind, or the night spirit on his horse that comes flouncing through the air on his way to a surfeited citizen, or the tiny morris-dance that springs up in the watery glimpses of the moon; or, keeping at home, it finds a spirit in every room, peeping at it as it opens the door, while a cry is heard from upstairs announcing the azure marks inflicted by

The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips;

or, hearing a snoring from below, it tiptoes down into the kitchen, and beholds where

Lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength

Presently the whole band of fairies, ancient and modern; the demons, sylphs, gnomes, sprites, elves, peris, genii, and above all the fairies of the fireside, the salamanders, lob-lye-by-the-fires. lars, lemures and larvæ, come flitting between the fancy's eye and the dying coals; some with their weapons and lights; others with grave steadfastness on book or dish; others, of the softer kind, with their arch locks and their conscious pretence of attitude, while a minute music tinkles in the ear, and Oberon gives his gentle order.

Through this house in glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Ever elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from briar:
And the ditty, after me
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Anon the whole is vanished, and the dreamer turning his eye down aside, almost looks for a laughing sprite gazing at him from a tiny chair, and mimicking his face and attitude. Idle fancies these, and incomprehensible to minds clogged with every-day earthliness, but not useless either as an exercise of the invention, or even as adding consciousness to the range and destiny of the soul. They will occupy us too, and steal us away from ourselves, when other recollections fail us or grow painful, when friends are found selfish, or better friends can but commiserate, or when the world has nothing in it to compare with what we have missed out of it. They may even lead us to higher and more solemn meditation, till we work up our way beyond the clinging and heavy atmosphere of this earthly sojourn, and look abroad upon the light that knows neither blemish nor bound, while our ears are saluted, at that egress, by the harmony of the skies. And our eyes behold the lost and congenial spirits that we have loved hastening to welcome us with their sparkling eyes, and their curls that are ripe with sunshine.

But earth recalls us again, the last flame is out, the fading embers tinkle with a gaping dreariness, and the chill reminds us where we should be Another gaze on the hearth that has so cheered us, and the last lingering action is to wind up the watch for the next day

Upon how many anxieties shall the finger of that brief chronicler strike, and upon how many comforts too! To-morrow our fire shall be trimmed anew; and so, gentle reader, good-night, may the weariness I have caused you make sleep the pleasanter.

THE OLD LADY.

(*The Round Table*, 1817)

She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents.

Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantelpiece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware; the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess: the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bedroom. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old

mahogany furniture, or carved armchairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways, a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantelpiece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colours, the whole concluding with an A B C and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer-Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs Glasse's Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*. *John Buncle* is in the closet among the pickles and preserves The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly, and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards: or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash. and her servant, in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her

opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better, though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c., and sometimes goes through the church-yard, where her husband and children lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life—her marriage—her having been at Court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the Court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wurtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and "Daughter of England."

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

(*The Indicator*, October 27, 1819.)

One of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. It is an art that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and the beauty

Garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose Street, and was buried in Covent Garden Churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester Square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard Street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester House. Newton lived in St. Martin's Street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury Street, St. James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James's Street, where a scandal-monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele, idling before the coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing Cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King Street, Westminster—the same which runs at the back of Parliament Street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland House, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that on the site of the present Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap—the Boar's Head Tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by a similar sign. But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

Gaunt. Brook House, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, the "friend of Sir Philip Sydney." In the same street died, by a voluntary death, of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton—

> The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the workhouse in Shoe Lane; a circumstance at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's Inn lived, and in Gray's Inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton Row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At the Fleet Street corner of Chancery Lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt Court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also for some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell. Congreve died in Surrey Street in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort Buildings was Lilly's the perfumer, at whose house the *Tatler* was published. In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock Street was then, we believe, the Bond Street of the fashionable world; as Bow Street was before. The change of Bow Street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the "Beggar's Opera." Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell Street—we believe, near where the Hummums now stand. We think we recollect reading, also, that in the same street, at one of the corners of Bow Street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the armchair. The whole of Covent

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> WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the workhouse in Shoe Lane; a circumstance at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole In Gray's Inn lived, and in Gray's Inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton Row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At the Fleet Street corner of Chancery Lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt Court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also for some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell Congreve died in Surrey Street in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort Buildings was Lilly's the perfumer, at whose house the *Tatler* was published. In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock Street was then, we believe, the Bond Street of the fashionable world; as Bow Street was before. The change of Bow Street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the "Beggar's Opera." Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell Street—we believe, near where the Hummums now stand We think we recollect reading, also, that in the same street, at one of the corners of Bow Street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the armchair. The whole of Covent

Garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose Street, and was buried in Covent Garden Churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester Square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard Street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester House. Newton lived in St. Martin's Street, on the south side of the square Steele lived in Bury Street, St. James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James's Street, where a scandal-monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele, idling before the coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing Cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King Street, Westminster—the same which runs at the back of Parliament Street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland House, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that on the site of the present Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap—the Boar's Head Tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels We believe the place is still marked out by a similar sign. But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

TO ANY ONE WHOM BAD WEATHER DEPRESSES.

(*The Indicator*, November 10, 1819.)

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find upon a little inquiry that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now. If you have been melancholy many times, recollect that you have got over all those times; and try if you cannot find new means of getting over them better.

Do not imagine that mind alone is concerned in your bad spirits The body has a great deal to do with these matters. The mind may undoubtedly affect the body; but the body also affects the mind. There is a mutual reaction between them, and by lessening it on either side, you diminish the pain on both.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow. The blood of a lively man is clear and quick. Endeavour, therefore, to put your blood in motion. Exercise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus that it may not render the blood languid by over-exciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.

Regard the bad weather as somebody has advised us to handle the nettle. In proportion as you are delicate with it, it will make you feel; but

> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And it soft as silk remains.

Do not the less, however, on that account, take all reasonable precaution and arms against it—your boots, &c., against wet feet, and your great-coat or umbrella against the rain. It is timidity and flight which are to be deprecated, not proper armour for the battle. The first will lay you open to defeat on the least attack A proper use of the latter will

only keep you strong for it. Plato had such a high opinion of exercise that he said it was a cure even for a wounded conscience.

Diminish your mere wants as much as possible, whether you are rich or poor; for the rich man's wants, increasing by indulgence, are apt to outweigh even the abundance of his means; and the poor man's diminution of them renders his means the greater. Do not want money, for instance, for money's sake. There is excitement in the pursuit; but it is dashed with more troubles than most others, and gets less happiness at last. On the other hand, increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments. Cultivate your afternoon fireside, the society of your friends, the company of agreeable children, music, theatres, amusing books, an urbane and generous gallantry. He who thinks any innocent pastime foolish, has either yet to grow wiser, or is past it. In the one case, his notion of being childish is itself a childish notion. In the other, his importance is of so feeble and hollow a cast, that it dare not move for fear of tumbling to pieces

A friend of ours, who knows as well as any man how to unite industry with enjoyment, has set an excellent example to those who can afford the leisure, by taking two Sabbaths every week instead of one; not Methodistical Sabbaths, but days of rest which pay true homage to the Supreme Being by enjoying His creation. He will be gratified at reading this paragraph on his second Sunday morning [Wednesday].

One of the best pieces of advice for an ailing spirit is to go to no sudden extremes—to adopt no great and extreme changes in diet or other habits. They may make a man look very great and philosophic to his own mind, but they are not fit for a nature to which custom has been truly said to be a second nature.

Bacon says that we should discontinue what we think hurtful by little and little. And he quotes with admiration the advice of Celsus, that "a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme." "Use fasting," he says, "and full eating, but *rather* full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise; and the like. So shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries."

ON THE HOUSEHOLD GODS OF THE ANCIENTS.

(*The Indicator*, November 10, 1819)

THE ancients had three kinds of household gods—the Daimon (Dæmon) or Genius, the Penates, and the Lares. The first was supposed to be a spirit allotted to every man from his birth, some say with a companion, and that one of them was a suggester of good thoughts, and the other of evil It seems, however, that the Genius was a personification of the conscience, or rather of the prevailing impulses of the mind, or the other self of a man; and it was in this sense most likely that Socrates condescended to speak of his well-known Dæmon, Genius, or Familiar Spirit, who, as he was a good man, always advised him to a good end.

Of the belief in an Evil Genius, a celebrated example is furnished in Plutarch's account of Brutus's vision, of which Shakspeare has given so fine a version ("Julius Cæsar," act iv. sc. 3). Beliefs of this kind seem traceable from one superstition to another, and in some instances are no doubt immediately so. But fear and ignorance, and even the humility of knowledge, are at hand to furnish them, where precedent is wanting. There is no doubt, however, that the Romans, who copied and in general vulgarized the Greek mythology, took their Genius from the Greek Daimon; and, as the Greek word has survived and taken shape in the common word Dæmon, which by scornful reference to the heathen religion came at last to signify a Devil, so the Latin word Genius, not having been used by the translators of the Greek Testament, has survived with a better meaning, and is employed to express our most genial and intellectual faculties. Such and such a man is said to indulge his genius—he has a genius for this and that art—he has a noble genius, an airy genius, an original and peculiar genius. And as the Romans, from attributing a genius to every man at his birth, came to attribute one to places and to soils, and other more comprehensive peculiarities, so we have adopted the same use of the term into our poetical phraseology. We speak also of the genius, or idiomatic peculiarity, of a language. One of the most curious and edifying uses of the word Genius

took place in the English translation of the French "Arabian Nights," which speaks of our old friends the Genie and the Genies. This is nothing more than the French word retained from the original translator, who applied the Roman word Genius to the Arabian Dive or Elf.

One of the stories with which Pausanias has enlivened his description of Greece is relative to a Genius. He says that one of the companions of Ulysses having been killed by the people of Temesa, they were fated to sacrifice a beautiful virgin every year to his manes. They were about to immolate one as usual, when Euthymus, a conqueror in the Olympic Games, touched with pity at her fate and admiration of her beauty, fell in love with her, and resolved to try if he could not put an end to so terrible a custom. He accordingly got permission from the State to marry her, provided he could rescue her from her dreadful expectant. He armed himself, waited in the temple, and the Genius appeared. It was said to have been of an appalling presence. Its shape was every way formidable, its colour of an intense black; and it was girded about with a wolf-skin. But Euthymus fought and conquered it; upon which it fled madly, not only beyond the walls, but the utmost bounds of Temesa, and rushed into the sea.

The Penates were gods of the house and family. Collectively speaking, they also presided over cities, public roads, and at last over all places with which men were conversant. Their chief government, however, was supposed to be over the most inner and secret part of the house, and the subsistence and welfare of its inmates.

The Lares, or Lars, were the lesser and most familiar household gods; and though their offices were afterwards extended a good deal, in the same way as those of the Penates, with whom they are often wrongly confounded, their principal sphere was the fireplace This was in the middle of the room; and the statues of the Lares generally stood about it in little niches. They are said to have been in the shape of monkeys; more likely mannikins, or rude little human images. Some were made of wax, some of stone, and others doubtless of any material for sculpture. They were represented with good-natured grinning counte-

Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote, which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, "with an air of the utmost importance," says his biographer, "to come very early to his house the next morning Mr Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

"Mr Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production to sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning."

Steele's acquaintance with Pope, who wrote some papers for his *Guardian*, appears in the letters and other works of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes that it was his friendly interference which attempted to bring Pope and Addison together after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears also in his letters. He also dedicated the "Iliad" to him, over the heads of peers and patrons. Congreve, whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners

appear to have rendered him an universal favourite, had the honour in his youth of attracting singular respect and regard from Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and oh defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

Congreve did so with great tenderness

Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his "Paradise Lost" into a rhyming tragedy, which he called "The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man;" a work such as might be expected from such a mode of alteration. The venerable poet is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses if you will." Be the connection, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant, as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakespeare's "Tempest," as it is now perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant They were great hands, but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to "Gondibert." Hobbes was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon is also supposed to have had Ben Jonson for a retainer in some capacity; but it is certain that Jonson had his acquaintance, for he records it in his "Discoveries." And had it been otherwise, his link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sydney, and indeed of many others of his contemporaries. Here, then, we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by dint of the nobler part of him and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature, is a thing

as notorious as their fame. Fuller says:—"Many were the wit-combates betwixt [Shakspeare] and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning: solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a happy simile, with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's greater solidity. But let Jonson show for himself the affection with which he regarded one who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it like the quiet and all-gladdening sun, and turned emulation to worship:—

Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

* * * * *

He was not of an age, but for all time.

ANGLING.

(*The Indicator*, November 17, 1819.)

THE book of Isaac Walton upon angling is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing, and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon, to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man, who, in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness, and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to

impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off! All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling does indeed seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in;" to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

Death is common to all, and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy.

We should like to know what these grave divines, who were anglers, would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now, fancy a Genius fishing for us Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

LUDICROUS EXAGGERATION.

(*The Indicator*, November 24, 1819.)

MEN of wit sometimes like to pamper a favourite joke into exaggeration—into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible; *and the social enjoyment of it is doubled by its becoming* more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another—"three-piled hyperboles"—till the overdone Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues.

Falstaff was a great master of this art. He loved a joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the men in buckram. Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice that he had lost his voice "with singing of *anthems;*" and he calls Bardolph's red nose "a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light;" and says it has saved him "a thousand marks in links and torches," walking with it "in the night betwixt tavern and tavern." See how he goes heightening the account of his recruits at every step:—"You would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves!"

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in "Butler's Remains," a collection, by-the-by, well worthy of "Hudibras," and, indeed, of more interest to the general reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste who happen to be no politicians, when "Hudibras" is printed without this appendage. The piece we allude to is a short description of Holland:—

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature;

And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

* * * * *

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes;
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit, and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous "Character of Holland," which might be pronounced to be either the copy or the original of Butler's, if in those anti-Batavian times the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in learning or multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able, from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon our amphibious neighbour:—

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell.

* * * * *

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergreece,
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl.
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole.—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre *their new-catchèd miles*;

And to the stake *a struggling country* bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their Mare Liberum.
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level-coil
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest
And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for *cabillau*.
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled Heeren changed
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck-and-drake
Therefore, Necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings.
For as with Pigmys, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain.
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains
Not who first sees the rising sun commands,
But who could first discern the rising lands
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak
Him they their lord and country's father speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state;—
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate

We can never read these or some other ludicrous verses of Marvell, even when by ourselves, without laughter; but we must curtail our self-indulgence for the present.

FATAL MISTAKE OF NERVOUS DISORDERS FOR INSANITY.

(*The Indicator*, November 24, 1819)

THERE is this great difference between what is generally understood by the word insanity, and the nervous or melancholy disorders, the excess of which is so often confounded with it. Insanity is a consequence of malformation of the brain, and is by no means of necessity attended with melancholy, or even ill health. The patient, in the very midst of

it, is often strong, healthy, and even cheerful. On the other hand, nervous disorders, or even melancholy in its most aggravated state, is nothing but the excess of a state of stomach and blood, extremely common. The mind, no doubt, will act upon that state and exasperate it; but there is great reaction between mind and body; and as it is a common thing for a man in an ordinary fever, or fit of the bile, to be melancholy, and even to do or feel inclined to do an extravagant thing, so it is as common for him to get well, and be quite cheerful again. Thus, it is among witless people that the true insanity will be found. It is the more intelligent that are subject to the other disorders, and a proper use of their intelligence will show them what the disorders are.

But weak treatment may frighten the intelligent. A kind person for instance, in a fit of melancholy, may confess that he feels an inclination to do some desperate or even cruel thing. This is often treated at once as insanity, instead of an excess of the kind just mentioned; and the person, seeing he is thought mad, begins to think himself so, and at last acts as if he were. This is a lamentable evil; but it does not stop here. The children or other relatives of the person may become victims to the mistake. They think there is madness, as the phrase is, "in the family," and so, whenever they feel ill, or meet with a misfortune, the thought will prey upon their minds, and this may lead to catastrophes with which they have really no more to do than any other sick or unfortunate people. How many persons have committed an extravagance in a brain fever or undergone hallucinations of mind in consequence of getting an ague, or taking opium, or fifty other causes! And yet the moment the least wandering of mind is observed in them, others become frightened; their fright is manifested beyond all necessity, and the patients and their family must suffer for it. They seem to think that no disorder can properly be held a true Christian sickness, and fit for charitable interpretation, but where the patient has gone regularly to bed, and had curtains, and caudle-cups, and nurses about him, like a well-behaved respectable sick gentleman. But this state of things implies muscular weakness, or weakness of that sort which renders the bodily action feeble. Now, in nervous disorders the mus-

cular action may be as strong as ever; and people may reasonably be allowed a world of illness, sitting in their chairs, or even walking or running.

These mistaken pronouncers upon disease ought to be told that when they are thus unwarrantably frightened, they are partaking of the very essence of what they misapprehend, for it is *fear*, in all its various degrees and modifications, which is at the bottom of nervousness and melancholy; not fear in its ordinary sense, as opposed to cowardice (for a man who would shudder at a bat, or a vague idea, may be bold as a lion against an enemy), but imaginative fear,—fear either of something known, or of the patient knows not what—a vague sense of terror, an impulse, an apprehension of ill—dwelling upon some painful and worrying thought Now, this suffering is inevitably connected with a weak state of the body in *some* respects, particularly of the stomach. Hundreds will be found to have felt it, if patients inquire; but the mind is sometimes afraid of acknowledging its apprehensions even to itself; and thus fear broods over and hatches fear.

Insanity itself properly means nothing but unhealthiness, or unsoundness. Derangement explains itself, and may surely mean very harmless things. Melancholy is compounded of two words, which signify dark bile Hypochondria is the name of one of the regions of the stomach—a very instructive etymology. And lunacy refers to effects, real or imaginary, of particular states of the moon, which, if anything after all, are nothing more than what every delicate constitution feels in its degree from particular states of the weather, for weather, like the tides, is apt to be in such and such a condition when the moon presents such and such a face

It has been said—

> Great wits to madness nearly are allied

It is curious that he who wrote the saying (Dryden) was a very sound wit to the end of his life, while his wife, who was of a weak understanding, became insane An excellent writer (Wordsworth) has written an idle couplet about the insanity of poets .—

> We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
> But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

If he did not mean madness in the ordinary sense, he should not have written this line. If he did, he ought not to have fallen, in the teeth of his information, into so vulgar an error. There are very few instances of insane poets, or of insane great understandings of any sort. Bacon, Milton, Newton, Shakespeare, Cervantes, &c., were all of minds as sound as they were great. So it has been with the infinite majority of literary men of all countries If Tasso and a few others were exceptions, they were *but* exceptions, and the derangement in these eminent men has very doubtful characters about it, and is sometimes made a question. Collins, whose case was, after all, one of inanition rather than insanity, had been a free liver, and seems to have been hurt by having a fortune left him. Cowper was weak-bodied, and beset by Methodists Swift's body was full of bad humours. He himself attributed his disordered system to the effects of a surfeit of fruit on his stomach, and in his last illness he used to break out in enormous boils and blisters This was a violent effort of nature to help and purify the current of his blood—the main object in all such cases. Dr. Johnson, who was subject to mists of melancholy, used to fancy he should go mad; but he never did.

Exercise, conversation, cheerful society, amusements of all sorts, or a kind, patient, and gradual helping of the bodily health, till the mind be capable of amusement—these are the cures, the only cures, and, in our opinion, the almost infallible cures, of nervous disorders, however excessive. Above all, the patient should be told that there has often been an end to that torment of one haunting idea, which is, indeed, a great and venerable suffering. Many persons have got over it in a week, a few weeks, or a month, some in a few months, some not for years; but they have got over it at last. There is a remarkable instance of this in the life of our great King Alfred He was seized, says his contemporary biographer, with such a strange illness while sitting at table in the twenty-fifth year (we think) of his age, that he shrieked aloud; and for twenty years afterwards this illness so preyed upon him, that the relief of one hour was embittered by what he dreaded would come the next. His disorder is conjectured by some to have been an internal cancer, by others, with more probability, the black bile, or melancholy. The physicians of those times knew

nothing about it; and the people showed at once their ignorance, and their admiration of the king, by saying that the devil had caused it out of jealousy. It was probably produced by anxiety for the state of his country; but the same thing which wounded him might have helped to keep him up, for he had plenty of business to attend to, and fought with his own hand in fifty-six pitched battles. Now, exactly twenty years after, in the forty-fifth year of his age (if our former recollection is right), this disorder totally left him, and his great heart was where it ought to be, in a heaven of health and calmness.

MISTS AND FOGS.

(*The Indicator*, November 31, 1819.)

Fogs and mists, being nothing but vapours which the cold air will not suffer to evaporate, must have body enough to present a gorgeous aspect next the sun. To the eye of an eagle, or whatever other eyes there may be to look down upon them, they must appear like masses of cloudy gold. In fact, they are but clouds unrisen. The City of London, at the time we are writing this article, is literally a city in the clouds. Its inhabitants walk through the same airy heaps which at other times float far over their heads in the sky, or minister with glorious faces to the setting sun.

We do not say that any one can "hold a fire in his hand" by thinking on a fine sunset; or that sheer imagination of any sort can make it a very agreeable thing to feel as if one's body were wrapped round with cold wet paper; much less to flounder through gutters, or run against posts. But the mind can often help itself with agreeable images against disagreeable ones; or pitch itself round to the best sides and aspects of them. The solid and fiery ball of the sun, stuck, as it were, in the thick, foggy atmosphere; the moon just winning her way through it into beams; nay, the very candles and gaslights in the shop-windows of a misty evening—all have, in our eyes, their agreeable varieties of contrast to the surrounding haze. We have even halted, of a dreary autumnal evening, at that open part of the

Strand by St. Clement's, and seen the church, which is a poor structure of itself, take an aspect of ghastly grandeur from the dark atmosphere; looking like a tall white mass mounting up interminably into the night overhead.

The poets, who are the common friends that keep up the intercourse between nature and humanity, have in numberless passages done justice to these melancholy visitors, and shown us what grand personages they are. To mention only a few of the most striking:—When Thetis, in Homer's "Iliad" (Book I. v. 359), rises out of the sea to console Achilles, she issues forth in a mist; like the gigantic Genius in the "Arabian Nights." The reader is to suppose that the mist, after ascending, comes gliding over the water, and condensing itself into a human shape, lands the white-footed goddess on the shore.

When Achilles, after his long and vindictive absence from the Greek armies, reappears in consequence of the death of his friend Patroclus, and stands before the appalled Trojan armies, who are thrown into confusion at the very sight, Minerva, to render his aspect the more astonishing and awful, puts about his head a halo of golden mist, streaming upwards with fire (Book XVIII. v. 205). He shouts aloud under this preternatural diadem; Minerva throws into his shout her own immortal voice with a strange unnatural cry, at which the horses of the Trojan warriors run round with their chariots, and twelve of their noblest captains perish in the crush.

A mist was the usual clothing of the gods when they descended to earth; especially of Apollo, whose brightness had double need of mitigation. Homer, to heighten the dignity of Ulysses, has finely given him the same covering, when he passes through the Court of Antinous, and suddenly appears before the throne. This has been turned to happy account by Virgil, and to a new and noble one by Milton. Virgil makes Æneas issue suddenly from a mist, at the moment when his friends think him lost, and the beautiful Queen of Carthage is wishing his presence. Milton—but we will give one or two of his minor uses of mists, by way of making a climax of the one alluded to. If Satan, for instance, goes lurking about Paradise, it is "like a black mist low creeping." If the angels on guard glide about it, upon their gentler errand, it is like fairer vapours—

On the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning

Now, behold one of his greatest imaginations. The fallen demigods are assembled in Pandemonium, waiting the return of their "great adventurer" from his "search of worlds"

At last—as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter; clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter All amazed
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspèct, and whom they wished beheld
Their mighty chief returned

There is a piece of imagination in Apollonius Rhodius, worthy of Milton or Homer. The Argonauts, in broad daylight, are suddenly benighted at sea with a black fog. They pray to Apollo, and he descends from heaven, and, lighting on a rock, holds up his illustrious bow, which shoots a guiding star for them to an island

Spenser, in a most romantic chapter of the "Faery Queene" (Book II), seems to have taken the idea of a benighting from Apollonius, as well as to have had an eye to some passages of the "Odyssey;" but, like all great poets, what he borrows only brings worthy companionship to some fine invention of his own.

Ovid has turned a mist to his usual account, an amatory one. It is where Jupiter, to conceal his amour with Io, throws a cloud over the valley of Tempe There is a picture of Jupiter and Io, by Correggio, in which that great artist has finely availed himself of the circumstance, the head of the father of gods and men coming placidly out of the cloud, upon the young lips of Io, like the very benignity of creation.

FAR COUNTRIES.

(*The Indicator*, December 8, 1819.)

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least It is better to verify the proverb, and take everything unknown for magnificent, rather than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater. The instinct is more judicious. When we mention the French as an instance, we do not mean to be invidious. Most nations have their good as well as bad features; and in "Vanity Fair" there are many booths

The French, not long ago, praised one of their neighbours so highly, that the latter is suspected to have lost as much modesty as the former gained by it. But they did this as a set-off against their own despots and bigots. When they again became the greatest power in Europe, they had a relapse of their old egotism. The French, though an amiable and intelligent people, are not an imaginative one. The greatest height they go is in a balloon. They get no farther than France, let them go where they will They "run the great circle and are still at home," like the squirrel in his rolling cage. Instead of going to Nature in their poetry, they would make her come to them, and dress herself at their last new toilet. In practical philosophy and metaphysics, they divest themselves of gross prejudices, and then think they are in as graceful a state of nakedness as Adam and Eve

At the time when the French had this fit upon them of praising the English (which was nevertheless the honester one of the two), they took to praising the Chinese for numberless unknown qualities This seems a contradiction to the near-sightedness we speak of: but the reason they praised them was, that the Chinese had the merit of unbounded religious toleration; a great and extraordinary one, certainly, and not the less so for having been, to all appearance, the work of one man. All the romance of China, such as it was—anything in which they differed from the French—their dress, their porcelain towers, their Great Wall—was nothing. It was the particular agreement with the philosophers.

It happened, curiously enough, that they could not have selected for their panegyric a nation apparently more contemptuous of others; or at least more self-satisfied and unimaginative. The Chinese are cunning and ingenious, and have a great talent at bowing out ambassadors who come to visit them. But it is somewhat inconsistent with what appears to be their general character that they should pay strangers even this equivocal compliment; for, under a prodigious mask of politeness, they are not slow to evince their contempt of other nations whenever any comparison is insinuated with the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The knowledge they respect in us most is that of gun-making, and of the East Indian passage. When our countrymen showed them a map of the earth, they inquired for China; and, on finding that it only made a little piece in a corner, could not contain their derision. They thought that it was the main territory in the middle—the apple of the world's eye.

Greece had a lofty notion of the Persians and the Great King, till Xerxes came over to teach it better, and betrayed the softness of their skulls.

It was the same with the Arabians, at the time when they had the chief accomplishments of the world to themselves: as we see by their delightful tales. Everything shines with them in the distance, like a sunset. What an amiable people are their Persians! What a wonderful place is the island of Serendib! You would think nothing could be finer than the Caliph's city of Bagdad, till you hear of Grand Cairo, and how has that epithet and that name towered in the imagination of all those who have not had the misfortune to see the modern city! Sindbad was respected, like Ulysses, because he had seen so many adventures and nations.

It was one of the workings of the great Alfred's mind, to know about far distant countries. There is a translation by him of a book of geography; and he even employed people to travel—a great stretch of intellectual munificence for those times. About the same period, Haroun al Raschid (whom our manhood is startled to find almost a less real person than we thought him, for his very reality) wrote a letter to the Emperor of the West, Charlemagne. Here is Arabian and Italian romance shaking hands in person!

The Crusades pierced into a new world of remoteness. We do not know whether those were much benefited who took part in them; but for the imaginative persons remaining at home, the idea of going to Palestine must have been like travelling into a supernatural world.

How like a return from the moon must have been the reappearance of such travellers as Sir John Mandeville, Marco Polo, and William de Rubruquis, with their news of Prester John, the Great Mogul, and the Great Cham of Tartary! The long-lost voyager must have been like a person consecrated in all the quarters of heaven. His staff and his beard must have looked like relics of his former self. Thomson, a Scotchman, speaking of the western isles of his own country, has that delicious line, full of a dreary yet lulling pleasure:—

> As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
> *Placed far amid the melancholy main*

In childhood, the total ignorance of the world, especially when we are brought up in some confined spot, renders everything beyond the bounds of our dwelling a distance and a romance. Mr Lamb, in his "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," says that he remembers when some half-dozen of his schoolfellows set off, "without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarll's Island.*" We once encountered a set of boys as romantic. It was at no greater distance than at the foot of a hill near Hampstead; and yet the spot was so perfectly Cisalpine to them, that two of them came up to us with looks of hushing eagerness, and asked "whether, on the other side of that hill, there were not robbers," to which the minor adventurer of the two added, "And some say serpents." They had all got bows and arrows, and were evidently hovering about the place, betwixt daring and apprehension, as on the borders of some wild region. We smiled to think which it was that husbanded their suburb wonders to more advantage, they or we; for while they peopled the place with robbers and serpents, we were peopling it with sylvans and fairies.

A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER.

(*The Indicator*, December 15, 1819)

A MAN who does not contribute his quota of grim stories nowadays seems hardly to be free of the republic of letters. He is bound to wear a death's-head as part of his insignia. If he does not frighten everybody, he is nobody. If he does not shock the ladies, what can be expected of him?

We confess we think very cheaply of these stories in general. A story, merely horrible or even awful, which contains no sentiment elevating to the human heart and its hopes, is a mere appeal to the least judicious, least healthy, and least masculine of our passions—fear. They whose attention can be gravely arrested by it are in a fit state to receive any absurdity with their wits off; and this is the cause why less talents are required to enforce it than in any other species of composition. With this opinion of such things, we may be allowed to say that we would undertake to write a dozen horrible stories in a day, all of which should make the common worshippers of power, who were not in the very healthiest condition, turn pale. We would tell of haunting old women, and knocking ghosts, and solitary lean hands, and Empusas on one leg, and ladies growing longer and longer, and horrid eyes meeting us through key-holes, and plaintive heads, and shrieking statues, and shocking anomalies of shape, and things which when seen drive people mad: and indigestion knows what besides. But who would measure talents with a leg of veal, or a German sausage?

A child has a reasonable respect for a raw-head-and-bloody-bones, because all images whatsoever of pain and terror are new and fearful to his inexperienced age. Holbein's "Dance of Death," in which every grinning skeleton leads along a man of rank, from the Pope to the gentleman, is a good *memento mori*, but there the skeletons have an air of the ludicrous and satirical. If we were threatened with them in a grave way, as spectres, we should have a right to ask how they could walk about without muscles. Thus, many of the tales written by such authors as the late Mr. Lewis, who wanted sentiment to complete his talents, are quite puerile. When his spectral

nuns go about bleeding, we think they ought in decency to have applied to some ghost of a surgeon. His little grey men, who sit munching hearts, are of a piece with fellows that eat cats for a wager.

A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite as much as possible objects such as they are in life with a preternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one—at least, to add to the other utility of excitement a moral utility—they should imply some great sentiment; something that comes out of the next world to remind us of our duties in this; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after-life, even when we least think we shall take it with us. When "the buried majesty of Denmark" revisits earth to speak to his son Hamlet, he comes armed, as he used to be, in his complete steel. His visor is raised, and the same fine face is there; only, in spite of his punishing errand and his own sufferings, with

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger

Reanimation is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of its self-possession. The extremes of habit and newness, of commonplace and astonishment, meet suddenly, without the kindly introduction of death and change, and the stranger appals us in proportion. When the account appeared the other day in the newspapers of the galvanized dead body, whose features as well as limbs underwent such contortions that it seemed as if it were about to rise up, one almost expected to hear, for the first time, news of the other world.

Mr. Coleridge, in that voyage of his to the brink of all unutterable things, the "Ancient Mariner" (which works out, however, a fine sentiment), does not set mere ghosts or hobgoblins to man the ship again, when its crew are dead; but reanimates, for a while, the crew themselves. The most appalling personage in the "Ancient Mariner" is the Spectre-woman, who is called Life-in-Death. Mr. Coleridge renders the most hideous abstraction more terrible than it could otherwise have been, by embodying it in its own reverse. "Death" not only "lives" in it, but the "unutterable" becomes uttered. To see such an unearthly

passage end in such earthliness, seems at the moment to turn commonplace itself into a sort of spectral doubt.

Now let us put our knees a little nearer the fire, and tell a homelier story about life-in-death. The groundwork of it is in Sandys's "Commentary upon Ovid," and quoted from Sabinus.

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that, unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself entirely up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgences contradicted But in the same temper, perhaps, might be found the cause of his sorrow; for, though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet he loved her as one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned round upon his anger might have been a thing more easy for him to trespass upon, while living, than to forget, when dead and gone His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him, and rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience than to make her unhappy herself, or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving, or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own, or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risk by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity, he surprised even those who thought that he loved her by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage, but, by degrees, even his rage followed his other old habits He was gentle, but ever silent He ate and drank but sufficient to keep him alive, and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner, with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had

just entered the rails of the burial-ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour, and yet he saw with astonishment a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder when, he said, the modest though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice, and he asked him, with an involuntary calmness and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up; "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter; and by the divine light of the setting sun, read these words:—

"TO MY DEAR HUSBAND, WHO SORROWS FOR HIS WIFE.

"Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you—praying that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

"This, with a warm hand, from the living BERTHA."

Otto (for such, it seems, was the gentleman's name) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world—Life and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and locomotion. He said to himself once, as he went,

"This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors to-morrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humours prevail again, when he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them She had her veil down, and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him, for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and, in an under but firm tone of inquiry, he said "Bertha?" "I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn, and they walked home in silence together, the arm which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's reappearance. Something was said about a mock funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for a while; but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before, and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought than of unhappiness.

For a year or two, the Bavarian retained the better temper which he acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition. The most amiable, as well as noble, persons of the district were frequent visitors, and people said that to be at Otto's house must be the next thing to being in

heaven. But, by degrees, his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to show that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing, in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was that his grief for her loss had been rather remorse than affection, and so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was that his old habits returned upon him Not so often, indeed, but with greater violence and pride when they did. These were the only times at which his wife was observed to show any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour, threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying, with a loud voice—"This treatment to *me* too! To *me!* To me, who, if the world knew all——" At these words, his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He, and two or three who were present, were struck with a dumb horror. They said she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received no answer. At last one of them gently opened it, and, looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room: only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes,

if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burned by the peasants in an insurrection As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent. He had *never* stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor who would accept them, for most of the neighbours held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day that he would have a child of his own on purpose His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a good-natured-looking, earnest kind of person. It was said, many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

(*The Indicator*, December 22, 1819, to January 5, 1820)

Having met in the "Harleian Miscellany" with an account of a pet thief of ours, the famous Du Val, who flourished in the time of Charles II., and wishing to introduce him worthily to the readers, it has brought to mind such a number of the light-fingered gentry, his predecessors, that we almost feel hustled by the thoughts of them. Our subject, we may truly fear, will run away with us. We feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and are not sure that our paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under our

pen. Already we miss some excellent remarks which we should have made in this place. If the reader should meet with any of that kind hereafter, upon the like subject, in another man's writings, twenty to one they are stolen from us, and ought to have enriched this our plundered exordium. He that steals an author's purse, may emphatically be said to steal trash, but he that filches from him his good things—— Alas! we thought our subject would be running away with us. We must keep firm. We must put something heavier in our remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead in his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

The more ruffianly crowd of thieves should go first, as pioneers; but they can hardly be looked upon as progenitors of our gentle Du Val; and besides, with all their ferocity, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—"Semihominis Caci facies dira." He was the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of ancient fable. He lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting King Evander's highway like the Apollyon of "Pilgrim's Progress."

He stole some of the cows of Hercules, and dragged them backwards into his cave to prevent discovery; but the oxen happening to low, the cows answered them; and the demigod, detecting the miscreant in his cave, strangled him after a hard encounter. This is one of the earliest sharping tricks upon record.

Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Shakspeare christened his merry rogue in the "Winter's Tale"), was a thief suitable to the greater airiness of his origin. He is said to have performed tricks which must awake the envy even of horse-dealers; for, in pretending to return a capital horse which he had stolen, he palmed upon the owners a sorry jade of an ass, which was gravely received by those flats of antiquity. Another time he went still further; for, having conveyed away a handsome bride, he sent in exchange an old lady elaborately hideous; yet the husband did not find out the trick till he had got off.

Sisyphus has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. His famous punishment in hell, of being

compelled to roll a stone up a hill to all eternity, and seeing it always go down again, is attributed by some to a characteristic trait, which he could not help playing off upon Pluto. It was supposed by the ancients that a man's ghost would wander in a melancholy manner upon the banks of the Styx as long as his corpse remained without burial. Sisyphus, on his death-bed, purposely charged his wife to leave him unburied; and then begged Pluto's permission to go back to earth, on his parole, merely to punish her for so scandalous a neglect. Like the lawyer, however, who contrived to let his hat fall inside the door of heaven, and got St Peter's permission to step in for it, Sisyphus would not return; and so, when Pluto had him again, he paid him for the trick with setting him upon this everlasting job.

The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass everything achieved by profaner hands. Homer, in the hymn to his honour, has given a delightful account of his prematurity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars's sword, and Jupiter's sceptre. He beat Cupid in a wrestling bout on the same day, and Venus caressing him for his conquest, he returned the embrace by filching away her girdle He would also have stolen Jupiter's thunderbolts, but was afraid of burning his fingers. On the evening of his birthday, he drove off the cattle of Admetus, which Apollo was tending. The good-humoured god of wit endeavoured to frighten him into restoring them; but could not help laughing when, in the midst of his threatenings, he found himself without his quiver.

The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance or in the details of the history of cities. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-forgotten "Forty Thieves," with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jars, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them, groaning, one by one? Have we not all ridden backwards and forwards with them to the wood a hundred times?—watched them, with fear and trembling, from the tree?—sewn up, blindfolded, the four quarters of the dead body?—and said, "Open, Sesame," to every door at school? May we ride

with them again and again, or we shall lose our appetite for some of the best things in the world.

The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. The case was this. The Cid, who was too good a subject to please his master, the king, had quarrelled with him, or rather had been banished; and nobody was to give him house-room or food. A number of friends, however, followed him; and, by the help of his nephew Martin Antolinez, he proposed to raise some money. Martin accordingly negotiated the business with a couple of rich Jews, who, for a deposit of two chestfuls of spoil, which they were not to open for a year on account of political circumstances, agreed to advance six hundred marks. "Well, then," said Martin Antolinez, "ye see that the night is advancing: the Cid is in haste, give us the marks." "This is not the way of business," said they; "we must take first, and then give" Martin accordingly goes with them to the Cid, who in the meantime has filled a couple of heavy chests with sand. The Cid smiled as they kissed his hand, and said, "Ye see I am going out of the land because of the king's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye." The Jews made a suitable answer, and were then desired to take the chests; but, though strong men, they could not raise them from the ground This put them in such spirits, that, after telling out the six hundred marks (which Don Martin took without weighing), they offered the Cid a present of a fine red skin; and upon Don Martin's suggesting that he thought his own services in the business merited a pair of hose, they consulted a minute with each other, in order to do everything judiciously; and then gave him money enough to buy, not only the hose, but a rich doublet and good cloak into the bargain.

The prince of all robbers, English or foreign, is undoubtedly Robin Hood. There is a worthy Scottish namesake of his, Rob Roy, who has lately had justice done to all his injuries by a countryman; and the author, it seems, has now come down from the borders to see the Rob of the elder times well treated. We were obliged to tear ourselves away from his first volume [of Ivanhoe] to go to this ill-repaying article. But Robin Hood will still remain the chief and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a larger

scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice—to a whole political system. He "shook the superflux" to the poor, "and showed the heavens more just." However, what we have to say of him we must keep till the trees are in leaf again, and the greenwood shade delightful.

We dismiss, in one rabble-like heap, the real Jonathan Wilds, Abershaws, and other heroes of the Newgate Calendar, who have no redemption in their rascality. And after them, for gentlemen-valets, may go the Barringtons, Major Semples, and other sneaking rogues, who held on a tremulous career of iniquity, betwixt pilfering and repenting. Yet Jack Sheppard must not be forgotten, with his ingenious and daring breaks out of prison; nor Turpin, who is said to have ridden his horse with such swiftness from York to London, that he was enabled to set up an *alibi*. We have omitted to notice the celebrated Buccaneers of America; but these are fellows with regard to whom we are willing to take Dogberry's advice, and "steal out of their company."

All hail, thou most attractive of 'scapegraces; thou most accomplished of gentlemen of the road; thou, worthy to be called one of "the minions of the moon"—Monsieur Claude Du Val—whom we have come such a long and dangerous journey to see!

Claude Du Val, according to a pleasant account of him, in the "Harleian Miscellany," was born at Domfront in Normandy, in the year 1643, of Pierre du Val, miller, and Marguerite de la Roche, the fair daughter of a tailor. Being a sprightly boy, he did not remain in the country, but became servant to a person of quality at Paris, and with this gentleman he came over to England at the time of the Restoration. It is difficult to say which came over to pick the most pockets and hearts—Charles II. or Claude Du Val. Be this as it may, his "courses" of life ("for," says the contemporary historian, "I dare not call them vices"), soon reduced him to the necessity of going upon the road; and here "he quickly became so famous, that in a proclamation for the taking several notorious highwaymen, he had the honour to be named first." He took, says his biographer, "the generous way of padding;" that is to say, he behaved with exemplary politeness to all coaches, especially those in which there were ladies; making a point of

frightening them as amiably as possible; and insisting upon returning any favourite trinkets or keepsakes for which they chose to appeal to him with "their most sweet voices"

It was in this character that he performed an exploit which is the eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility. We will relate it in the words of our informer. Riding out with some of his confederates, "he overtakes a coach, which they had set overnight, having intelligence of a booty of £400 in it. In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays: Du Val takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own; and in this posture he rides up to the coach-side. 'Sir,' says he, to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently. and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one currant with her upon the heath?' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny anything to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable:' which said, the lacquey opens the boot, out comes the knight, Du Val leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Du-Val performed marvels, the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great riding French boots The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Du Val to him, 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the music.' 'No, I have not,' replied the knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him; which Du Val took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so, this liberality of yours shall excuse you, the other £300,' and, giving him the word, that if he met with any more of the crew, he might pass undisturbed, he civilly takes his leave of him.

"This story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the

ladies had for Du Val; for in this, as in an epitome, are contained all things that set a man off advantageously, and make him appear, as the phrase is, *much a gentleman*. First, here was valour, that he and but four more durst assault a knight, a lady, a waiting gentlewoman, a lacquey, a groom that rid by to open the gates, and the coachman, they being six to five, odds at football; and, besides, Du Val had much the worst cause and reason to believe that whoever should arrive would range themselves on the enemy's party. Then he showed his invention and sagacity, that he could, *sur le champ*, and without studying, make that advantage of the lady's playing on the flageolet He evinced his skill in instrumental music by playing on his flageolet; in vocal by his singing, for (as I should have told you before), there being no violins, Du Val sung the currant himself He manifested his agility of body by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again when he took his leave, his excellent deportment, by his incomparable dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the hundred pounds; his generosity in taking no more, his wit and eloquence, and readiness at repartees, in the whole discourse with the knight and lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit"

The noise of the proclamation made Du Val return to Paris, but he came back in a short time for want of money. His reign, however, did not last long after his restoration. He made an unlucky attack, not upon some ill-bred passengers, but upon several bottles of wine, and was taken, in consequence, at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chandos Street. His life was interceded for in vain. He was arraigned and committed to Newgate, and executed at Tyburn in the twenty-seventh year of his age—showers of tears from fair eyes bedewing his fate, both while alive in prison, and while dead at the fatal tree

As it may be thought proper that we should end this lawless article with a good moral, we will give it two or three sentences from Shakspeare worth a whole volume of sermons agai[illegible]thieving. The boy, who belongs to Falstaff's compan[illegible]nd who begins to see through the shallowness of [illegible] cunning and way of life, says that [illegible]dolph stole a [illegible]-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold [illegible] three-halfpen[illegible].

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

(*The Indicator*, January 12, 1820)

THIS is an article for the reader to think of when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice. "Blessings," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past: the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one: the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye 'Tis closing—'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight; and Nature herself with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes; for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life—at least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes, however, excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of "t'other dose"—the teasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day, few people think of sleeping, except after dinner, and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep than a sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and careworn, and it should be well understood before it is exercised in company.

generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious, however, to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed the charm sometimes vanishes—perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber, for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy lounger will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly, he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures, so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's; one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together. What a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly, even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper, Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth, others, with great compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the sea-shore. There is a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted

tasks of poetry, the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser.

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes: and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of "Valentinian," the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music:—

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses: sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

THE FAIR REVENGE.

(*The Indicator*, January 12, 1820.)

THE elements of this story are to be found in the old poem called "Albion's England."

Aganippus, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and

beloved Daphles. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers, and he came for the first time towards the Court, not to pay his respects to the new Queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and, though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the King, had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence, however, was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the Court, and there were those who, in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young Queen when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young Queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least, they speculated upon becoming, each the favourite minister; and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master, wilful and domineering By the people she was adored, and when she came riding out of her palace, on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with its roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects, and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression—the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's that the royal charmer was secure.

The Queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should best spur up their smoking horses, to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found he had miscalculated his point; and all his skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have had a right

but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over-grateful. "Name," said he, "O Queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept." Daphles moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions; and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless on the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than goodwill. He could guess at love in a woman; but he had but a mean opinion both of it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The Queen, on awaking from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return," and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife; and a substantial throne, with a return that shall nothing perplex or interfere with thee, I do now accordingly offer thee, not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison; and his full pardon having been proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice; for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort; and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from Court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguing with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day, gladness, though not kindness, went out

of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter, without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered it in a spirit which showed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory; the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her, while she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now begun to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy: the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre, and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head which bound its healthy white temples when she sat on horseback, and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of its twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand, and, looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards, and when she had stripped the circle half round she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick-chair, and shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos went to the Court of Calydon, where Doracles then was, and, bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the Queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He showed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news, but could ill contain his joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him was one who, having been the particular companion of the late king, had become like a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince, observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb

him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honour to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What? Am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering, and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good-nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused, and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiringly, "could never have been so sorrowful as I have heard?" "Pardon me, sir," answered Phorbas; "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw awhile, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the Queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail and after. "Her wits to fail!" murmured the King: "I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these gentle creatures, women, could so feel for such a trifle" Phorbas brought out the laurel crown, and told him how it was that the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and, breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year, however, did he keep it, and, as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once-smiling Daphles haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in

red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart; and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which, had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

(*The Indicator*, January 19, 1820)

THE greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the ancient mythology is in a mingled sense of the old popular belief and of the philosophical refinements upon it. We take Apollo, and Mercury, and Venus as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fairies of the ancient world: and we regard them, at the same time, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does, too, through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes, as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical; as the eye of a beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin; or a lily at noonday from the wide obscurity of night-time

This supposition appears to be carried a great deal too far. Every forest, to the mind's eye of a Greek, was haunted with superior intelligences Every stream had its presiding nymph, who was thanked for the draught of water. Every house had its protecting gods, which had blessed the inmate's ancestors, and which would bless him also, if he cultivated the social affections: for the same word which expressed piety towards the gods expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there

may be worships much worse as well as much better. And the divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us, either to do or to foresee.

Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona; or the calm groves of the Eumenides; or the fountain where Proserpine vanished underground with Pluto, or the Great Temple of the Mysteries at Eleusis; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was the Temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi: with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by! This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is; but to him it was poetry, and religion, and beauty, and gravity, and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.

In all this there is a deeper sense of another world than in the habit of contenting oneself with a few vague terms and embodying nothing but Mammon. It was a strong sense of this which made a living poet, who is accounted very orthodox in his religious opinions, give vent, in that fine sonnet, to his impatience at seeing the beautiful planet we live upon, with all its starry wonders about it, so little thought of, compared with what is ridiculously called *the world*. He seems to have dreaded the symptom, as an evidence of materialism:

> The world is too much with us Late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.
> Little we see in Nature that is ours:
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
> The Winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not —Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

(*The Indicator*, January 19, 1820)

An Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the North may dispute this piece of theology, but, on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving, and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution, and the thing is done. This may be very true, just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it, and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter candidly before we get up This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being—a rational creature How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh, it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thought for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquirers into one's decumbency, will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following In the first place (says the injured but calm appealer), I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature that the poets, refining upon the tortures

of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways, and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?" "Very cold, sir." "Very cold indeed, isn't it?" "Very cold indeed, sir." "More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, sir,—I think it *is*." (Good creature! There is not a better or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however; get me some warm water." Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water, during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?" "Yes, sir." "Perhaps too hot for shaving; I must wait a little." "No, sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh, the shirt—you must air my clean shirt; linen gets very damp this weather." "Yes, sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too." "Very well, sir" Here another interval. At length everything is ready except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by-the-bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving. it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed). No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate king, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage

than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakspeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's. I could name a great man for every tick of my watch. Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people. Think of Haroun al Raschid, and Bed-ridden Hassan. Think of Wortley Montagu, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time. Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own. Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

> Sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses!

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his "Seasons"—

> Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake!

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still, and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three-and-fourpence, but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all, and so shall the barometer An ingenious lier in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather, and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the

natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded, argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the "enormous bliss," of the vice in question. A lier in bed may be allowed to profess a disinterested indifference for his health or longevity; but while he is showing the reasonableness of consulting his own, or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is this, especially for a lady, for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat *over*-persuasive; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all the ingeniousness of what he says, telling him that the bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look at him in the most good-natured manner in the world, with a mixture of assent and appeal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse even than getting out of his warm bed, to put them all into good-humour and a state of comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively indifferent matter, to *him*, about his health, but tell him that it is no indifferent matter to you; that the sight of his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if, nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by—— Yet stay, we hardly know whether the frailty of a—— Yes, yes; say that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand, and the *vis inertiæ* on the other, should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good-humour and sincerity form an irresistible junction at last; and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. You may tell a lover, for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to

complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or her shape, which M. or W. admires so much; and a student or artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work in his best manner.

Reader. And pray, Mr. Indicator, how do *you* behave yourself in this respect?

Indicator. Oh, madam, perfectly, of course; like all advisers.

Reader. Nay, I allow that your mode of argument does not look quite so suspicious as the old way of sermonizing and severity, but I have my doubts, especially from that laugh of yours If I should look in to-morrow morning——

Indicator. Ah, madam, the look in of a face like yours does anything with me. It shall fetch me up at nine, if you please——*six*, I meant to say.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

(*The Indicator*, February 2, 1820.)

Our Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious; nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig, which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered, in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat, and in warm weather is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best, and he does not care if he has two rings on a

finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a commonplace-book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" the *Spectator;* the "History of England;" the works of Lady M. W. Montagu, Pope, and Churchill, Middleton's "Geography;" the *Gentleman's Magazine;* Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character, "Account of Elizabeth Canning;" "Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy," "Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton;" Blair's works, "Elegant Extracts," "Junius," as originally published, a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c.; and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny, and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been

broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds, or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers, not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house He may also cheapen a fish or so, the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or, if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced, by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrow'd kiss;

or—

Come, gentle god of soft repose;

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

At Upton on the Hill
There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my Lord North," or "my Lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off his tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and, dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off,

it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions, he gives an important "hem!" or so, and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific, and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters, who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser; but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage, and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying, one over the other, on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A, the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs L, a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan What's-her-name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh boxful in Tavistock Street, on his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them, and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with

a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He never recollects such weather, except during the Great Frost, or when he rode down with Jack Skrimshire to New-market. He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he thinks most like himself, which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best, perhaps, the one most resembling his wife, and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them, and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper scholars that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast, and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth—"a very sad dog, sir, mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper)—"*She'll* talk."

HATS, NEW AND ANCIENT.

(*The Indicator*, March 8, 1820)

We know not what will be thought of our taste in so important a matter, but we must confess we are not fond of a new hat. There is a certain insolence about it; it seems to value itsel[illegible]pon its finished appearance, and to presume upon c[illegible]ing before we are acquainted with it. In the first place, it comes home more like a marmot, or some other living creature, than a manufacture. It is boxed up, and wrapped in silver paper, and brought delicately. It is as sleek as a lap-dog. Then we are to take it out as nicely, and

people are to wonder how we shall look in it. Maria twitches one this way, and Sophia that, and Caroline that, and Catharine t'other. We have the difficult task, all the while, of looking easy, till the approving votes are pronounced: our only resource (which is also difficult) is to say good things to all four; or to clap the hat upon each of their heads, and see what pretty milk-women they make. At last the approving votes are pronounced; and (provided it is fine) we may go forth. But how uneasy the sensation about the head! How unlike the old hat, to which we had become used, and which must now make way for this fop of a stranger! We might do what we liked with the former. Dust, rain, a gale of wind, a fall, a squeeze—nothing affected it. It was a true friend, a friend for all weathers. Its appearance only was against it: in everything else it was the better for wear. But if the roads or the streets are too dry, the new hat is afraid of getting dusty; if there is wind, and it is not tight, it may be blown off into the dirt: we may have to scramble after it through dust or mud; just reaching it with our fingers, only to see it blown away again. And if rain comes on! Oh, ye gallant apprentices, who have issued forth on a Sunday morning, with Jane or Susan, careless either of storms at nightfall, or toils and scoldings next day! Ye, who have received your new hat and boots but an hour before ye set out; and then issue forth triumphantly, the charmer by your side! She, with arm in yours, and handkerchief in hand, blushing, or eating gingerbread, trips on, ye, admiring, trudge we ask ye, whether love itself has prevented ye from feeling a certain fearful consciousness of that crowning glory, the new and glossy hat, when the first drops of rain announce the coming of a shower? Ah, hasten, while yet it is of use to haste; ere yet the spotty horror fixes on the nap! Out with the protecting handkerchief, which, tied round the hat, and flowing off in a corner behind, shall gleam through the thickening night like a suburb comet! Trust not the tempting yawn of stable-yard or gateway, or the impossible notion of a coach! The rain will continue! and alas! ye are not so rich as in the morning. Hasten! or think of a new hat's becoming a rain-spout! Think of its well-built crown, its graceful and well-measured fit, the curved-up elegance of its rim, its shadowing gentility when seen in front, its arch-

ing grace over the ear when beheld sideways! Think of it also the next day! How altered, how dejected!

How changed from him,
That life of mea-ure, and that soul of rim!

Think of the paper-like change of its consistence; of its limp sadness—its confused and flattened nap; and of that polished and perfect circle, which neither brush nor hot iron shall restore!

We have here spoken of the beauties of a new hat; but, abstractedly considered, they are very problematical. Fashion makes beauty for a time. Our ancestors found a grace in the cocked hats now confined to beadles, Chelsea pensioners, and coachmen. They would have laughed at our chimney-tops with a border; though, upon the whole, we do think them the more graceful of the two. The best modern covering for the head was the imitation of the broad Spanish hat in use about thirty years back, when Mr. Stothard made his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine.* But in proportion as society has been put into a bustle, our hats seem to have narrowed their dimensions: the flaps were clipped off more and more till they became a rim; and now the rim has contracted to a mere nothing; so that, what with our close heads, and our tight, succinct mode of dress, we look as if we were intended for nothing but to dart backwards and forwards on matters of business, with as little hindrance to each other as possible.

This may give us a greater distaste to the hat than it deserves; but, good-looking or not, we know of no situation in which a new one can be said to be useful. We have seen how the case is during bad weather; but if the weather is in the finest condition possible, with neither rain nor dust, there may be a hot sunshine; and then the hat is too narrow to shade us: no great evil, it is true! but we must have our pique out against the knave, and turn him to the only account in our power—we must write upon him. For every other purpose we hold him as naught. The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety, is a church; for there is plenty of room there. There also takes place its only union of the ornamental with the useful, if so it is to be called; we allude to the preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns round and makes

a bow to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Misses Thompson. There is a formula for this occasion; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions: but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than "Swallow, St. James's Street;" or "Agarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford Street, London;" after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognition aforesaid.

But, whenever there is a crowd, the new hat is worse than useless. It is a pity that the general retrenchment of people's finances did away with the flat opera hat, which was a very sensible thing. The round one is only in the way. The matting over the floor of the Opera-house does not hinder it from getting dusty, not to mention its chance of a kick from the inconsiderate. But from the pit of the other theatres you may bring it away covered with sawdust, or rubbed up all the wrong way of the nap, or monstrously squeezed into a shapeless lump. The least thing to be expected in a pressure is a great poke in its side, like a sunken cheek.

Boating is a mortal enemy to new hats. A shower has you fast in a common boat; or a sail-line, or an inexperienced oar, may knock the hat off, and then fancy it tilting over the water with the tide, soaked all the while beyond redemption, and escaping from the tips of your outstretched fingers, while you ought all to be pulling the contrary way home.

But of all wrong boxes for a new hat, avoid a mail-coach. If you keep it on, you will begin nodding perhaps at midnight, and then it goes jamming against the side of the coach, to the equal misery of its nap and your own. If you take it off, where is its refuge? Will the clergyman take the least heed of it, who is snoring comfortably in one corner in his nightcap? Or will the farmer, jolting about inexorably? Or the regular traveller who, in his fur cap and infinite knowledge of highway conveniences, has already beheld it with contempt? Or the old market-woman, whom it is in vain to request to be tender! Or the young damsel, who wonders how you can think of sleeping in such a thing? In the morning you suddenly miss your hat, and ask after it with trepidation The traveller smiles. They all move

their legs, but know nothing of it, till the market-woman exclaims, "Deary me! well—Lord, only think! A hat is it, sir? Why, I do believe—but I'm sure I never thought o' such a thing more than the child unborn—that it must be a hat then which I took for a pan I've been a-buying: and so I've had my warm foot in it, Lord bless us, ever since five o'clock this blessed morning!"

It is but fair to add that we happen to have an educated antipathy to the hat. At our school no hats were worn, and the cap was too small to be a substitute Its only use is to astonish the old ladies in the street, who wonder how so small a thing can be kept on, and to this end it used to be rubbed into the back or side of the head, where it hung like a worsted wonder. It is after the fashion of Katharine's cap in the play. It seemed as if

> Moulded on a porringer:
> Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
> A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap,
> A custard coffin, a bauble.

But we may not add

> I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Ill befall us, if we ever dislike anything about thee, old nurse of our childhood! How independent of the weather used we to feel in our friar's dress, our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long coat or gown! Our cap was oftener in our hand than on our head, let the weather be what it would We felt a pride, as well as pleasure, when everybody was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our glad hair like the feathers of a bird.

It must be said for hats in general that they are a very ancient part of dress, perhaps the most ancient; for a naked negro, who has nothing else upon him, sometimes finds it necessary to guard off the sun with a hat of leaves or straw. The Chinese, who carry their records farther back than any other people, are a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad. We are apt to think of the Greeks as a bare-headed people, and they liked to be so, but they had hats for journeying in, such as may be seen on the statues of Mercury, who was the god of travellers. They were large and flapped,

and were sometimes fastened round under the chin like a lady's straw-bonnet The Eastern nations generally wore turbans, and do still, with the exception of the Persians, who have exchanged them for large conical caps of felt. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dress, as in everything else, but the poorer orders wore a cap like their boasted Phrygian ancestors, resembling the one which the reader may now see about the streets upon the busts of Canova's Paris. The others would put their robes about their heads upon occasion—a custom which probably gave rise to the hoods of the Middle Ages, and to the cloth head-dresses which we see in the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. From these were taken the draperies on the heads of our old Plantagenet kings, and of Chaucer. The velvet cap. which succeeded, appears also to have come from Italy, as in the portraits of Raphael and Titian, and it would probably have continued till the French times of Charles II. (for our ancestors, up to that period, were always great admirers of Italy), had not Philip II of Spain come over to marry our Queen Mary. The extreme heats of Spain had forced the natives upon taking to that ingenious union of the hat and umbrella, still known by the name of the Spanish hat. We know not whether Philip himself wore it. His father, Charles V.. who was at the top of the world, is represented as delighting in a little humble-looking cap. But we conceive it was either from Philip, or some gentleman in his train, that the hat and feather succeeded among us to the cap and jewels of Henry VIII. The ascendency of Spain in these times carried it into other parts of Europe. The French. not requiring so much shade from the sun, and always playing with and altering their dress, like a child with his toy, first covered the brim with feathers, then gave them a pinch in front, then came pinches up at the side, and at last appeared the fierce and triple-daring cocked-hat. This disappeared in our childhood, or only survived among the military, the old, and the reverend, who could not willingly part with their habitual dignity. An old beau or so would also retain it, in memory of its victories when young. We remember its going away from the heads of the Foot Guards. The heavy Dragoons retained it till very lately. It is now almost sunk into the mock-heroic, and confined,

as we before observed, to beadles and coachmen, &c. The modern clerical beaver, agreeably to the deliberation with which our establishments depart from old custom, is a cocked-hat with the hind flap let down, and only a slight pinch remaining in front. That is what is worn also by the judges, the lawyers being of clerical extraction. Still, however, the true cocked-hat lingers here and there with a solitary old gentleman, and wherever it appears in such company, begets a certain retrospective reverence. There was a something in its connection with the high-bred drawing-room times of the seventeenth century—in the gallant though quaint ardour of its look, and in its being lifted up in salutations with that deliberate loftiness, the arm arching up in front, and slowly raising it by the front angle with finger and thumb—that could not easily die We remember when our steward at school, remarkable for his inflexible air of precision and dignity, left off his cocked-hat for a round one, there was, undoubtedly, though we dared only half confess it to our minds, a sort of diminished majesty about him. His infinite self-possession began to look remotely finite. His crown-imperial was a little blighted. It was like divesting a column of its capital. But the native stateliness was there, informing the new hat. He

> Had not yet lost
> *All* his original beaver, nor appear'd
> Less than arch-steward ruin'd, and the excess
> Of glory obscured

The late Emperor Paul had conceived such a sense of the dignity of the cocked-hat, aggravated by its having given way to the round one of the French republicans, that he ordered all persons in his dominions never to dare be seen in public with round hats, upon pain of being knouted and sent to Siberia

Hats, being the easiest part of the European dress to be taken off, are doffed among us out of reverence. The Orientals, on the same account, put off their slippers, instead of turbans, which is the reason why the Jews still keep their heads covered during worship. The Spanish grandees have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence, probably in commemoration of the free spirit in which the Cortes used to crown the Sovereign;

telling him (we suppose in their corporate capacity) that they were better men than he, but chose him of their own free-will for their master. The grandees only claim to be as good men, unless their families are older. There is a well-known story of a picture, in which the Virgin Mary is represented with a label coming out of her mouth, saying to a Spanish gentleman who has politely taken off his hat, "Cousin, be covered." But the most interesting anecdote connected with a hat, belongs to the family of the De Courcys, Lord Kingsale One of their ancestors, at an old period of our history, having overthrown a huge and insolent champion, who had challenged the whole Court, was desired by the king to ask him some special favour. He requested that his descendants should have the privilege of keeping their heads covered in the royal presence, and they do so to this day. The new lord, we believe, always comes to Court on purpose to vindicate his right. We have heard that, on the last occasion, probably after a long interval, some of the courtiers thought it might as well have been dispensed with; which was a foolish as well as a jealous thing: for these exceptions only prove the royal rule. The Spanish grandees originally took their privilege, instead of receiving it; but when the spirit of it had gone, their covered heads were only so many intense recognitions of the king's dignity, which it was thought such a mighty thing to resemble. A Quaker's hat is a more formidable thing than a grandee's.

SEAMEN ON SHORE.

(*The Indicator*, March 15, 1820)

The sole business of a seaman on shore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry ground, he turns his back on all salt-beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him of

their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their everything; and in return he will behave like a gentleman, and scatter his gold.

The first object of the seaman on landing is to spend his money; but his first sensation is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the rolling chances of the vessel, when on deck There is always, to us, this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long to be gathered into a heavy pigtail; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe; on a white stocking and a natty shoe, issuing lightly out of the *flowing blue trouser*. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof, his hands, half open. look as if they had been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold), he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter; and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whangee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys everything that he comes athwart—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch (two, if he has money enough), gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet, and his mother and sisters, dozens of "superfine best men's cotton stockings," dozens of "superfine best women's cotton ditto," best good check for shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trousers with some day), a footman's laced hat, bear's grease to make his hair grow (by way of joke), several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can't play and never intends), a leg of mutton, which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the Ship makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole;—in

short, all that money can be spent upon, which is everything but medicine gratis; and this he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the Ship, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and a half-crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nance, who first fired his heart with her silk stocking; and, finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her, which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and Rule Britannia; pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white nightcap. When he comes to London, he and some of his messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback; and, among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride,—"Only," says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, "they have saddle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft; and shovels like for stirrups" He will tell you how the Chinese drink and the NEGURS dance, and the monkeys pelt you with cocoa-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a peer of the realm, if he would have stopped with him and taught him to make trousers. He has a sister at a "School for Young Ladies," who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes by slipping fourpence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has "no more copper" about him. His mother and elder sisters at home dote on all he says and does, telling him, however, that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb no higher than the window-locker. He tells his mother that she would be a duchess in Paranaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand

quality, and when, after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady, and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and, for their parts, they tell him that, if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general, judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience. Yet he will believe, nevertheless, in the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance, as he pleases. It is not that he wants feeling, but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness—partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity, and partly because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get without travelling like himself, especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes to them as well as to everybody else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection, such as, "in case, at such time as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at any rate." He

seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as, for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home everywhere, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and inquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the Transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitean beauty If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punchbowl, has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon, and sets up the figure of his old ship, the *Britannia* or the *Lovely Nancy*, for a statue in the garden, where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

ON THE REALITIES OF IMAGINATION.

(*The Indicator*, March 22, 1820)

THERE is not a more unthinking way of talking than to say such and such pains and pleasures are only imaginary, and therefore to be got rid of or undervalued accordingly.

There is nothing imaginary, in the common acceptation of the word. The logic of Moses in the "Vicar of Wakefield" is good argument here,—"Whatever is, is." Whatever touches us, whatever moves us, does touch and does move us. We recognize the reality of it, as we do that of a hand in the dark. We might as well say that a sight which makes us laugh, or a blow which brings tears into our eyes, is imaginary, as that anything else is imaginary which makes us laugh or weep. We can only judge of things by their effects. Our perception constantly deceives us, in things with which we suppose ourselves perfectly conversant; but our reception of their effect is a different matter. Whether we are materialists or immaterialists, whether things be about us or within us, whether we think the sun is a substance, or only the image of a divine thought, an idea, a thing imaginary, we are equally agreed as to the notion of its warmth. But, on the other hand, as this warmth is felt differently by different temperaments, so what we call imaginary things affect different minds. What we have to do is not to deny their effect, because we do not feel in the same proportion, or whether we even feel it at all, but to see whether our neighbours may not be moved. If they are, there is, to all intents and purposes, a moving cause. But we do not see it No; neither, perhaps, do they. They only feel it; they are only sentient—a word which implies the sight given to the imagination by the feelings But what do you mean, we may ask in return, by seeing? Some rays of light come in contact with the eye; they bring a sensation to it; in a word, they touch it, and the impression left by this touch we call sight. How far does this differ in effect from the impression left by any other touch, however mysterious? An ox knocked down by a butcher, and a man knocked down by a fit of apoplexy, equally feel themselves compelled to drop. The tickling of a straw and of a comedy equally move the muscles about our mouth. The look of a beloved eye will so thrill the whole frame, that old philosophers have had recourse to a doctrine of beams and radiant particles flying from one sight to another. In fine, what is contact itself, and why does it affect us? There is no one cause more mysterious than another, if we look into it.

Nor does the question concern us like moral causes. We may be content to know the earth by its fruits; but how

to increase and improve them is a more attractive study. If, instead of saying that the causes which moved in us this or that pain or pleasure were imaginary, people were to say that the causes themselves were removable, they would be nearer the truth. When a stone trips us up, we do not fall to disputing its existence; we put it out of the way. In like manner, when we suffer from what is called an imaginary pain, our business is not to canvass the reality of it. Whether there is any cause or not in that or any other perception, or whether anything consists not in what is called effect, it is sufficient for us that the effect is real. Our sole business is to remove those second causes which always accompany the original idea. As in deliriums, for instance, it would be idle to go about persuading the patient that he did not behold the figures he says he does. He might reasonably ask us, if he could, how we know anything about the matter: or how we can be sure that, in the infinite wonders of the universe, certain realities may not become apparent to certain eyes, whether diseased or not. Our business would be to put him into that state of health, in which human beings are not diverted from their offices and comforts by a liability to such imaginations. The best reply to his question would be, that such a morbidity is clearly no more a fit state for a human being than a disarranged or incomplete state of works is for a watch; and that, seeing the general tendency of nature to this completeness or state of comfort, we naturally conclude that the imaginations in question, whether substantial or not, are at least not of the same lasting or prevailing description

We do not profess metaphysics We are indeed so little conversant with the masters of that profound art, that we are never sure whether we are using even its proper terms. All that we may know on the subject comes to us from some reflection and some experience, and this all may be so little as to make a metaphysician smile; which, if he be a true one, he will do good-naturedly. The pretender will take occasion from our very confession to say that we know nothing. Our faculty, such as it is, is rather instinctive than reasoning; rather physical than metaphysical, rather wise because it loves much, than because it knows much; rather calculated by a certain retention of boyhood, and by its wanderings in the green places of thought, to light upon

a piece of the old golden world, than to tire ourselves, and conclude it unattainable, by too wide and scientific a search. We pretend to see farther than none but the worldly and the malignant And yet those who see farther may not all see so well. We do not blind our eyes with looking upon the sun in the heavens. We believe it to be there, but we find its light upon earth also; and we would lead humanity, if we could, out of misery and coldness into the shine of it. Pain might still be there; must be so, as long as we are mortal—

For oft we still must weep, since we are human:

but it should be pain for the sake of others, which is noble; not unnecessary pain inflicted by or upon them, which it is absurd not to remove. The very pains of mankind struggle towards pleasures; and such pains as are proper for them have this inevitable accompaniment of true humanity—that they cannot but realize a certain gentleness of enjoyment. Thus the true bearer of pain would come round to us, and he would not grudge us a share of his burden, though in taking from his trouble it might diminish his pride. Pride is but a bad pleasure at the expense of others. The great object of humanity is to enrich everybody. If it is a task destined not to succeed, it is a good one from its very nature: and fulfils at least a glad destiny of its own. To look upon it austerely is in reality the reverse of austerity. It is only such an impatience of the want of pleasure as leads us to grudge it in others; and this impatience itself, if the sufferer knew how to use it, is but another impulse, in the general yearning, towards an equal wealth of enjoyment

But we shall be getting into other discussions. The groundwork of all happiness is health. Take care of this ground; and the doleful imaginations that come to warn us against its abuse, will avoid it. Take care of this ground, and let as many glad imaginations throng to it as possible. Read the magical works of the poets, and they will come. If you doubt their existence, ask yourself whether you feel pleasure at the idea of them; whether you are moved into delicious smiles, or tears as delicious? If you are, the result is the same to you, whether they exist or not. It is not mere words to say, that he who goes through a rich man's park, and sees things in it which never bless the mental

eyesight of the possessor, is richer than he. He *is* richer. More results of pleasure come home to him. The ground is actually more fertile to him; the place haunted with finer shapes. He has more servants to come at his call, and administer to him with full hands. Knowledge, sympathy, imagination, are all divining-rods, with which he discovers treasure. Let the painter go through the grounds, and he will see not only the general colours of green and brown, but all their combination and contrasts, and all the modes in which they might again be combined and contrasted. He will also put figures in the landscape if there are none there, flocks and herds, or a solitary spectator, or Venus lying with her white body among the violets and primroses. Let a musician go through, and he will hear "differences discreet" in the notes of the birds and the lapsing of the waterfall. He will fancy a serenade of wind instruments in the open air at the lady's window, with a voice rising through it; or the horn of the hunter, or the musical cry of the hounds—

> Match'd in mouth, like bells,
> Each under each;

or a solitary voice in a bower, singing for an expected lover; or the chapel organ, waking up like the fountain of the winds. Let a poet go through the grounds, and he will heighten and increase all these sounds and images. He will bring the colours from heaven, and put an unearthly meaning into the voice. He will have stories of the sylvan inhabitants; will shift the population through infinite varieties; will put a sentiment upon every sight and sound; will be human, romantic, supernatural; will make all Nature send tribute into that spot.

We may say of the love of Nature, what Shakspeare says of another love, that it

> Adds a precious seeing to the eye.

And we may say also, upon the like principle, that it adds a precious hearing to the ear. This, and imagination, which ever follows upon it, are the two purifiers of our sense, which rescue us from the deafening babble of common cares, and enable us to hear all the affectionate voices of earth and heaven. The starry orbs, lapsing about in their smooth

and sparkling dance, sing to us. The brooks talk to us of solitude The birds are the animal spirits of Nature, carolling in the air like a careless lass.

> Gentle gales,
> Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
> Native perfumes; and whisper whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils

The poets are called creators (Ποιηταί, Makers) because, with their magical words, they bring forth to our eyesight the abundant images and beauties of creation. They put them there, if the reader pleases, and so are literally creators. But whether put there or discovered, whether created or invented (for invention means nothing but finding out), there they are. If they touch us, they exist to as much purpose as anything else which touches us. If a passage in "King Lear" brings the tears into our eyes, it is as real as the touch of a sorrowful hand. If the flow of a song of Anacreon's intoxicates us, it is as true to a pulse within us as the wine he drank We hear not their sounds with ears, nor see their sights with eyes; but we hear and see both so truly, that we are moved with pleasure, and the advantage, nay, even the test, of seeing and hearing at any time, is not in the seeing and hearing, but in the ideas we realize, and the pleasures we derive. Intellectual objects, therefore, inasmuch as they come home to us, are as true a part of the population of Nature as visible ones, and they are infinitely more abundant. Between the tree of a country clown and the tree of a Milton or Spenser, what a difference in point of productiveness! Between the plodding of a sexton through a churchyard and the walk of a Gray, what a difference! What a difference between the Bermudas of a ship-builder, and the Bermoothes of Shakspeare; the isle

> Full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not;

the isle of elves and fairies, that chased the tide to and fro on the sea-shore; of coral bones, and the knells of sea-nymphs; of spirits dancing on the sands, and singing amidst the hushes of the wind; of Caliban, whose brute nature enchantment had made poetical; of Ariel, who lay in cowslip-bells, and rode upon the bat; of Miranda, who

wept when she saw Ferdinand work so hard, and begged him to let her help; telling him—

> I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid To be your fellow
> You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no.

Such are the discoveries which the poets make for us,—worlds, to which that of Columbus was but a handful of brute matter. It began to be richer for us the other day, when Humboldt came back and told us of its luxuriant and gigantic vegetation, of the myriads of shooting lights which revel at evening in the southern sky; and of that grand constellation at which Dante seems to have made so remarkable a guess ("Purgatorio," CANTO I. *v.* 22). The natural warmth of the Mexican and Peruvian genius, set free from despotism, will soon do all the rest for it, awaken the sleeping riches of its eyesight, and call forth the glad music of its affections

Imagination enriches everything. A great library contains not only books, but

> The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom" The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation, for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but, by the help of its dews from imagination and the love of Nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood Its verdures, its sheep, its hedge-row elms—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and association can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old, at the harp of Orpheus A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades It puts on all the grandeur of its history and its literature, its towers and rivers, its art, and jewellery, and foreign wealth, its multitude of human beings, all intent

upon excitement, wise, or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of its many chariots, heard at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.

HOOLE'S AND FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

(*The Indicator*, March 29, 1820)

HOOLE is a singular example of the popularity which a man may obtain by taking up a great author to translate with whom he has nothing in common, and merely subserving to the worst taste of the times. Some readers put faith in the imposture from the mere name of the original, some from a deference to the translator's knowledge of Italian, some from the recommendation of any living author who has talent in anything, some from a real wish to be acquainted with a great poet, some from national self-love, some from indolence of various kinds, many from the habit of acquiescing in anything after their own fashion, and many more because the rest have done so before them. Those, meanwhile, who really loved and understood poetry, Italian or English, could only sit still and wonder at all this, preferring, at the risk of being thought foolish or pedantic, the old obsolete translators of Shakspeare's time, when "our language," saith Mr. Hoole, "was in its rudiments." It was lucky, however, for this gentleman, that he had the period he wrote in almost all to himself. There was not a single real poet surviving, except Cowper, Gray, Armstrong, Akenside, Collins, Churchill—everybody was gone who was likely to detect him publicly, and the age, in every respect, was then in the fulness of its poetical emptiness.

That Dr. Johnson should speak a good word for Mr. Hoole, much less write a dedication for him, is not surprising; though what a poet must he be who goes to another to write a dedication for him! Johnson was in the habit of writing dedications for those who were conscious of not being good turners of a prose paragraph, and who wished to approach the great with a proper one, and Mr. Hoole,

it seems, was among these modest persons. though he did not scruple to approach Tasso and Ariosto with his poetry. The dedication, which is to the late Queen [Charlotte], and which expresses a wish that Tasso had lived in a happier time, and experienced from the descendants of the House of Este, "a more liberal and potent patronage," is elegant and to the purpose. The good word is a mere word, and very equivocal besides. Johnson, who is now pretty generally understood not to have been so good a critic in poetry as he was strong in general understanding, and justly eminent in some respects, might have been very capable of applauding a translation upon Mr. Hoole's principles; but it is more than to be suspected that he would have desired a higher order of workmanship out of the manufactory. Hoole was a pitch too low for his admiration, though it appeared he had private qualities sufficient to secure his good wishes; and even those, there is good reason to conclude, could not have prevented a feeling of contempt for a translator of great poets who could come to him for a dedication. When Boswell, in one of his maudlin fits of adulation, affected to consider something with Goldsmith's name to it as supplied by the Doctor, the latter could not restrain his scorn, and said that Goldsmith would no more come to him for a paragraph than he would to be fed with a pap-spoon. And it is curious to observe, after all, how and in what place Johnson has said his good word for our translator. It is at the end of the "Life of Waller," and amounts to this coy prophecy—that Fairfax's work, "after Mr Hoole's translation, will not soon be reprinted."

Mr. Hoole, indeed, with superfluous ingenuity, has contrived to let us know, by other means than his translation, how totally unfit he was for the task. He came to it with an ignorance of all real poetry, that of his own country not excepted. So little did Mr. Hoole know what he was about, either in poetry or the versification of it, that while in the course of his translation he was elaborately doing or undoing something now and then, in order to mingle a little of Dryden with Pope, he forgot, or was not aware, that Dryden himself professed to have learnt part of his versification from Fairfax.

Edward Fairfax led a life which a brother poet might envy. He was of a distinguished family, the same as that

of Fairfax the Parliament General · and having an estate of his own, and the greater estates of leisure and genius, he passed the whole of his days at a seat in the Forest of Knaresborough, in the bosom of his family, and in the cultivation of poetry. He appears to have had all and more than a poet wants—tranquillity, a fortune beyond competence, books, rural scenes, and an age that could understand him He flourished just at the close of that golden period, that height and strong summer-time of our poetry, when language, wisdom, and imagination were alike at their noblest, and thoughts were poured forth as profusely as words have been since. He was inclined to the music of verse; and the age was full of music, of every species; he was of a romantic and most probably superstitious turn of mind; and in the course of his Italian luxuries he met with a poet whose tendencies were like his own, and who was great enough to render the task of translation honourable as well as delightful

He accordingly produced a version of Tasso, which we do not say is equal to the original, or at all exempt from error which a future translator (always provided he is a poet too) may avoid; but which we nevertheless do not hesitate to pronounce the completest translation, and most like its original, of any we have ever seen.

Fairfax has great beauties. If he roughened the music of Tasso a little, he still kept it music, and beautiful music; some of his stanzas, indeed, give the sweetness of the original with the still softer sweetness of an echo; and he blew into the rest some noble, organ-like notes, which perhaps the original is too deficient in. He can be also quite as stately and solemn in feeling, he is as fervid in his devotion, as earnest and full of ghastly apprehension in his supernatural agency, as wrapt up in leafiness in his sylvan haunts, as luxuriant and alive to tangible shapes in his voluptuousness. He feels the elements and varieties of his nature, like a true poet; and his translation has consequently this special mark of all true poetry, translated or original—that when the circumstances in the story or description alter, it gives us a proper and pervading sense of the alteration. The surfaces are not all coloured alike, as in a bad and monotonous picture. We have no silken armour, as in Pope's eternal enamel; nor iron silks, as in

Chapman (who is perhaps the only other various translator, nevertheless); nor an everlasting taste of chips instead of succulence, as in the Ariosto of Harrington.

We repeat, however, that the reader must not expect a perfect version in Fairfax, much less at the outset. Tasso himself, in our opinion, does not well warm you into his work till after several books; but set out resolutely with him or his translator, or with both get past some cold-looking places, and scratch through a few of Fairfax's roughnesses and obscurities, and you come upon a noble territory, full of the romantic and the sweet, of stately and of lovely shapes, of woods, waters, and sunny pleasures—with drearier seclusions apart, and fields of sonorous battle.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

(*The Indicator*, April 5, 1820)

A Grecian philosopher, being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that very account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour would be the worse without them They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery, which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding.

There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child, but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing, at this moment, just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church-spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling overhead, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of Nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could · the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die Our loss may always render them pensive, but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours at all times to turn pain into pleasure, or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest, and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this; and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain, when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it, if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a

nature which general kindliness could not avoid Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible; though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that everybody must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready

confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

POETICAL ANOMALIES OF SHAPE.

(*The Indicator*, April 5, 1820.)

It is not one of the least instances of the force of habit to see how poetry and mythology can reconcile us to shapes, or rather combinations of shape, unlike anything in Nature. The dog-headed deities of the Egyptians were doubtless not so monstrous in their eyes as in ours. The Centaurs of the Greeks, as Ovid has shown us, could be imagined possessing beauty enough for a human love story, and our imaginations find nothing at all monstrous in the idea of an angel, though it partakes of the nature of the bird. The angel, it is true, is the least departure from humanity. Its wings are not an alteration of the human shape, but an addition to it Yet, leaving a more awful wonder out of the question, we should be startled to find pinions growing out of the shoulder-blades of a child, and we should wait with anxiety to see of what nature the pinions were, till we became reconciled to them. If they turned out to be ribbed and webbed, like those of the imaginary dragon, conceive the horror! If, on the other hand, they became feathers, and tapered off, like those of a gigantic bird, comprising also grace and splendour, as well as the power of flight, we can easily fancy ourselves reconciled to them. And yet again, on the other hand, the flying women described in the "Adventures of Peter Wilkins," do not shock us, though their wings partake of the ribbed and webbed nature, and not at all of the feathered We admire Peter's gentle and beautiful bride, notwithstanding the phenomenon of the graundee, its light whalebone-like intersections, and its power of dropping about her like drapery It even becomes a matter of pleasant curiosity. We find it not at

all in the way. We can readily apprehend the delight he felt at possessing a creature so kind and sensitive, and can sympathize with him in the happiness of that bridal evening, equally removed from prudery and grossness, which he describes with a mixture of sentiment and voluptuousness beyond all the bridals we ever read.

Polyphemus in Homer is a shocking monster, not because he has only one eye, but because he murders and eats our fellow-creatures But in Theocritus, where he is Galatea's lover, and sits hopelessly lamenting his passion, we only pity him. His deformity even increases our pity. We blink the question of beauty, and become one-eyed for his sake. Nature seems to do him an injustice in gifting him with sympathies so human, and at the same time preventing them from being answered; and we feel impatient with the all-beautiful Galatea, if we think she ever showed him scorn as well as unwillingness. We insist upon her avoiding him with the greatest possible respect.

These fictions of the poets, therefore, besides the mere excitement which they give the imagination, assist remotely to break the averseness and uncharitableness of human pride.

DAISIES.

(*The Indicator*, April 19, 1820)

SPRING is now complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well-tempered and equalized, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. There are clear crystal mornings; noons of blue sky and white cloud; nights, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock A few days ago she lay gazing in this manner at the solitary evening star, like Diana, on the slope of a valley, looking up at Endymion. His young eye seemed to sparkle out upon the world; while she, bending inwards, her hands behind her head, watched him with an enamoured dumbness.

But this is the quiet of Spring. Its voices and swift

movements have come back also. The swallow shoots by us, like an embodied ardour of the season. The glowing bee has his will of the honeyed flowers, grappling with them as they tremble. We have not yet heard the nightingale or the cuckoo; but we can hear them with our imagination, and enjoy them through the content of those who have.

Then the young green. This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season—the true issuing forth of the Spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies of the valley, stocks, columbines, lady-smocks, and the intensely red peone, which seems to anticipate the full glow of summer-time, all come out to wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterraneous palaces.

Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common associations? It is not only its youth, and beauty, and budding life, and "the passion of the groves," that exclaim with the poet—

> Let those love now, who never loved before;
> And those who always loved, now love the more.

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them than the world suspect; and it is by fetching out this sentiment, and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, as is too much the case, into what is selfish and coarse, and pollutes all our systems. One of the greatest inspirers of love is gratitude—not merely on its common grounds, but gratitude for pleasures, whether consciously or unconsciously conferred. Thus, we are thankful for the delight given us by a kind and sincere face; and if we fall in love with it, one great reason is, that we long to return what we have received. The same feeling has a considerable influence in the love that has been felt for men of talents whose persons or address have not been much

calculated to inspire it. In spring-time, joy awakens the heart; with joy awakes gratitude and nature; and in our gratitude we return, on its own principle of participation, the love that has been shown us.

This association of ideas renders solitude in spring, and solitude in winter, two very different things. In the latter, we are better content to bear the feelings of the season by ourselves; in the former, they are so sweet, as well as so overflowing, that we long to share them. Shakspeare, in one of his sonnets, describes himself as so identifying the beauties of the spring with the thought of his absent mistress, that he says he forgot them in their own character, and played with them only as with her shadow.

Shakspeare was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard, because she was richer. Perdita, crowned with flowers, in the "Winter's Tale," is beautifully compared to

Flora
Peering in April's front.

There is a line in one of his sonnets, which, agreeably to the image he had in his mind, seems to strike up in one's face, hot and odorous, like perfume in a censer—

In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd.

His allusions to spring are numerous in proportion. We all know the song containing that fine line, fresh from the most brilliant of palettes—

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

We owe a long debt of gratitude to the daisy; and we take this opportunity of discharging a millionth part of it. If we undertook to pay it all, we should have had to write such a book as is never very likely to be written—a journal of numberless happy hours in childhood, kept with the feelings of an infant and the pen of a man. For it would take, we suspect, a depth of delight and a subtlety of words to express even the vague joy of infancy, such as our learned departures from natural wisdom would find it more difficult

to put together than criticism and comfort, or an old palate and a young relish. But knowledge is the widening and the brightening road that must conduct us back to the joys from which it led us; and which it is destined perhaps to secure and extend. We must not quarrel with its asperities, when we can help.

We do not know the Greek name of the daisy, nor do the dictionaries inform us, and we are not at present in the way of consulting books that might. We always like to see what the Greeks say to these things, because they had a sentiment in their enjoyments. The Latins called it Bellis or Bellus, as much as to say, Nice One. With the French and Italians it has the same name as a Pearl,—Marguerite, Margarita, or generally, by way of endearment, Margheretina. The same word was the name of a woman, and occasioned infinite intermixtures of compliment about pearls, daisies, and fair mistresses. Chaucer, in his beautiful poem of "The Flower and the Leaf," which is evidently imitated from some French poetess, says:

> And at the laste there began anon
> A lady for to sing right womanly
> A bargaret in praising the daisie,
> For, as methought, among her notes sweet,
> She said, "Di douset est la Margarete."

"The Margaret is so sweet." Our Margaret, however, in this allegorical poem, is undervalued in comparison with the laurel; yet Chaucer perhaps was partly induced to translate it on account of its making the figure that it does, for he has informed us more than once, in a very particular manner, that it was his favourite flower. He says that he finds it ever new, and that he shall love it till his "heart dies," and afterwards, with a natural picture of his resting on the grass:

> Adown full softély I gan to sink,
> And, leaning on my elbow and my side,
> The longé day I shope me for to abide
> For nothing ellis, and I shall not lie,
> But for to look upon the daisie,
> That well by reason men it callé may
> The daisie, or else the eye of day.

This etymology, which we have no doubt is the real one

repeated by Ben Jonson, who takes occasion to spell the word "days-eyes;" adding, with his usual tendency to overdo a matter of learning—

> Days-eyes, and the lippes of cows;

videlicet, cowslips: which is a disentanglement of compounds, in the style of our pleasant parodists:

> Puddings of the plum,
> And fingers of the lady.

Mr. Wordsworth calls the daisy "an unassuming commonplace of Nature," which it is, and he praises it very becomingly for discharging its duties so cheerfully, in that universal character. But we cannot agree with him in thinking that it has a "homely face." Not that we should care if it really had, for homeliness does not make ugliness; but we appeal to everybody whether it is proper to say this of "la belle Marguerite." In the first place, its shape is very pretty and slender, but not too much so. Then it has a boss of gold, set round and irradiated with silver points. Its yellow and fair white are in so high a taste of contrast that Spenser has chosen the same colours for a picture of Leda reposing:

> Oh wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!
> That her in daffodillies sleeping made,
> From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade.

It is for the same reason that the daisy, being chiefly white, makes such a beautiful show in company with the buttercup. But this is not all; for look at the back, and you find its fair petals blushing with a most delightful red. And how compactly and delicately is the neck set in green! "Belle et douce Marguerite, aimable sœur du roi Kingcup!" we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek.

But here somebody may remind us of the spring showers, and what drawbacks they are upon going into the fields. Not at all so, when the spring is really confirmed, and the showers but April-like and at intervals. Let us turn our imaginations to the bright side of spring, and we shall forget showers. You see they have been forgotten just this

moment. Besides, we are not likely to stray too far into the fields; and if we should, are there not hats, bonnets, barns, cottages, elm-trees, and good wills? We may make these things zests, if we please, instead of drawbacks.

MAY-DAY.

(*The Indicator*, April 26, 1820.)

MONDAY next is May-morning—a word which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love, and hilarity, in short, the union of the two best things in the world, the love of Nature and the love of each other. It was the day on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy.

> Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
> The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
> Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
> Mirth, and youth, and warm desire
> Woods and groves are of thy dressing:
> Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
> Thus we salute thee with our early song,
> And welcome thee, and wish thee long

These songs were stopped by Milton's own friends the Puritans, whom in his old age he again differed with, most likely on these very points, among others But till then they appear to have been as old, all over Europe, as the existence of society. The Druids are said to have had festivals in honour of May. Our Teutonic ancestors had undoubtedly, and in the countries which had constituted the Western Roman Empire, Flora still saw thanks paid for her flowers, though her worship had gone away.

The homage which was paid to the Month of Love and Flowers may be divided into two sorts, the general and the individual. The first consisted in going with others to gather May, and in joining in sports and games afterwards On the first of the month, "the juvenile part of both sexes,"

says Bourne, in his "Popular Antiquities," "were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a May-pole, which, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered to it in the whole circle of the year." Spenser, in his "Shepheard's Calendar," has detailed the circumstances in a style like a rustic dance The day was passed in sociality and manly sports—in archery, and running, and pitching the bar,—in dancing, singing, playing music, acting Robin Hood and his company, and making a well-earned feast upon all the country dainties in season. It closed with an award of prizes

Among the gentry and at Court, the spirit of the same enjoyments took place, modified according to the taste or rank of the entertainers. The most universal amusement, agreeably to the general current in the veins, and the common participation of flesh and blood (for rank knows no distinction of legs and knee-pans), was dancing. Contests of chivalry supplied the place of more rural gymnastics. But the most poetical and elaborate entertainment was the Mask. A certain flowery grace was sprinkled over all; and the finest spirits of the time thought they showed both their manliness and wisdom in knowing how to raise the pleasures of the season to their height. Sir Philip Sydney, the idea of whom has come down to us as a personification of all the refinement of that age, is fondly recollected by Spenser in this character.

Individual homage to the month of May consisted in paying respect to it though alone, and in plucking flowers and flowering boughs to adorn apartments with.

But when morning pleasures are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning. He has left us two exquisite pictures of the solitary observance of May, in his "Palamon and Arcite." They are the more curious inasmuch as the actor in one is a lady, and in the

other a knight. How far they owe any of their beauty to his original, the "Theseide" of Boccaccio, we cannot say; for we never had the happiness of meeting with that very rare work. The Italians have so neglected it, that they have not only never given it a *rifacimento* or remodelling, as in the instance of Boiardo's poem, but are almost as much unacquainted with it, we believe, as foreign countries. Chaucer thought it worth his while to be both acquainted with it, and to make others so; and we may venture to say that we know of no Italian after Boccaccio's age who was so likely to understand him to the core as his English admirer, Ariosto not excepted. Still, from what we have seen of Boccaccio's poetry, we can imagine the "Theseide" to have been too lax and long. If Chaucer's "Palamon and Arcite" be all that he thought proper to distil from it, it must have been greatly so, for it was a large epic. But at all events the essence is an exquisite one. The tree must have been a fine old enormity, from which such a honey could be drawn.

All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth, in glad companies, to gather boughs; no adorning of houses with "the flowery spoil," no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of Nature, in grove or glade.

This time two hundred years ago, our ancestors were all anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasure with the town, then Avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.

Fortunately it does not follow that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is helping to diffuse knowledge. All other gains—all selfish and extravagant systems of acquisition—tend to overdo themselves, and to topple down by their own undiffused magnitude. The world, as it learns other things, may learn not to confound the means with the end, or, at least (to speak more philosophically), a really poor means with a really richer. The veriest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantity of excitement as a fundholder or a partisan; and health, and spirits, and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on, must do so, from necessity,

and should do so, for the ends we speak of: but knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours, looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus; and "the wisest heart of Solomon," who found everything vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the Spring and "the voice of the turtle," because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.

OF STICKS.

(*The Indicator*, May 24, 1820.)

AMONG other comparative injuries which we are accustomed to do to the characters of things animate and inanimate, in order to gratify our human vanity—such as calling a rascal a dog (which is a great compliment), and saying that a tyrant makes a beast of himself (which it would be a very good thing, and a lift in the world, if he could), is a habit, in which some persons indulge themselves, of calling insipid things and persons "sticks." Such and such a one is said to write a stick, and such another is himself called a stick—a poor stick, a mere stick, a stick of a fellow.

We protest against this injustice done to those genteel, jaunty, useful, and once flourishing sons of a good old stock. Take, for instance, a common cherry-stick, which is one of the favourite sort In the first place, it is a very pleasant substance to look at, the grain running round it in glossy and shadowy rings. Then it is of primeval antiquity, handed down from scion to scion through the most flourishing of genealogical trees In the third place, it is of Eastern origin; of a stock, which it is possible may

have furnished Haroun al Raschid with a djereed, or Mohammed with a camel-stick, or Xenophon in his famous retreat with fences, or Xerxes with tent-pins, or Alexander with a javelin, or Sardanapalus with tarts, or Solomon with a simile for his mistress's lips, or Jacob with a crook, or Methuselah with shadow, or Zoroaster with mathematical instruments, or the builders of Babel with scaffolding. Lastly, how do you know but that you may have eaten cherries off this very stick? for it was once alive with sap, and rustling with foliage, and powdered with blossoms, and red and laughing with fruit. Where the leathern tassel now hangs, may have dangled a bunch of berries; and instead of the brass ferrule poking in the mud, the tip was growing into the air with its youngest green.

The use of sticks in general is of the very greatest antiquity. It is impossible to conceive a state of society in which boughs should not be plucked from trees for some purpose of utility or amusement. Savages use clubs, hunters require lances, and shepherds their crooks. Then came the sceptre, which is originally nothing but a staff, or a lance, or a crook, distinguished from others. The Greek word for sceptre signifies also a walking-stick. A mace, however plumped up and disguised with gilding and a heavy crown, is only the same thing in the hands of an inferior ruler, and so are all other sticks used in office, from the bâton of the Grand Constable of France down to the tipstaff of a constable in Bow Street. As the shepherd's dog is the origin of the gentlest whelp that lies on a hearth-cushion, and of the most pompous barker that jumps about a pair of greys, so the merest stick used by a modern Arcadian, when he is driving his flock to Leadenhall Market with a piece of candle in his hat and No. 554 on his arm, is the first great parent and original of all authoritative staves, from the beadle's cane wherewith he terrifies charity-boys who eat bull's-eyes in church-time, up to the silver mace of the verger, the wands of parishes and governors; the tasseled staff wherewith the band-major so loftily picks out his measured way before the musicians, and which he holds up when they are to cease; the white staff of the Lord Treasurer; the Court-officer emphatically called the Lord Gold Stick; the bishop's crozier (Pedum Episcopale), whereby he is supposed to pull back the feet of his straying flock;

and the royal and imperial sceptre aforesaid, whose holders, formerly called shepherds of the people (Ποιμενές Λαῶν), were seditiously said to fleece more than to protect. The vaulting-staff, a luxurious instrument of exercise, must have been used in times immemorial for passing streams and rough ground with. It is the ancestor of the staff with which pilgrims travelled. The staff and quarter-staff of the country Robin Hoods is a remnant of the war club. So is the Irish shillelah, which a friend has well defined to be "a stick with two butt-ends." The originals of all these, that are not extant in our own country, may still be seen wherever there are nations uncivilized. The Negro prince, who asked our countrymen what was said of him in Europe, was surrounded in state with a parcel of ragged fellows with shillelahs over their shoulders—Lord Old Sticks.

But sticks have been great favourites with civilized as well as uncivilized nations, only the former have used them more for help and ornament. The Greeks were a sceptropherous people. Homer probably used a walking-stick, because he was blind; but we have it on authority that Socrates did. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him, in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. Xenophon having told him, he asked again, if he knew where virtue and wisdom were to be had; and this reducing the young man to a nonplus, he said, "Follow me, and learn;" which Xenophon did, and became the great man we have all heard of. The fatherly story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding on a stick, and asked his visitor whether *he* was a father, is too well known for repetition.

There is an illustrious anecdote connected with our subject in Roman history. The highest compliment which his countrymen thought they could pay to the first Scipio was to call him a walking-stick; for such is the signification of his name. It was given him for the filial zeal with which he used to help his old father about, serving his decrepit age instead of a staff. But the Romans were not remarkable for sentiment. What we hear in general of their sticks, is the thumpings which servants get in their plays; and above all, the famous rods which the lictors

carried, and which, being actual sticks, must have inflicted horrible dull bruises and malignant stripes. They were pretty things, it must be confessed, to carry before the chief magistrate, just as if the King or the Lord Chancellor were to be preceded by a cat-o'-nine-tails

Sticks are not at all in such request with modern times as they were Formerly, we suspect most of the poorer ranks in England used to carry them, both on account of the prevalence of manly sports, and for security in travelling: for before the invention of posts and mail-coaches, a trip to Marlow or St Albans was a thing to make a man write his will. As they came to be ornamented, fashion adopted them. The Cavaliers of Charles I.'s time were a sticked race as well as the apostolic divines and Puritans, who appear to have carried staves because they read of them among the patriarchs Charles I, when at his trial, held out his stick to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding. There is an interesting little story connected with a stick, which is related of Andrew Marvell's father (worthy of such a son), and which, as it is little known, we will repeat; though it respects the man more than the machine He had been visited by a young lady, who, in spite of a stormy evening, persisted in returning across the Humber, because her family would be alarmed at her absence. The old gentleman, high-hearted and cheerful, after vainly trying to dissuade her from perils which he understood better than she, resolved in his gallantry to bear her company He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and, getting into the boat, threw his stick to a friend, with a request, in a lively tone of voice, that he would preserve it for a keepsake He then cried out merrily, "Ho-hoy for heaven!" and put off with his visitor They were drowned.

As commerce increased, exotic sticks grew in request from the Indies Hence the Bamboo, the Whanghee, the Jambee, which makes such a genteel figure under Mr. Lilly's auspices in the *Tatler*, and our light modern cane, which the Sunday stroller buys at sixpence apiece, with a twist of it at the end for a handle The physicians, till within the last few score of years, retained, among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign-royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of

accomplished gesticulation. One of the most courtly personages in the "Rape of the Lock" is—

> Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Sir Richard Steele, as we have before noticed, is reproached by a busybody of those times for a habit of jerking his stick against the pavement as he walked. When swords were abolished by Act of Parliament, the tavern-boys took to pinking each other, as injuriously as they could well manage, with their walking-sticks. Macklin the player was tried for his life for poking a man's eye out in this way. Perhaps this helped to bring the stick into disrepute, for the use of it seems to have declined more and more, till it is now confined to old men, and a few among the younger. It is unsuitable to our money-getting mode of rushing hither and thither Instead of pinking a man's ribs or so, or thrusting out his eye from an excess of the jovial, we break his heart with a bankruptcy.

Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still common to say that he has had "a caning." Which reminds us of an anecdote more agreeable than surprising; though the patient doubtless thought the reverse. A gentleman, who was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, accompanied by something which a bully might certainly think he might presume upon, found himself compelled to address a person who did not know how to "translate his style," in the following words, which were all delivered in the sweetest tone in the world, with an air of almost hushing gentility:—"Sir,—I am extremely sorry—to be obliged to say,—that you appear to have a very erroneous notion of the manners that become your situation in life;—and I am compelled, with great reluctance, to add,"—(here he became still softer and more delicate)—"that if you do not think fit, upon reflection, to alter this very extraordinary conduct towards a gentleman, I shall be under the necessity of——caning you." The other treated the thing as a joke; and, to the delight of the bystanders, received a very grave drubbing.

There are two eminent threats connected with caning in the history of Dr. Johnson. One was from himself, when

he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied, that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, chastise him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candour and common sympathy. Foote desisted, as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read him a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that the theatrical annals have to regret that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded him to expatiate upon. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting—the part of Scipio by Dr. Johnson The other threat was against the Doctor himself from Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian It was for denying the authenticity of that work; a provocation the more annoying, inasmuch as he did not seem duly sensible of its merits. Johnson replied to Macpherson's letter by one of contemptuous brevity and pith; and contented himself with carrying about a large stick with which he intended to repel Macpherson in case of an assault Had they met, it would have been like "two clouds over the Caspian;" for both were large-built men.

We recollect another bacular Johnsonian anecdote When he was travelling in Scotland, he lost a huge stick of his in the little treeless island of Mull. Boswell told him he would recover it; but the Doctor shook his head. "No, no," said he; "let anybody in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here."

The most venerable sticks now surviving are the smooth amber-coloured canes in the possession of old ladies They have sometimes a gold head, but oftener a crook of ivory But they have latterly been much displaced by light umbrellas, the handles of which are imitations of them; and these are gradually retreating before the young parasol, especially about town

That sticks, however, are not to be despised by the leisurely, any one who has known what it is to want words, or to slice off the head of a thistle, will allow. The utility of the stick seems divisible into three heads First, to give a general consciousness of power, second, which may be called a part of the first, to help the demeanour; and third, which may be called a part of the second, to assist a man

over the gaps of speech,—the little awkward intervals, called want of ideas.

Deprive a man of his stick who is accustomed to carry one, and with what a diminished sense of vigour and gracefulness he issues out of his house! Wanting his stick, he wants himself. His self-possession, like Acres's on the duel-ground, has gone out at his fingers' ends. But restore it him, and how he resumes his energy! If a common walking-stick, he cherishes the top of it with his fingers, putting them out and back again with a fresh desire to feel it in his palm! How he strikes it against the ground, and feels power come back to his arm! How he makes the pavement ring with the ferrule, if in a street; or decapitates the downy thistles aforesaid, if in a field! Then, if it be a switch, how firmly he jerks his step at the first infliction of it on the air! How he quivers the point of it as he goes, holding the handle with a straight-dropped arm and a tight grasp! How his foot keeps time to the switches! How the passengers think he is going to ride, whether he is or not! How he twigs the luckless pieces of lilac or other shrubs, that peep out of a garden railing! And if a sneaking-looking dog is coming by, how he longs to exercise his despotism and his moral sense at once, by giving him an invigorating twinge!

But what would certain men of address do without their cane or switch? There is an undoubted rhabdosophy, sceptrosophy, or wisdom of the stick, besides the famous divining-rod with which people used to discover treasures and fountains. It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes he holds it upright between his knees, and tattoos it against his teeth or under-lip; which implies that he meditates coolly. On other occasions, he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces jauntiness in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick at your ribs, and say, "Ah! you rogue!"—which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronizing wit, who can dispense with the necessity of joking.

At the same time, to give it its due zest in life, a stick has its inconveniences. If you have yellow gloves on, and drop it in the mud, a too hasty recovery is awkward. To have it stick between the stones of a pavement is not pleasant, especially if it snap the ferrule off; or more especially if an old gentleman or lady is coming behind you, and, after making them start back with winking eyes, it threatens to trip them up. To lose the ferrule on a country road, renders the end liable to the growth of a sordid brush; which, not having a knife with you, or a shop in which to borrow one, goes pounding the wet up against your legs. In a crowded street, you may have the stick driven into a large pane of glass; upon which an unthinking tradesman, utterly indifferent to a chain of events, issues forth, and demands twelve shillings and sixpence. But perhaps we have been anticipated on these points by that useful regulator of the philosophy of every-day matters, who wrote a treatise entitled "The Miseries of Human Life" We shall only add, that the stick is never more in the way than when you meet two ladies, your friends, whose arms you are equally bound and beatified to take. Now is the time, if the fortunate sceptrosopher wishes to be thought well of in a fair bosom. He throws away the stick The lady smiles and deprecates, and thinks how generously he could protect her without a stick.

It was thus that Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was an aspirant at Elizabeth's Court at Greenwich, attending her one day on a walk, in company with other fine spirits of that age, and coming upon a plashy strip of ground which put her Majesty's princely foot to a nonplus, no sooner saw her dilemma than he took off a gallant velvet cloak which he had about him, and throwing it across the mud and dirt, made such a passage for her to go over as her royal womanhood never forgot.

OF THE SIGHT OF SHOPS —FIRST PAPER.

(*The Indicator*, May 31, 1820)

WE prefer the country a million times over for walking in generally, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy

it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and find a quickly dried pavement and a set of brilliant shops very pleasant. Nay, we have known days, even in spring, when a street may outdo the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces; but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of utility in this article, except indeed of the great utility of agreeableness. A candid leather-cutter, therefore, will pardon us if we do not find anything very attractive in his premises So will his friend the shoemaker, who is bound to like us rural pedestrians. A stationer too, on obvious accounts, will excuse us for thinking his concern a very dull and bald-headed business. We cannot bear the horribly neat monotony of his shelves, with their loads of virgin paper, their slates and slate-pencils that set one's teeth on edge, their pocket-books, and, above all, the detestable ruled account-books, which at once remind one of the necessity of writing, and of the impossibility of writing anything pleasant on such pages. The only agreeable thing in a stationer's shop, when it has it, is the ornamental work, the card-racks, hand-screens, &c., which remind us of the fair morning fingers that paste and gild such things, and surprise their aunts with presents of flowery boxes. But we grieve to add, that the prints which the stationers furnish for such elegancies are not in the very highest taste. They are apt to deviate too scrupulously from the originals. Their well-known heads become too anonymous. Their young ladies have casts in the eyes, a little too much on one side even for the sidelong divinities of Mr. Harlowe.

We can see nothing in a hatter's shop but the hats, and the reader is acquainted with our pique against them. The beaver is a curious animal, but not entertaining enough, of itself, to make a window full of those very requisite nuisances an agreeable spectacle. It is true a hatter, like some other tradesmen, may be pleasanter himself by reason of the adversity of his situation. We cannot say more for the crewel-shop next door—a name justly provocative of a pun. It is customary, however, to have sign-paintings of Adam and Eve at these places, which is some relief to the monotony of the windows; only they remind us but too well of these cruel necessities to which they brought us The baker's next ensuing is a very dull shop, much inferior to the gingerbread-baker's, whose parliament we used to munch at school, wiping away the crumbs as they fell upon our "Mysteries of Udolpho." The tailor's makes one as melancholy to look at it as the sedentary persons within. The hosier's is worse, particularly if it has a Golden Leg over it, for that precious limb is certainly not symbolical of the weaver's. The windows, half board and half dusty glass, which abound in the city, can scarcely be turned to a purpose of amusement, even by the most attic of dry-salters. We own we have half a longing to break them, and let in the light of nature upon their recesses, whether they belong to those more piquant gentlemen, or to bankers, or any other high and wholesale personages. A light in one of these windows at nine o'clock is, to us, one of the very dismallest reflections on humanity. We wish we could say something for a tallow-chandler's, because everybody abuses it, but we cannot It must bear its fate like the man. A good deal might be said in behalf of candle-light, but, in passing from shop to shop, the variety is so great that the imagination has not time to dwell on any one in particular. The ideas they suggest must be obvious, and on the surface. A grocer's and tea-dealer's is a good thing. It fills the mind instantly with a variety of pleasant tastes, as the ladies in Italy, on certain holidays, pelt the gentlemen with sweetmeats. An undertaker's is as great a baulk to one's spirits as a loose stone to one's foot. It gives one a deadly jerk. But it is refreshing upon the whole to see the inhabitant looking carelessly out of doors, or hammering while humming a tune, for why should he die a death at

every fresh order for a coffin? An undertaker walking merrily drunk by the side of the hearse is a horrid object, but an undertaker singing and hammering in his shop is only rapping death himself on the knuckles. The dead are not there; the altered fellow-creature is not there; but only the living man, and the abstract idea of death, and he may defy that as much as he pleases An apothecary's is the more deadly thing of the two, for the coffin may be made for a good old age, but the draught and the drug are for the sickly. An apothecary's looks well, however, at night-time, on account of the coloured glasses. It is curious to see two or three people talking together in the light of one of them, and looking profoundly blue. There are two good things in an Italian warehouse—its name, and its olives; but it is chiefly built up of gout Nothing can be got out of a brazier's windows, except by a thief; but we understand it is a good place to live at for those who cannot procure waterfalls. A music-shop with its windows full of title pages, is provokingly insipid to look at, considering the quantity of slumbering enchantment inside, which only wants waking. A bookseller's is interesting, especially if the books are very old or very new, and have frontispieces. But let no author, with or without money in his pocket, trust himself in the inside, unless, like the bookseller, he has too much at home. An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them. And yet not so. Let us not blaspheme the "divinity that stirs within us" The old comparison of the bee is better; for even if his toil at last is his destruction, and he is killed in order to be plundered, he has had the range of nature before he dies. His has been the summer air, and the sunshine, and the flowers; and gentle ears have listened to him, and gentle eyes have been upon him. Let others eat his honey that please, so that he has had his morsel and his song A book-stall is better for an author than a regular shop; for the books are cheaper, the choice often better and more ancient; and he may look at them, and move on, without the horrors of not buying anything; unless, indeed, the master or mistress stands looking at him from the door; which is a vile practice. It is necessary, we suppose, to guard against pilferers; but then ought not a stall-keeper, of any perception, to know one of us real magnanimous

spoilers of our gloves from a sordid thief? A tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality; not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakspeare and the *Tatler's* The rural transparencies, however, which they have in their windows, with all our liking of the subject, would perhaps be better in any others, for tavern sociality is a town thing, and should be content with town ideas A landscape in the window makes us long to change it at once for a rural inn; to have a rosy-faced damsel attending us, instead of a sharp and serious waiter, and to catch, in the intervals of chat, the sound of a rookery instead of cookery. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us as it is with some. It may not be very genteel, but neither is everything that is rich. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week, but what, in the meantime, are pride and avarice, and all the unsocial vices, about? Before we object to public-houses, and, above all, to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the systems that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious Till then, in spite of the vulgar part of the polite, we shall have an esteem for the Devil and the Bag o' Nails, and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of "Lovely Nan," or "Brave Captain Death," or "Tobacco is an Indian Weed," or "Why, Soldiers, why?" or "Says Plato, why should man be vain?" or that judicious and unanswerable ditty commencing—

> Now what can man more desire
> Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire;
> And on his knees, &c

We will even refuse to hear anything against a gin-shop, till the various systems of the moralists and economists are discussed, and the virtuous leave off seduction and old port In the meantime, we give up to anybody's dislike the butcher's and fishmonger's, with their blood-dropping sheep and their crimped cod. And yet, see how things go by comparison. We remember, in our boyhood, when a lady from the West Indies, of a very delicate and high-bred nature, could find nothing about our streets that more excited her admiration than the butchers' shops. She had no notion, from what

she had seen in her own country, that so ugly a business could be carried on with so much neatness, and become actually passable. An open potato-shop is a dull, bleak-looking place, except in the height of summer. A cheese-monger's is then at its height of annoyance, unless you see a pavior or bricklayer coming out with his three-penn'orth on his bread—a better sight than the glutton's waddling away from the fishmonger's. A poulterer's is a dead-bodied business, with its birds and their lax necks. We dislike to see a bird anywhere but in the open air, alive, and quick. Of all creatures, restraint and death become its winged vivacity the least. For the same reason we hate aviaries. Dog-shops are tolerable. A cook-shop does not mingle the agreeable with the useful. We hate its panes with "ham and beef" scratched upon them in white letters. An ivory-turner's is pleasant with its red and white chessmen, and little big-headed Indians on elephants. So is a toy-shop, with its endless delights for children. A coach-maker's is not disagreeable if you can see the painting and panels. An umbrella-shop only reminds one of a rainy day, unless it is a shop for sticks also, which, as we have already shown, are meritorious articles. The curiosity-shop is sometimes very amusing, with its mandarins, stuffed birds, odd old carved faces, and a variety of things as indescribable as bits of dreams. The greengrocer carries his recommendation in his epithet. The hair-dressers are also interesting, as far as their hair goes, but not as their heads; always bearing in mind that we mean the heads in their windows. One of the shops we like least is an angling repository, with its rod for a sign, and a fish dancing in the agonies of death at the end of it. We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of the water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish. An optician's is not very amusing, unless it has those reflecting glasses in which you see your face run off on each side into attenuated width, or upwards and downwards in the same manner in dreary longitude. A saddler's is good, because it reminds one of horses. A Christian sword-maker's or gun-maker's is edifying. A glass-shop is a beautiful spectacle. It reminds one of the splendours of a fairy palace. We like a blacksmith's for the

sturdy looks and thumpings of the men, the swarthy colour, the fiery sparkles, and the thunder-breathing throat of the furnace Of other houses of traffic, not common in the streets, there is something striking to us in the large well-conditioned horses of the brewers, and the rich smoke rolling from out their chimneys, We also greatly admire a wharf, with its boats, barrels, and packages, and the fresh air from the water; not to mention the smell of pitch. It carries us at once a hundred miles over the water. For similar reasons, the crabbedest old lane has its merits in our eyes, if there is a sail-maker's in it, or a boat-builder's, and water at the end. How used old Roberts of Lambeth to gratify the aspiring modesty of our school-coats, when he welcomed us down to his wherries and captains on a holiday, and said "Blue against Black at any time," meaning the Westminster boys! And the colleges will ratify his praise, taking into consideration the difference of the numbers that go there from either cloisters. But of all shops in the street, a print-seller's pleases us most. We would rather pay a shilling to Mr. Colnaghi of Cockspur Street, or Mr. Molteno of Pall Mall, to look at his windows on one of their best-furnished days, than we would for many an exhibition. We can see fine engravings there—translations from Raphael and Titian, which are newer than hundreds of originals We do not despise a pastry-cook's, though we would rather not eat tarts and puffs before the half-averted face of the prettiest of accountants; especially with a beggar watching and praying all the while at the door. We need not expatiate on the beauties of a florist's, where you see unwithering leaves, and roses made immortal. We think they would do their trade more good if they hung their windows with a greater number of flowers, ticketing some of them with their names and prices, and announcing crowns and wreaths for hanging up in rooms as well as wearing on the head. A dress warehouse is sometimes really worth stopping at, for its flowered draperies and richly coloured shawls. But one's pleasure is apt to be disturbed (ye powers of gallantry! bear witness to the unwilling pen that writes it) by the fair faces that come forth, and the half-polite, half-execrating expression of the tradesman that bows them out; for here takes place the chief enjoyment of the mystery yclept "shopping;" and here, while some ladies give the smallest trouble

unwillingly. others have an infinity of things turned over, for the mere satisfaction of wasting their own time and the shopman's. We have read of a choice of a wife by cheese. It is difficult to speak of preference in such matters, and all such single modes of trial must be something equivocal: but we must say that, of all modes of the kind, we should desire no better way of seeing what ladies we admired most and whom least, than by witnessing this trial of them at a linen-draper's counter.

OF THE SIGHT OF SHOPS.—Second Paper.

(*The Indicator*, June 7, 1820)

Imagine a fine day; time, about noon; scene, any good brilliant street. The ladies are abroad in white and green; the beaux lounging, conscious of their waists and neck-cloths, the busy pushing onward, conscious of their bills.

To begin, where our shopping experience began, with the toy-shop:

> Visions of glory, spare our aching sight!
> Ye just-breech'd ages, crowd not on our soul!

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint which was on the handle of our first wooden sword! The pewter guard also—how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look! How did we hang it round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon; then feel it well suspended; then draw it out of the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of damsels! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window—the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first night behind our pillow. We still feel ourselves little boys, while standing in this shop; and for that matter, so we do on other occasions. A field has as much merit in our eyes, and gingerbread almost as much in our mouths, as at that daisy-plucking and lemon-cake-munching period of life. There is the trigger-rattling gun—fine of its kind,

but not so complete a thing as the sword. Its memories are not so ancient, for Alexander or St. George did not fight with a musket Neither is it so true a thing; it is not "like life" The trigger is too much like that of a cross-bow, and the pea which it shoots, however hard, produces even in the imaginative faculties of boyhood a humiliating flash of the mock-heroic. It is difficult to fancy a dragon killed with a pea; but the shape and appurtenances of the sword being genuine, the whole sentiment of massacre is as much in its wooden blade as if it were steel of Damascus. The drum is still more real, though not so heroic In the corner opposite are battledores and shuttlecocks, which have their maturer beauties, balls, which have the additional zest of the danger of breaking people's windows; ropes, good for swinging and skipping, especially the long ones which others turn for you, while you run in a masterly manner up and down, or skip in one spot with an easy and endless exactitude of toe, looking alternately at their conscious faces, blood-allies, with which the possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of the ring, kites, which must appear to more vital birds a very ghastly kind of fowl, with their grim long white faces, no bodies, and endless tails, cricket-bats, manly to handle, trap-bats, a genteel inferiority; swimming-corks, despicable, horses on wheels, an imposition on the infant public; rocking-horses, too much like Pegasus, ardent, yet never getting on, Dutch toys, so like life, that they ought to be better, Jacob's ladders, flapping down one over another their tintinnabulary shutters, dissected maps, from which the infant statesman may learn how to dovetail provinces and kingdoms, paper posture-makers, who hitch up their knees against their shoulder-blades, and dangle their legs like an opera-dancer; liliputian plates, dishes, and other household utensils, in which a grand dinner is served up out of half an apple; boxes of paints, to colour engravings with, always beyond the outline, ditto of bricks, a very sensible and lasting toy, which we except from a grudge we have against the gravity of infant geometrics, whips, very useful for cutting people's eyes unawares, hoops, one of the most ancient as well as excellent of toys, sheets of pictures, from A apple-pie up to farming, military, and zoological exhibitions, always taking care that the fly is

as large as the elephant, and the letter X exclusively appropriated to Xerxes; musical deal-boxes, rather complaining than sweet, and more like a peal of bodkins than bells; penny trumpets, awful at Bartlemy-tide; Jew's harps, that thrill and breathe between the lips like a metal tongue; carts, carriages, hobby-horses, upon which the infant equestrian prances about proudly on his own feet; in short—not to go through the whole representative body of existence—dolls, which are so dear to the maternal instincts of little girls. We protest, however, against that abuse of them which makes them full-dressed young ladies in body, while they remain infant in face; especially when they are of frail wax. It is cultivating finery instead of affection. We like good honest plump limbs of cotton and sawdust, dressed in baby-linen; or even our ancient young friends, with their staring dotted eyes, red varnished faces, triangular noses, and Rosinante wooden limbs—not, it must be confessed, excessively shapely or feminine, but the reverse of fragile beauty, and prepared against all disasters.

The next step is to the pastry-cook's, where the plain bun is still the pleasantest thing in our eyes, from its respectability in those of childhood. The pastry, less patronized by judicious mothers, is only so much elegant indigestion: yet it is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart, in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semicircular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining. There is a custard with a wall of paste round it, which provokes a siege of this kind; and the cheese-cake has its amenities of approach. The acid flavour is a relief to the mawkishness of the biffin or pressed baked apple, and an addition to the glib and quivering lightness of the jelly. Twelfth-cake, which, when cut, looks like the side of a rich pit of earth covered with snow, is pleasant from warmer associations. Confectionery does not seem in the same request as of old. Its paint has hurt its reputation. Yet the schoolboy has still much to say for its humbler suavities, such as elecampane, hardbake, bull's-eyes, comfits, the rocky crystals of sugar-candy, the smooth twist of barley-sugar, which looks like a petrified stream of tea, and the melting powderiness of peppermint. There used to be a mystery called mimpins, which, as Dr. Johnson would say, made a pretty sweetmeat. Kisses are very

amiable and allegorical. Eight or ten of them, judiciously wrapped up in pieces of letter-paper, have saved many a loving heart the trouble of a less eloquent billet-doux. Candied citron we look upon to be the very acme and atticism of confectionery grace. Preserves are too much of a good thing, with the exception of the jams that retain their fruit-skins. *Jam satis* They qualify the cloying. Yet marmalade must not be passed over in these times, when it has been raised to the dignity of the peerage. There is a Duke of Marmalade in Hayti, and a Count of Lemonade—so called, we presume, from places in which those eminent relishes are manufactured. We have not yet heard of a Lord Viscount Jam. After all, we must own that there is but one thing for which we care much at a pastry-cook's, except our old acquaintance the bun, especially as we can take up that and go on. It is an ice. Fancy a very hot day, the blinds down, the loungers unusually languid, the pavement burning one's feet, the sun, with a strong outline in the street, baking one whole side of it like a brick-kiln, so that everybody is crowding on the other, except a man going to intercept a creditor bound for the Continent. Then think of a heaped-up ice, brought upon a salver with a spoon. What statesman, of any warmth of imagination, would not pardon the Neapolitans in summer for an insurrection on account of the want of ice? Think of the first sidelong dip of the spoon in it, bringing away a well-sliced lump; then of the sweet wintry refreshment, that goes lengthening down one's throat; and lastly, of the sense of power and satisfaction resulting from having had the ice.

> Not heaven itself can do away that slice;
> But what has been, has been; and I have had my ice.

We have unaccountably omitted two excellent shops—the fruiterer's and the sculptor's. There is great beauty, as well as other agreeableness, in a well-disposed fruiterer's window. Here are the round piled-up oranges, deepening almost into red, and heavy with juice, the apple, with its brown-red cheek, as if it had slept in the sun, the pear, swelling downwards, and provocative of a huge bite in the side, thronging grapes, like so many tight little bags of wine; the peach, whose handsome leathern coat strips off so

finely; the pearly or ruby-like currants, heaped in light, long baskets; the red little mouthfuls of strawberries, ditto, the larger purple ones of plums, whose old comparison with lips is better than anything new; mulberries, dark and rich with juice, fit to grow over what Homer calls the deep black-watered fountains; the swelling pomp of melons; the rough, inexorable-looking cocoa-nut, milky at heart; the elaborate elegance of walnuts; the quaint cashoo-nut; almonds, figs, raisins, tamarinds, green leaves: in short,

> Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
> In India East or West, or middle shore
> In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
> Alcinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
> Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell.

There is something of more refined service in waiting upon a lady in a fruit-shop than in a pastry-cook's. The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott handsomely saith in his "Life of Dryden" (who used to enjoy them, it seems, in company with "Madam Reeves"), is "no inelegant pleasure;" but there is something still more graceful and suitable in the choosing of the natural fruit, with its rosy lips and red cheeks. A white hand looks better on a basket of plums than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. There is less of the kitchen about the fair visitor. She is more Pomona-like, native, and to the purpose. We help her as we would a local deity.

In the windows of some of the sculptors' shops, artificial fruit may be seen It is a better thing to put upon a mantelpiece than many articles of greater fashion; but it gives an abominable sensation to one's imaginary teeth. The incautious epicure who plunges his teeth into "a painted snowball" in Italy (see Brydone's "Tour in Sicily and Malta") can hardly receive so jarring a baulk to his gums as the bare apprehension of a bite at a stone peach. But the farther you go in a sculptor's shop the better. Many persons are not aware that there are show-rooms in these places, which are well worth getting a sight of by some small purchase. For the best artistical casts, the Italian shops, such as Papera's in Marylebone Street, Golden Square, are, we believe, the best. We can safely speak as

to the pleasant attendance in that shop. Shout in Holborn seems to deal chiefly in modern things; but he has a room upstairs, full of casts from the antique, large and small, that amounts to an exhibition. Of all the shop-pleasures that are "not inelegant," an hour or two passed in a place of this kind is surely one of the most polite. Here are the gods and heroes of old, and the more beneficent philosophers, ancient and modern. You are looked upon, as you walk among them, by the paternal majesty of Jupiter, the force and decision of Minerva, the still more arresting gentleness of Venus, the budding compactness of Hebe, the breathing inspiration of Apollo. Here the celestial Venus, naked in heart and body, ties up her locks, her drapery hanging upon her lower limbs. Here the Belvidere Apollo, breathing forth his triumphant disdain, follows with an earnest eye the shaft that has killed the serpent. Here the Graces, linked in an affectionate group, meet you in the naked sincerity of their innocence and generosity, their hands "open as day," and two advancing for one receding. Here Hercules, like the building of a man, looks down from his propping club as if half disdaining even that repose. There Mercury, with his light limbs, seems just to touch the ground, ready to give a start with his foot and be off again. Bacchus, with his riper cheek and his lazier hanging locks, appears to be eyeing one of his nymphs. The Vatican Apollo near him leans upon the stump of a tree, the hand which hangs upon it holding a bit of his lyre, the other arm thrown up over his head, as if he felt the air upon his body, and heard it singing through the strings. In a corner, on another side, is the Couching Venus of John of Bologna, shrinking just before she steps into the bath. The Dancing Faun is not far off, with his mere animal spirits, and the Piping Faun, sedater, because he possesses an art more accomplished. Among the other divinities, we look up with veneration to old Homer's head, resembling an earthly Jupiter. Plato beholds us with a bland dignity—a beauty unimpairable by years. How different from the brute impulse of Mars, the bloated self-will of Nero, or the dull and literal effeminacy of some of the other Emperors! We have before observed, that there is a sort of presence in sculpture, more than in any other representations of art. It is curious to see how instinctively people will fall into this sentiment,

when they come into a place with busts and statues in it, however common. They hush, as if the images could hear them. When we were in our boyhood, some of our most delightful holidays were spent in the gallery of the late Mr. West, in Newman Street. It runs a good way back from the street, crossing a small garden, and opening into loftier rooms on the other side of it. We remember how the world used to seem shut out from us the moment the street-door was closed, and we began stepping down those long carpeted aisles of pictures, with statues in the angles where they turned. We had observed everybody walk down them in this way, like the mild possessor of the mansion; and we went so likewise. We have walked down with him at night to his painting-room, as he went in his white flannel gown with a lamp in his hand, which shot a lustrous twilight upon the pictured walls in passing; and everything looked so quiet and graceful, that we should have thought it sacrilege to hear a sound beyond the light tread of his footsteps. But it was the statues that impressed us, still more than the pictures. It seemed as if Venus and Apollo waited our turning at the corners; and there they were—always the same, placid and intuitive, more human and bodily than the paintings, yet too divine to be over-real. It is to that house, with the gallery in question, and the little green plot of ground surrounded with an arcade and busts, that we owe the greatest part of our love for what is Italian and belongs to the fine arts. And if this is a piece of private history with which the readers have little to do, they will excuse it for the sake of the greatest of all excuses—which is love.

A RAINY DAY.

(*The Indicator*, June 21, 1820)

The day that we speak of is a complete one of its kind, beginning with a dark, wet morning, and ending in a drenching night. When you come downstairs from your chamber, you find the breakfast-room looking dark, the rain-spout pouring away, and, unless you live in a street of traffic, no sound out of doors but a clack of pattens and an occasional clang of milk-pails.

The preparation for a rainy day in town is certainly not the pleasantest thing in the world, especially for those who have neither health nor imagination to make their own sunshine. The comparative silence in the streets, which is made dull by our knowing the cause of it; the window-panes, drenched and ever-streaming, like so many helpless cheeks; the darkened rooms; and, in the summer season, the having left off fires; all fall like a chill shade upon the spirits. But we know not how much pleasantry can be made out of unpleasantness till we bestir ourselves The exercise of our bodies will make us bear the weather better, even mentally, and the exercise of our minds will enable us to bear it with patient bodies indoors, if we cannot go out. Above all, some people seem to think that they cannot have a fire made in a chill day, because it is summer-time—a notion which, under the guise of being seasonable, is quite the reverse, and one against which we protest. A fire is a thing to warm us when we are cold, not to go out because the name of the month begins with J Besides, the sound of it helps to dissipate that of the rain. It is justly called a companion. It looks glad in our faces; it talks to us; it is vivified at our touch; it vivifies in return; it puts life and warmth and comfort in the room. A good fellow is bound to see that he leaves this substitute for his company when he goes out—especially to a lady, whose solitary work-table in a chill room on such a day is a very melancholy refuge. We exhort her, if she can afford it, to take a book and a footstool, and plant herself before a good fire. We know of few baulks more complete than coming down of a chill morning to breakfast, turning one's chair, as usual, to the fireside, planting one's feet on the fender and one's eyes on a book, and suddenly discovering that there is no fire in the grate. A grate, that ought to have a fire in it, and gapes in one's face with none, is like a cold, grinning, empty rascal.

There is something, we think, not disagreeable in issuing forth during a good, honest, summer rain, with a coat well buttoned up and an umbrella over our heads The first flash open of the umbrella seems a defiance to the shower, and the sound of it afterwards over our dry heads corroborates the triumph. If we are in this humour, it does not matter how drenching the day is We despise the expensive effeminacy of a coach, have an agreeable malice of self-con-

tent at the sight of crowded gateways, and see nothing in the furious little rain-spouts but a lively emblem of critical opposition—weak, low, washy, and dirty—gabbling away with a perfect impotence of splutter.

Our limits compel us to bring this article to a speedier conclusion than we thought. We must therefore say little of a world of things we intended to descant on—of pattens; and eaves, and hackney-coaches; and waiting in vain to go out on a party of pleasure, while the youngest of us insists every minute that "it is going to hold up;" and umbrellas dripping on one's shoulder; and the abomination of soaked gloves; and standing up in gateways, when you hear now and then the passing roar of rain on an umbrella; and glimpses of the green country at the end of streets; and the foot-marked earth of the country roads; and clouds eternally following each other from the west; and the scent of the luckless new-mown hay, and the rainbow; and the glorious thunder and lightning; and a party waiting to go home at night; and last of all, the delicious moment of taking off your wet things, and resting in the dry and warm content of your gown and slippers.

A NOW.

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY.

(*The Indicator*, June 28, 1820.)

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well, resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses. Now

an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence: that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as, "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler;" or, "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking, and the lady in good-humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says, "Ah, men can talk fast enough," upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too, for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and dotes on the repartee all the day after Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road-side, are thick with dust, and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators Now a fellow who finds he has three miles farther to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up-hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash, and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners, and say millions of "My eyes!" at "tittle-bats" Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls

are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick set with hedgerow elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another in rooms, in doorways and out of window, always beginning the conversation by saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing; and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tin canisters, that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a water-pipe let out, and see it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now jockeys, walking in great-coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the

servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

SHAKING HANDS.

(*The Indicator*, July 12, 1820)

AMONG the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands Some, we observed, grasped everybody's hand alike—with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, it turned out, the operator had forgotten), the crush was no less complimentary; the face was as earnest and beaming, the "glad to see you" as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Deserts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman now and then as coy of his hand as if he were a prude, or had a whitlow [Hazlitt]. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the "civil salute" of the ordinary shake; or that, being introduced to him in a friendly manner, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side: the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which: you had to sustain it, as you might a lady's in handing her to a seat: and it was an equal perplexity to know how to shake or let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient, the other, an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person, till, on the party's breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided;

but, of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated (which they assuredly need *not* be, if considered without spleen), the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practise the other; and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of *that*, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason, but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or distrust. We have met with two really kind men who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them perhaps thought himself inferior to anybody about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves; but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to show him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had *not* the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention, we know not; but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other was the only man of a warm set of politicians who remained true to his first love of mankind. He was impatient at the change of his companions, and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency still remained warm; and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF LAUREL FROM VAUCLUSE.

(*The Indicator*, July 12, 1820)

And this piece of laurel is from Vaucluse! Perhaps Petrarch, perhaps Laura, sat under it! This is a true

present What an exquisite dry, old, vital, young-looking, everlasting twig it is! It has been plucked nine months, and looks as hale and as crisp as if it would last ninety years It shall last at any rate as long as its owner, and longer, if care and love can preserve it. How beautifully it is turned! It was a happy pull from the tree. Its shape is the very line of beauty; it has berries upon it, as if resolved to show us in what fine condition the trees are; while the leaves issue from it, and swerve upwards with their elegant points, as though they had come from adorning the poet's head. Be thou among the best of one's keepsakes, thou gentle stem—*in delicus nostris;* and may the very maid-servant who wonders to see thy withered beauty in its frame, miss her lover for the next five weeks, for not having the instinct to know that thou must have something to do with love!

Perhaps Petrarch has felt the old ancestral boughs of this branch stretching over his head, and whispering to him of the name of Laura, of his love, and of their future glory; for all these ideas used to be entwined in one. Perhaps it is of the very stock of that bough which he describes as supplying his mistress with a leaning stock when she sat in her favourite bower.

The laurel seems more appropriated to Petrarch than to any other poet He delighted to sit under its leaves, he loved it, both for itself and for the resemblance of its name to that of his mistress, he wrote of it continually, and he was called from out of its shade to be crowned with it in the Capitol It is a remarkable instance of the fondness with which he cherished the united ideas of Laura and the laurel, that he confesses it to have been one of the greatest delights he experienced in receiving the crown upon his head.

It was out of Vaucluse that he was called. Vaucluse, Valchiusa, the shut Valley (from which the French, in the modern enthusiasm for intellect, gave the name to the department in which it lies), is a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue Petrarch, when a boy of eight or nine years of age, had been struck with its beauty, and exclaimed that it was the place of all others he should

like to live in, better than the most splendid cities. He resided there afterwards for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems. Indeed, he says, in his own account of himself, that he either wrote or conceived in that valley almost every work he produced. He lived in a little cottage with a small homestead, on the banks of the river. Here he thought to forget his passion for Laura, and here he found it stronger than ever. We do not well see how it could have been otherwise; for Laura lived no great way off, at Chabrières, and he appears to have seen her often in the very place. He paced along the river; he sat under the trees; he climbed the mountains: but Love, he says, was ever by his side.

We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them, doubtless, know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the fourteenth century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that, although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works—or rather because he was both—he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it everywhere, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand, that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honour of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the metropolis of the world, with laurel and with myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after-lovers, and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connection was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of all her

modesty she could not show an insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts, from all that he wrote, uttered, and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times, and perhaps will do so as long as love renews the world.

COACHES AND THEIR HORSES.

(*The Indicator*, August 23 and 30, 1820)

We retain from childhood a considerable notion of "a ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach we especially mean a hired one, from the equivocal rank of the post-chaise down to that despised old castaway, the hackney.

The carriage, as it is indifferently called, is a more decided thing than the chaise; it may be swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a still greater distance in every respect, and (forgetting what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasurable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort: elegantly coloured inside and out; rich, yet neat; light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it The fat and fair-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action, and that little, his body well-set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his nonchalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked-hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst their glancing harness. Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with a princely superfluity of noise. The hammer-cloth trembles through all its fringe. The paint flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of everything less convenient, bow backwards and forwards with a certain indifferent air

of gentility infinitely predominant. Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the kerb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision. The coachman looks as if nothing had happened. The footman is down in an instant; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house; doors, both carriage and house, are open. We descend, casting a matter-of-course eye at the by-standers; and the moment we touch the pavement, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from its sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting, as it were, for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses.

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty, but it is also gouty and superfluous. It is too convenient, too exacting, too exclusive. We must get too much for it, and lose too much by it. Its plenty, as Ovid says, makes us poor.

Gigs and curricles are things less objectionable, because they cannot be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not genuine. How shall we own it? We like to be driven, instead of drive; to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head. We have no relish even for vehicles of this description, that are not safe. Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas; but even danger, to us, must come recommended by something useful. We have no ambition to have TANDEM written on our tombstone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is undoubtedly the curricle, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a bar of music, comprising their harmonious course. But, to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other constant mode of riding, it is common to all ranks, and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton, with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with respect in our childhood—partly for its own loftiness, partly for its name, and partly, perhaps, for the figure it makes in the prints to novels of

that period. The most gallant figure which more modern driving ever cut was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses panting and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the masters of the world, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling which, in the company of those we love, is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gazing gape of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comforts, and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal spirits at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If anything could grind us young again, it would be the wheels of a post-chaise. The only monotonous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postillion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the bar, which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit upon it, only reminds us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle, and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

The pleasure to be had in a mail-coach is not so much at one's command as that in a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it, and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing that they are bound to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do anything. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they sliver, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them, like a dragon's before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman, or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite, is fatal. It is a merit

eagerly acknowledged, and as quickly set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off.

The greatest peculiarity attending a mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and alteration of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road, the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens; a rush of cold air announces at once the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again; the sound of everything outside becomes dim; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about. The horses' mouths are heard swilling up the water out of tubs. All is still again; and some one in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep anywhere except in a mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent warm old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his nightcap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbour's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passenger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above mentioned; or thinking of his friends; or turning verses, as Sir Richard Blackmore did, "to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

The stage-coach is a very great and unpretending accommodation. It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteenpenny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasan[illegible] and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking, or even thinking, more kindly of one another than if they mingled less often, or under other circu[illegible] stances. The old and infirm are treated with rever[illegible]; a yet a

the ailing sympathized with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished, the poor well met; the young, with their faces conscious of Pride, patronized and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay, the fat, learn to bear with each other; and if some high-thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion, if they valued it so little as might be supposed. The mail or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great-coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every ale-house; for thirst when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to show the judicious reach of his whip, by twigging a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way His tenderness to descending old ladies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride; and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him, is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow Street runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or Old Joey, and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Yeah now there, Kitty—can't you be still?—Kitty's a devil, sir,—for all you wouldn't think it." He knows the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old

silver, There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in a drag position of his corduroy knees and old top-boots on the clergym

foot-board. with their pointed toes, and never-cleaned soles. His beau-ideal of appearance is a frock-coat with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

A hackney-coach always appears to us the most quiescent of movables. Its horses and it, slumbering on a stand, are an emblem of all the patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body seem to shiver, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can anything better illustrate the poet's line about

Years that bring the philosophic mind,

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body, dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue, and the habit of suffering, have become as natural to the creature as the bit to its mouth. Once in half an hour it moves the position of its leg, or shakes its drooping old ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses. one so much resembles the other, that it seems unnecessary for them to compare notes. They have that within which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company, but they are not. An old horse misses his companion like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say anything. It is talk, and memory, and everything. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they still, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a

palate for the hay which they pull so feebly? or for the rarer grain, which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags that are fastened on their mouths, to get at its shallow feast?

If the old horse were gifted with memory—and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?—it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest feeling he has: for the commonest hack has very likely been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment; has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture; has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently; has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurned at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had its very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valour as its chosen seat.

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid harness! The least utterance of the wretchedest voice makes him stop, and become a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old sign, fifty miles hence, was first painted. His nostrils drink nothing but what they cannot help—the water out of an old tub Not all the hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His mane is scratchy and lax, his shape an anatomy; his name a mockery. Shakspeare, who (in "Venus and Adonis") wrote the triumphal verses for him and his loves, has (in "Henry V.") written their living epitaph

> The poor jades
> Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
> The gum down roping from their pale, dead eyes,
> And in their pale, dull mouths the gimmal bit
> Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless.

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their sleek strength and beauty, converted into what they may both really become, a hackney and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteen-penny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it As we are going to get into it, we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl's or marquis's coronet,

and think how many light or proud hearts have ascended those now rickety steps In this coach, perhaps, an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-coloured coat. They talk of everything in the world, of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world. For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We dream she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says, "Whereabouts, sir?"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well as joy! Thou hast carried unwilling as well as willing hearts; hearts that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee, the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee, the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee, he has hastened to console the dying or the wretched. In thee, the father or mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her years, has taken the little child to the grave, like a human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sunshine If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly How many friends hast thou not carried to merry-meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight! Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart; and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as a reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN NATURE.

(*The Indicator*, September 13, 1820)

CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

PEOPLE undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being that enables them to have those ideas.

DIVERSITY OF OUR SENSATIONS.

There is reason to suppose that our perceptions and sensations are much more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and sweet.

VARIETY OF OUR PERCEPTIONS.

We may gather, from what we read of diseased imaginations, how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because they are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasurable or painful according to what they act upon. A man in health becomes sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are deranged, or rearrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colourings of his existence, take place, as in a kaleidoscope when we shake it. The conclusion is, that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth; but the state of perception

which is sickly to one state of existence, may be healthy to another.

CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustingness of heart We remember the time when the green rails along a set of suburb gardens used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sunrise, out in the country. And we will here add, that one never, perhaps, feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of good action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of, because he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing fair-play to the other side of the question. To return to our main point. After childhood comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticate and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Everything tells us to get back to a state of childhood—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection or piety, the better part of religion. If knowledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a finer region of it.

KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us unhappy as we grow up, but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet, as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be

acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable?" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has taken away. It must do by our comfort as a friend may do by one's books, enrich it with its comments. One man grows up, and gets unhealthy without knowledge, another, with it. The former suffers, and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness; but he can do nothing either for himself or others. The latter suffers, and discovers why. He suffers even more, because he knows more; but he learns also how to diminish suffering in others He learns, too, to apply his knowledge to his own case: and he sees that, as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away both the world's sufferings and his own The efforts to this end worry him, perhaps, and make him sickly; upon which, thinking is pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so, under these circumstances. What, then, if it betters the health of the many? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him what no want of thought would have done; and, on the other hand, if he shows a want of thought upon these points, then the inference is easy: he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback, instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakspeare divided his time between town and country, and, in the latter part of his life, built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna Solomon in his old age played the Anacreon, and, with Milton's leave, "his wisest heart" was not so much out in this matter as when his royal impatience induced him to say that everything was vanity.

CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE—OUR DESTINY.

There appears to be something in the composition of humanity like what we have observed in that of music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest: he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air; and he becomes inferior. Nature, in like manner (if we may

speak it without profaneness), appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off! What purity! What grace! What touching simplicity! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and "breaks the fair music" Well did a wiser than the "wisest heart" bid us try and continue children But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence. Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible? Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path?

ENDEAVOUR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antoninus) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavours to render it otherwise are right: if it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavours are still right. In either case, endeavour is good and useful; but in one of them, the want of it must be a mistake.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out!

So, with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakspeare make one of his characters exclaim. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper, out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see universal fair-play, and things on a level. "But there is still a residuum of evil, of which we should all wish to get rid.' Well, then, let us try.

ARTIFICE OF EXAGGERATED COMPLAINT.

Disappointment likes to make out bad to be worse than it is, in order to relieve the gnawing of its actual

wound. It would confuse the limits of its pain; and, by extending it too far, try to make itself uncertain how far it reached.

CUSTOM, ITS SELF-RECONCILEMENTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

Custom is seen more in what we bear than what we enjoy. And yet a pain long borne so fits itself to our shoulders that we do not miss even that without disquietude. The novelty of the sensation startles us. Montaigne, like our modern beaux, was uneasy when he did not feel himself well braced up and tightened in his clothing Prisoners have been known to wish to go back to their prisons; invalids have missed the accompaniment of an old gunshot wound; and the world is apt to be very angry with reformers and innovators, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. This is a good thing, and shows the indestructible tendency of nature to forego its troubles. But then reformers and innovators must arise, upon that very ground. To quarrel with them upon a principle of avowed spleen, is candid, and has a self-knowledge in it. But to resent them as impertinent or effeminate, is at bottom to quarrel with the principle of one's own patience, and to set the fear of moving above the courage of it.

ON COMMENDATORY VERSES.

(*The Indicator*, September 27, 1820)

We must inform the reader of a very particular sort of distress, to which we agreeable writers are subject We mean the not knowing what to do with letters of approbation. During the first era of our periodical flourishing, we used to sink them entirely, comforting ourselves in private with our magnanimity, and contrasting it with the greedy admission which some of our brethren gave to all panegyrical comers. We had not yet learnt that correspondents have delicate feelings to be consulted as well as editors When this very benignant light was let in upon us, we had to consider the natures of our several correspondents, and to try

and find out which of them wrote most sincerely, which would be hurt or otherwise by non-insertion, and which we ought to give way to, as a matter of right on their own parts, as well as of pleasure on ours. We found our scruples wonderfully apt to be done away in proportion to the intelligence and cordiality of the writer. Mere good-nature, with all our esteem for it, we could seldom admit, for obvious reasons; but good-nature and wit in unison, especially if joined with the knowledge of any generous action performed by the possessor, we always found irresistible to our modesty.

"In fact, the more honour it did you, Mr. Indicator, the more you were inclined to consult the delicacy of your correspondent."

Just so. Now if our faculties are anything at all, they are social; and we have always been most pleased on these occasions, when we have received the approbation of those friends whom we are most in the habit of thinking of when we write. There are multitudes of readers whose society we can fancy ourselves enjoying, though we have never seen them; but we are more particularly apt to imagine ourselves in such and such company, according to the nature of our articles. We are accustomed to say to ourselves, if we happen to strike off anything that pleases us,—K. [Keats?] will like that:—There's something for M. [Moore?] or R. [Rogers?]:—C. [Cowden Clarke?] will snap his finger and slap his knee-pan at this:—Here's a crow to pick for H. [Hazlitt?]—Here N. [Novello?] will shake his shoulders:—There B [Barnes of the *Times*?] ditto, his head:—Here S. [Shelley?] will shriek with satisfaction:—L [Lamb?] will see the philosophy of this joke, if nobody else does. As to our fair friends, we find it difficult to think of them and our subject together. We fancy their countenances looking so frank and kind over our disquisitions, that we long to have them turned towards ourselves instead of the paper.

Every pleasure we could experience in a friend's approbation, we have felt in receiving the following verses. They are from a writer [Lamb], who of all other men knows how to extricate a common thing from commonness, and to give it an underlook of pleasant consciousness and wisdom. We knew him directly, in spite of his stars. His hand as well as heart betrayed him.

TO MY FRIEND THE INDICATOR

Your easy essays indicate a flow,
Dear friend, of brain, which we may elsewhere seek;
And to their pages I, and hundreds, owe
That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.
Such observation, wit, and sense are shown,
We think the days of Bickerstaff return'd,
And that a portion of that oil you own,
In his undying midnight lamp which burn'd
I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
Or wrong the rules of grammar understood;
But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,
The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood*
Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—
H——, your best title yet is INDICATOR

* * * *

The receipt of these verses has set us upon thinking of the good-natured countenance, which men of genius, in all ages, have for the most part shown to contemporary writers, and thence, by a natural transition, of the generous friendship they have manifested for each other. Authors, like other men, may praise as well as blame for various reasons, for interest, for egotism, for fear· and for the same reasons they may be silent But generosity is natural to the humanity and the strength of genius Where it is obscured, it is usually from something that has rendered it misanthropical Where it is glaringly deficient, the genius is deficient in proportion And the defaulter feels as much, though he does not know it He feels, that the least addition to another's fame threatens to block up the view of his own

At the same time, praise by no means implies a sense of superiority It may imply that we think it worth having, but this may arise from a consciousness of our sincerity, and from a certain instinct we have that to relish anything exceedingly gives us a certain ability to judge, as well as a right to express our admiration of it

On all these accounts, we were startled to hear the other day that Shakspeare had never praised a contemporary author We had mechanically given him credit for the manifestation of every generosity under the sun, and found the surprise affect us not as authors (which would have been a vanity not even warranted by our having the title in common with him), but as men. What baulked us in

Shakspeare, seemed to baulk our faith in humanity. But we recovered as speedily. Shakspeare had none of the ordinary inducements which make men niggardly of their commendation. He had no reason either to be jealous or afraid He was the reverse of unpopular. His own claims were universally allowed. He was neither one who need be silent about a friend, lest he should be hurt by his enemy; nor one who nursed a style or theory by himself, and so was obliged to take upon him a monopoly of admiration in self-defence; nor one who should gaze himself blind to everything else, in the complacency of his own shallowness. If it should be argued that he who saw through human nature was not likely to praise it, we answer, that he who saw through it as Shakspeare did, was the likeliest man in the world to be kind to it. Even Swift refreshed the dry bitterness of his misanthropy in his love for Tom, Dick, and Harry; and what Swift did from impatience at not finding men better, Shakspeare would do out of patience in finding them so good. We instanced the sonnet in the collection called "The Passionate Pilgrim," beginning—

> If music and sweet poetry agree,

in which Spenser is praised so highly. It was replied, that minute inquirers considered that collection as apocryphal. This set us upon looking again at the biographers who have criticized it; and we see no reason, for the present, to doubt its authenticity. For some parts of it we would answer upon internal evidence, especially, for instance, the "Lover's Complaint." There are two lines in this poem which would alone announce him. They have the very trick of his eye.

> O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
> In the small orb of one particular tear.

But inquirers would have to do much more than disprove the authenticity of these poems before they made out Shakspeare to be a grudging author. They would have to undo all the modesty and kindliness of his other writings. They would have to undo his universal character for "gentleness," at a time when gentle meant all that was noble as well as mild. They would have to find bitterness in the sweet wisdom that runs throughout his dramatic works, and selfishness in the singular and exquisite

generosity of sentiment that hallows his more personal productions They would have to deform and to untune all that round harmonious mind, which a great contemporary described as the very "sphere of humanity;" to deprive him of the epithet given him in the school of Milton, "unvulgar," to render the universality of wisdom liable to the same drawbacks as mere universality of science; to take the child's heart out of the true man's body, to un-Shakspeare Shakspeare If Shakspeare had never mentioned a contemporary in his life, nor given so many evidences in his sonnets of a cordial and admiring sense of those about him, we would sooner believe that sheer modesty had restrained his tongue, than the least approach to a petty feeling. We can believe it possible that he may have thought his panegyrics not wanted; but unless he degraded himself wilfully, in order to be no better than any of his fellow-creatures, we cannot believe it possible that he would have thought his panegyrics wanted, and yet withheld them.

It is remarkable that one of the most regular contributors of commendatory verses in the time of Shakspeare was a man whose bluntness of criticism and feverish surliness of manners have rendered the most suspected of a jealous grudgingness—Ben Jonson We mean not to detract an atom from the good-heartedness which we sincerely believe this eminent person to have possessed at bottom, when we say that as an excess of modest confidence in his own generous instincts might possibly have accounted for the sparingness of panegyric in our great dramatist, so a noble distrust of himself, and a fear lest jealousy should get the better of his instincts, might possibly account for this panegyrical overplus in his illustrious friend. If so, it shows how useful such a distrust is to one's ordinary share of humanity, and how much safer it will be for us, on these as well as all other occasions, to venture upon likening ourselves to Ben Jonson rather than Shakspeare It is to be recollected at the same time that Ben Jonson, in his age, was the more prominent person of the two, as a critical bestower of applause; that he occupied what may be called the town-chair of wit and scholarship, and was in the habit of sanctioning the pretensions of new authors by a sort of literary adoption, calling them his "sons," and "sealing

them of the tribe of Ben." There was more in him of the aristocracy and heraldry of letters than in Shakspeare, who, after all, seems to have been careless of fame himself, and to have written nothing during the chief part of his life but plays which he did not print. Ben Jonson, among other panegyrics, wrote high and affectionate ones upon Drayton, William Browne, Fletcher, and Beaumont. His verses to the memory of Shakspeare are a most noble monument to both of them.

The verses of Andrew Marvell prefixed to "Paradise Lost," beginning,

When I beheld the poet, blind yet bold,

are well known to every reader of Milton, and justly admired by all who know what they read. We remember how delighted we were to find who Andrew Marvell was, and that he could be so pleasant and lively as well as grave. Spirited and worthy as this panegyric is, the reader who is not thoroughly acquainted with Marvell's history does not know all its spirit and worth. That true friend and excellent patriot stuck to his old acquaintance, at a period when all canters and time-servers turned their backs upon him, and would have made the very knowledge of him, which they themselves had had the honour of sharing, the ruin of those that put their desertion to the blush. There is a noble burst of indignation on this subject, in one of Marvell's prose works, against one Parker, who succeeded in getting made a bishop. Parker seems to have thought that Marvell would have been afraid of acknowledging his old acquaintance; but, so far from resembling the bishop in that or any other particular, he not only publicly proclaimed and gloried in the friendship of the overshadowed poet, but reminded Master Parker that he had once done the same.

We must be cautious how we go on quoting verses upon this agreeable subject; for they elbow one's prose out at a great rate. They sit in state, with a great vacancy on each side of them, like Henry VIII. in a picture of Holbein's. The wits who flourished after the time of the Stuarts were not behind the great poets of the age of Elizabeth in doing justice to their contemporaries. Dryden hailed the appearance of Congreve and Oldham. Congreve's merits were

universally acknowledged, except by the critics. We need not refer to the works of Pope, Gay, Steele, Prior, &c. If Swift abused Dryden (who is said to have told him he would never be a poet), he also abused in a most unwarrantable and outrageous manner Sir Richard Steele, for whose *Tatler* he had written. His abuse was not a thing of literary jealousy, but of some personal or party strife. The union of all three was a quintessence of consciousness, reserved for the present times But Swift's very fondness vented itself, like Bonaparte's, in slaps of the cheek. He was morbid, and liked to create himself cause for pity or regret. ' The Dean was a strange man" According to Mrs. Pilkington's account, he used to give her a pretty hard thump now and then, of course to see how amiably she took it Upon the same principle, he tells us in the verses on his death that

> Friend Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
> A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

This was to vex them, and make them prove his words false by complaining of their injustice. He himself once kept a letter unopened for some days, because he was afraid it would contain news of a friend's death

Literary loves and jealousies were much the same in the ancient and middle ages as the present, but we hear a great deal more of the loves than the reverse; because genius survives and ignorance does not. The ancient philosophers had a delicate way of honouring their favourites, by inscribing treatises with their names It is thought a strange thing in Xenophon that he never once mentions Plato The greater part of the miscellaneous poetry of the Greeks is lost; or we should doubtless see numerous evidences of the intercourse of their authors. The Greek poets of Sicily, Theocritus and Moschus, are very affectionate in recording the merits of their contemporaries. Varius and Gallus, two eminent Roman poets, scarcely survive but in the panegyrics of Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; all of whom were fond of paying their tributes of admiration. Dante does the same to his contemporaries and predecessors Petrarch and Boccaccio publicly honoured, as they privately loved, each other. Tasso, the greatest poet of his time, was also the greatest panegyrist; and so, as might be expected, was Ariosto. He

has introduced a host of his friends by name, male and female, at the end of his great work, coming down to the shores of poetry, to welcome him home after his voyage. There is a pleasant imitation of it by Gay, applied to Pope's conclusion of Homer. Montaigne, who had the most exalted notions of friendship, which he thought should have everything in common, took as much zeal in the literary reputation of his friends as in everything else that concerned them. The wits of the time of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., and of Louis XV.,—Malherbe, Racan, Corneille, Molière, Racine, Chaulieu, La Fare, D'Alembert, Voltaire, &c, not excepting Boileau, where he knew a writer,—all do honour in this respect to the sociality of their nation. It is the same, we believe, with the German writers; and if the Spanish winced a little under the domination of Lope de Vega, they were chivalrous in giving him perhaps more than his due. Camoëns had the admiration of literary friends as poor as himself, if he had nothing else: but this was something.

UPON INDEXES.

(*The Indicator*, October 4, 1820.)

INDEX-MAKING has been held to be the driest as well as lowest species of writing. We shall not dispute the humbleness of it; but the task need not be so very dry. Calling to mind Indexes in general, we found them presenting us a variety of pleasant memories and contrasts. We thought of those to the *Spectator*, which we used to look at so often at school, for the sake of choosing a paper to abridge. We thought of the Index to "The Pantheon, or Fabulous Histories of the Heathen Gods," which we used to look at oftener. We remember how we imagined we should feel some day, if ever our name should appear in the list of H's; as thus, Home, Howard. Hume, Huniades, [Hunt]. The poets would have been better; but then the names, though more fitting, were not so flattering; as, for instance, Halifax, Hammond, Harte, Hughes, [Hunt]. We did not like to come after Hughes.

We have just been looking at the Indexes to the *Tatler*

and *Spectator*, and never were more forcibly struck with the feeling we formerly expressed about a man's being better pleased with other writers than himself. Our Index seems the poorest and most second-hand thing in the world after theirs; but let any one read theirs, and then call an Index a dry thing if he can. As there is "a soul of goodness in things evil," so there is a soul of humour in things dry, and in things dry by profession. Lawyers know this, as well as Index-makers, or they would die of sheer thirst and aridity. But as grapes, ready to burst with wine, issue out of the most stony places, like jolly fellows bringing burgundy out of a cellar; so an Index like the *Tatler's* often gives us a taste of the quintessence of its humour. For instance:—

"Bickerstaff, Mr, account of his ancestors, 141. How his race was improved, 142. Not in partnership with Lillie, 250. Catched writing nonsense, 47.

"Dead men, who are to be so accounted, 247."

Sometimes he has a stroke of pathos, as touching in its brevity as the account it refers to, as—

"Love-letters between Mr. Bickerstaff and Maria, 184–186. Found in a grave, 289"

Sometimes he is simply moral and graceful; as—

"Tenderness and humanity inspired by the Muses, 258. No true greatness of mind without it, ibid."

At another, he says perhaps more than he intended; as—

"Laura, her perfections and excellent character, 19. Despised by her husband, ibid"

The Index to Cotton's "Montaigne," probably written by the translator himself, is often pithy and amusing. Thus, in volume ii.:—

"Anger is pleased with, and flatters itself, 618.

"Beasts inclined to avarice, 225.

"Children abandoned to the care and government of their fathers, 613.

"Drunkenness, to a high and dead degree, 16.

"Joy, profound, has more severity than gaiety in it.

"Monsters are not so to God, 612.

"Voluptuousness of the Cynicks, 418."

Sometimes we meet with graver quaintnesses and curious relations, as in the Index to Sandys's "Ovid":—

"Diana, no virgin, scoft at by Lucian, p. 55.
"Dwarfes, an Italian Dwarf carried about in a parrot's cage, p. 113.
"Eccho, at Twilleries in Paris, heard to repeat a verse without failing in one syllable, p. 58
"Ship of the Tyrrhenians miraculously stuck fast in the sea, p. 63. A Historie of a Bristol ship stuck fast in the deepe Sea by Witchcraft: for which twentie-five Witches were executed, ibid."

But this subject, we find, will furnish ample materials for a separate article [never written]; and therefore we stop here for the present. We have still a notion upon us, that, because we have been making an Index, we are bound to be very business-like and unamusing.

OF DREAMS.

(*The Indicator*, October 18, 1820)

THE materialists and psychologists are at issue upon the subject of dreams. The latter hold them to be one among the many proofs of the existence of a soul: the former endeavour to account for them upon principles altogether corporeal We must own that the effects of their respective arguments, as is usual with us on these occasions, is not so much to satisfy us with either as to dissatify us with both. The psychologist, with all his struggles, never appears to be able to get rid of his body; and the materialist leaves something extremely deficient in the vivacity of his proofs by his ignorance of that Primum Mobile which is the soul of everything.

What seems incontrovertible in the case of dreams is, that they are most apt to take place when the body is most affected. They seem to turn most upon us, when the suspension of the will has been reduced to its most helpless state by indulgence. The door of the fancy is left without its keeper; and forth issue, pell-mell, the whole rout of ideas or images, which had been previously stored within the brain, and kept to their respective duties. They are like a school let loose, or the winds in Virgil, or Lord Anson's

drunken sailors at Panama, who dressed themselves up in all sorts of ridiculous apparel: only they are far more wild, winged, and fantastic.

We were about to say that, being writers, we are of necessity dreamers; for thinking disposes the bodily faculties to be more than usually affected by the causes that generally produce dreaming But extremes appear to meet on this as on other occasions; at least, as far as the meditative power is concerned, for there is an excellent reasoner, now living [Hazlitt], who, telling another that he was not fond of the wilder parts of the "Arabian Nights," was answered, with great felicity, "Then you never dream:" which, it turned out, was actually the case Here the link is totally lost that connects a tendency to indigestion with thinking on the one hand, and dreaming on the other. If we are to believe Herodotus, the Atlantes, an African people, never dreamt, which Montaigne is willing to attribute to their never having eaten anything that died of itself. It is to be presumed that he looked upon their temperance as a matter of course. The same philosopher, who was a deep thinker, and of a delicate constitution, informs us that he himself dreamt but sparingly, but then, when he did, his dreams were fantastic, though cheerful. This is the very triumph of the animal spirits, to unite the strangeness of sick dreams with the cheerfulness of healthy ones. To these exceptions against the usual theories, we may add that dreams, when they occur, are by no means modified of necessity by what the mind has been occupied with in the course of the day, or even of months, for during our two years' confinement in prison, we have a strong recollection that we did not [illegible] dream more than twice of our chief subjects of [illegible] ellection, the prison itself not excepted The two dreams were both about the latter, and both the same We fancied that we had slipped out of jail, and gone to the theatre, where we were much horrified by seeing the faces of the whole audience unexpectedly turned upon us.

It is certain enough, however, that dreams in general proceed from indigestion, and it appears nearly as much so, that they are more or less strange according to the waking fancy of the dreamer

It is probable that a trivial degree of indigestion will

give rise to very fantastic dreams in a fanciful mind; while, on the other hand, a good orthodox repletion is necessary towards a fanciful creation in a dull one. It shall make an epicure, of any vivacity, act as many parts in his sleep as a tragedian, "for that night only." The inspirations of veal in particular are accounted extremely Delphic: Italian pickles partake of the spirit of Dante; and a butter-boat shall contain as many ghosts as Charon's.

There is a passage in Lucian which would have made a good subject for those who painted the temptations of the saints. It is a description of the City of Dreams, very lively and crowded. We quote after Natalis Comes, not having the True History by us. The city, we are told, stands in an immense plain, surrounded by a thick forest of tall poppy trees, and enormous mandragoras The plain is also full of all sorts of somniculous plants; and the trees are haunted with multitudes of owls and bats, but no other bird. The city is washed by the river Lethe, called by others the Night-bringer, whose course is inaudible and like the flowing of oil. There are two gates to the city: one of horn, in which almost everything that can happen in sleep is represented, as in a transparency; the other of ivory, in which the dreams are but dimly shadowed. The principal temple is that of Night; and there are others, dedicated to Truth and Falsehood, who have oracles. The population consists of Dreams, who are of an infinite variety of shape. Some are small and slender; others distorted, humped, and monstrous; others very proper and tall, with blooming, good-tempered faces. Others again have terrible countenances, are winged, and seem eternally threatening the city with some calamity; while others walk about in the pomp and garniture of kings. If any mortal comes into the place, there is a multitude of domestic Dreams, who meet him with offers of service; and who are followed by some of the others, that bring him good or bad news, generally false: for the inhabitants of that city are for the most part a lying and crafty generation, speaking one thing, and thinking another. This is having a new advantage over us. Only think of the mental reservation of a Dream!

If Lucian had divided his city into ranks and denominations, he might possibly have classed them under the general heads of Dreams Lofty, Dreams Ludicrous, Dreams

Pathetic, Dreams Horrible, Dreams Bodily Painful or Pleasant, Dreams of Common Life, Dreams of New Aspects of Humanity, Dreams Mixed, Fantastic, and utterly Confused. He speaks of winged ones; which is judicious, for they are very common. Nothing is more common, or usually more pleasant, than to dream of flying. It is one of the best specimens of the race; for, besides being agreeable, it is made up of the dreams of ordinary life, and those of surprising combination. Thus the dreamer sometimes thinks he is flying in unknown regions, sometimes skimming only a few inches above the ground, and wondering he never did it before. He will even dream that he is dreaming about it; and yet is so fully convinced of its feasibility, and so astonished at his never having hit upon so delightful a truism, that he is resolved to practise it the moment he wakes. "One has only," says he, "just to give a little spring with one's foot—so—and—oh it's the easiest and most obvious thing in the world. I'll always skim hereafter." We once dreamt that a woman set up some Flying Rooms, as a person does a tavern. We went to try them, and nothing could be more satisfactory and commonplace on all sides. The landlady welcomed us with a curtsey, hoped for friends and favours, &c., and then showed us into a spacious room, not round, as might be expected, but long, and after the usual dining fashion. "Perhaps, sir," said she, "you would like to try the room," upon which we made no more ado, but sprung up and made two or three genteel circuits, now taking the height of it like a house-lark, and then cutting the angles like a swallow. "Very pretty flying indeed," said we, "and very moderate."

A house for the purpose of taking flights in, when the open air was to be had for nothing, is fantastic enough; but what shall we say to those confoundings of all time, place, and substance, which are constantly happening to persons of any creativeness of diaphragm? Thus you shall meet a friend in a gateway, who besides being your friend shall be your enemy, and besides being Jones or Tomkins, shall be a bull, and besides asking you in, shall oppose your entrance. Nevertheless, you are not at all surprised; or if surprised, are only so at something not at all surprising. To be Tomkins and a bull at once, is the most ordinary of commonplaces; but that, being a bull, he should have horns,

is what astonishes you; and you are also amazed at his not being in Holborn or the Strand, where he never lived. To be in two places at once is not uncommon to a dreamer. He will also be young and old at the same time, a schoolboy and a man; will live many years in a few minutes, like the Sultan who dipped his head in the tub of water; will be full of zeal and dialogue upon some matter of indifference; go to the opera with a dish under his arm, to be in the fashion; talk faster in verse than prose; and ask a set of horses to a musical party, telling them that he knows they will be pleased, because blue is the general wear, and Mozart has gone down to Gloucestershire to fit up a house for Epaminondas.

It is a curious proof of the concern which body has in these vagaries, that when you dream of any particular limb being in pain, you shall often have gone to sleep in a posture that affects it. A weight on the feet will produce dreams in which you are rooted to the ground, or caught by a goblin out of the earth. A cramped hand or leg shall get you tortured in the Inquisition; and a head too much thrown back, give you the sense of an interminable visitation of stifling. The nightmare, the heaviest punisher of repletion, will visit some persons, merely for lying on their backs; which shows how much it is concerned in a particular condition of the frame. Sometimes it lies upon the chest like a vital lump. Sometimes it comes in the guise of a horrid dwarf, or malignant little hag, who grins in your teeth and will not let you rise. Its most common enormity is to pin you to the ground with excess of fear, while something dreadful is coming up, a goblin or a mad bull. Sometimes the horror is of a very elaborate description, such as being spell-bound in an old house, which has a mysterious and shocking possessor. He is a gigantic deformity, and will pass presently through the room in which you are sitting. He comes, not a giant, but a dwarf, of the most strange and odious description, hairy, spider-like, and chuckling. His mere passage is unbearable. The agony rises at every step. You would protest against so malignant a sublimation of the shocking, but are unable to move or speak. At length, you give loud and long-drawn groans, and start up with a preternatural effort, awake.

Mr. Coleridge, whose sleeping imagination seems pro-

portioned to his waking, has described a fearful dream of mental and bodily torture. It is entitled "The Pains of Sleep."

If horrible and fantastic dreams are the most perplexing, there are pathetic ones perhaps still more saddening. A friend dreaming of the loss of his friend, or a lover of that of his mistress, or a kinsman of that of a dear relation, is steeped in the bitterness of death. To wake and find it not true—what a delicious sensation is that! On the other hand, to dream of a friend or a beloved relative restored to us—to live over again the hours of childhood at the knee of a beloved mother, to be on the eve of marrying an affectionate mistress, with a thousand other joys snatched back out of the grave, and too painful to dwell upon—what a dreary rush of sensation comes like a shadow upon us when we wake! How true, and divested of all that is called conceit in poetry, is that termination of Milton's sonnet on dreaming of his deceased wife!—

> But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
> I waked; she fled; and day brought back my night.

We wonder that so good and cordial a critic as Warton should think this a mere conceit on his blindness. An allusion to his blindness may or may not be involved in it; but the sense of returning shadow on the mind is quite true to nature on such occasions, and must have been experienced by every one who has lost a person dear to him. There is a beautiful sonnet by Camoens on a similar occasion, a small canzone by Sanazzaro, which ends with saying, that although he waked and missed his lady's hand in his, he still tried to cheat himself by keeping his eyes shut; and three divine dreams of Laura by Petrarch.

But we must be cautious how we even think of the poets on this most poetical subject, or we shall write three articles instead of one. As it is, we have not left ourselves room for some very agreeable dreams, which we meant to have taken between these our gallant and imaginative sheets. They must be interrupted, as they are too apt to be, like the young lady's in "The Adventures of a Lap-dog," who, blushing divinely, had just uttered the words, "My lord, I am wholly yours," when she was awaked by the jumping up of that officious little puppy.

A HUMAN ANIMAL, AND THE OTHER EXTREME.

(*The Indicator*, November 8, 1820)

We met the other day with the description of an animal of quality, in a Biographical Dictionary that was published in the year 1767, and which is one of the most amusing and spirited publications of the kind that we remember to have seen. The writer does not give his authority for this particular memoir [of the Hon. William Hastings], so that it was probably furnished from his own knowledge, but that the account is a true one, is evident. Indeed, with the exception of one or two eccentricities of prudence which rather lean to the side of an excess of instinct, it is but an individual description referring to a numerous class of the same nature that once flourished with horn and hound in this country, and specimens of which are no doubt to be found here and there still, especially towards the north. The title we put at the head is not quite correct and exclusive enough as a definition; since, properly speaking, we lords of the creation are all human animals; but the mere animal, or living and breathing, faculty is united in us more or less with intellect and sentiment; and of these refinements of the perception, few bipeds that have arrived at the dignity of a coat and boots have partaken so little as the noble squire before us.

It is very clear that this worthy personage was nothing more than a kind of beaver or badger in human shape. We imagine him haunting the neighbourhood in which he lived like a pet creature, who had acquired a certain Egyptian godship among the natives: now hunting for his fish, now for his flesh, now fawning after his uncouth fashion upon a pretty girl, and now snarling and contesting a point with his cats. We imagine him the animal principle personified; a symbol on horseback; a jolly dog sitting upright at dinner, like a hieroglyphic on a pedestal.

Buffon has a subtle answer to those who argue for the rationality of bees. He says, that the extreme order of their proceedings, and the undeviating apparent forethought with which they even anticipate and provide for a certain geometrical necessity in a part of the structure of

had a coarse fell of hair. A good housewife might evidently call his house a kennel, without being abusive. What the ladies of the Huntingdon family thought, if ever they came to it, we do not know; but next to hearing such a fellow as Squire Western talk, must have been the horror of his human kindred in treading those menageries, his hall and parlour.

Then the marrow-bones, the noise, and, to a delicate ankle, the sense of danger! Conceive a timid stranger, not very welcome, obliged to pass through the great hall. The whole animal world is up. The well-mouthed hounds begin barking, the mastiff bays, the terriers snap, the hawks sidle and stare, the poultry gobble, the cats growl and up with their backs. At last, the Hastings makes his appearance, and laughs like a goblin.

Three things are specially observable in our hero: first, that his religion as well as literature was so entirely confined to faith as to allow him to turn his household chapel into a larder, and do anything else he pleased, short of not ranking the Bible and "Book of Martyrs" with his other fixtures; second, that he carried the prudential instinct above mentioned to a pitch very unusual in a country squire, who can rarely refrain from making extremes meet with humanity in this instance; and third, that his proneness to the animal part of love, never finding him in a condition to be so brutal as drinking renders a gallant of this sort, left himself as well as others in sufficient good-humour, not only to get him forgiven by the females, but to act kindly, and be tolerated by the men. He was as temperate in his liquor as one of his cats, just drinking to quench his thirst, and leaving off when he had enough. This perhaps was partly owing to his rank, which did not render it necessary to his importance to be emulous with his bottle among squires. As to some grave questions connected with the promiscuous nature of his amours, an animal so totally given up to his instincts as he was, both selfish and social, can hardly be held responsible upon such points; though they are worth the consideration of those who in their old age undertake to be moral as well as profligate. If Mr. Hastings's notion was good and even useful, so far as it showed the natural good-humour of that passion in human beings, where sickness or jealousy is out of

the question, in every other respect it was as poor and paltry as can be. There was not a single idea in it beyond one of his hounds. It was entirely gross and superficial, without sentiment, without choice, without a thousand sensations of pleasure and the return of it, without the least perception of a beauty beyond the mere absence of age. The most idiotical scold in the village, "under forty," was to him a desirable object. The most lovable woman in the world, above it, was lost upon him. Such lovers do not even enjoy the charms they suppose They do not see a twentieth part of its very external graces. They criticize beauty in the language of a horse-jockey, and the jockey, or the horse himself, knows just as much about it as they.

In short, to be candid on all sides with the very earthly memory of the Hon. William Hastings, we look upon a person of his description to be a very good specimen of the animal part of human nature, and chiefly on this account, that the animal preserves its health. There indeed it has something to say for itself; nor must we conceal our persuasion that upon this ground alone Mr. Hastings must have had sensations in the course of his life which many an intellectual person might envy. If his perceptions were of a vague sort, they must have been exquisitely clear and unalloyed. He must have had all the pleasure from the sunshine and the fresh air that a healthy body without a mind in it can have; and we may guess, from the days of childhood, what those feelings may resemble, in their pleasantness as well as vagueness. At the age of a hundred he was able to read and write without spectacles; not better, perhaps, than he did at fifteen, but as well. At a hundred, he was truly an old boy, and no more thought of putting on spectacles than an eagle. Why should he? His blood had run clear for a century with exercise and natural living. He had not baked it black and "heavy thick" over a fire, and dimmed the windows of his perception with the smoke.

But he wanted a soul to turn his perceptions to their proper account? He did so Let us then, who see more than he did, contrive to see fair-play between body and mind. It is by observing the separate extremes of perfection, to which body and mind may arrive, in those who do not know how to unite both, that we may learn how to pro-

duce a human being more enviable either than the healthiest of fox-hunters or the most unearthly of saints. It is remarkable that the same ancient family which, among the variety and fineness of its productions, put forth this specimen of bodily humanity, edified the world not long after with as complete a specimen of the other half of human nature. Mr. William Hastings's soul seems to have come too late for his body, and to have remained afterwards upon earth in the shape of his fair kinswoman, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of Theophilus, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. An account of her follows that of her animal kinsman, and is a most extraordinary contrast. This is the lady who is celebrated by Sir Richard Steele in the *Tatler*, under the name of Aspasia—a title which must have startled her a little. But with the elegance of the panegyric she would have found it hard not to be pleased, notwithstanding her modesty. "These ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praiseworthy as the divine Aspasia. Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial, conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion knowledge, and innocence—

There dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too.

In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that beheld and knew her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that Supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the severity and privacy of the last age all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a Court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable."

This character was written when Lady Elizabeth was twenty-eight. She passed the rest of her life agreeably to it, relieving families, giving annuities, contributing to the maintenance of schools and university scholars, and all the while behaving with extraordinary generosity to her kindred, and keeping up a noble establishment.

It seems pretty clear from all accounts that this noble-hearted woman, notwithstanding her beauty and sweet temper, was as imperfect a specimen of the comfortable in body as her kinsman was in mind. We are far from meaning to prefer his state of existence. We confess, indeed, that there are many we have read of, whom we would prefer being, to the most saintly of solitary spirits; but the mere reflection of the good which Lady Elizabeth did to others would not allow us a moment's hesitation, if compelled to choose between inhabiting her infirm tenement and the jolly vacuity of the Hon. William. He was all bodily comfort; she was all mental grace.

What, then, is our conclusion? This: that the proper point of humanity lies between these two natures, though not at equal distances—the greatest possible sum of happiness for mankind demanding that great part of our pleasure should be founded in that of others. Those, however, who hold rigid theories of morality, and yet practise them not (which is much oftener the case with such theories than the reverse), must take care how they flatter themselves they at all resemble Lady Elizabeth Hastings Their extreme difference with her kinsman is a mere cant, to which all the privileged selfishness and sensuality in the world give the lie—all the pomps and vanities, all the hatreds, all the malignities, all the eatings and drinkings, such as William Hastings himself would have been ashamed of. In fact, their real instincts are generally as selfish as his, though in other shapes, and much less agreeable for everybody. When cant lives as long a life as his, or as good a one as hers, it will be worth attending to. Till then, the best thing to advise is, neither to be canting, nor merely animal, nor over-spiritual; but to endeavour to enjoy, with the greatest possible distribution of happiness, all the faculties we receive from nature.

ON THE TALKING OF NONSENSE.

(*The Indicator*, November 29, 1820)

THERE is no greater mistake in the world than the looking upon every sort of nonsense as want of sense. Nonsense, in the bad sense of the word, is very fond of bestowing its own appellation, particularly upon what renders other persons agreeable. But nonsense, in the good sense of the word, is a very sensible thing in its season; and is only confounded with the other by people of a shallow gravity, who cannot afford to joke.

These gentlemen live upon credit, and would not have it inquired into. They are perpetual beggars of the question. They are grave, not because they think, or feel the contrast of mirth, for then they would feel the mirth itself; but because gravity is their safest mode of behaviour. They must keep their minds sitting still, because they are incapable of a motion that is not awkward. They are waxen images among the living; the deception is undone if the others stir; or hollow vessels covered up, which may be taken for full ones; the collision of wit jars against them, and strikes but their hollowness.

In fact, the difference between nonsense not worth talking, and nonsense worth it, is simply this: the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them. This is remarkably exemplified by Swift's "Polite Conversation," in which the dialogue, though intended to be a tissue of the greatest nonsense in request with shallow merriment, is in reality full of ideas, and many of them very humorous; but then they are all commonplace, and have been said so often, that the thing uppermost in your mind is the inability of the speakers to utter a sentence of their own; they have no ideas at all. Many of the jokes and similes in that treatise are still the current coin of the shallow; though they are now pretty much confined to gossips of an inferior order, and the upper part of the lower classes.

On the other hand, the wildest rattling, as it is called, in which men of sense find entertainment, consists of nothing but a quick and original succession of ideas—a finding, as

hampering of the mind with the altered nerves; dust gathered in the watch, and perplexing our passing hours.

It may be thought a begging of the question to mention Anacreon, since he made an absolute business of mirth and enjoyment, and sat down systematically to laugh as well as to drink. But on that very account, perhaps, his case is still more in point; and Plato, one of the gravest, but not the shallowest, of philosophers, gave him the title of the Wise. The disciple of Socrates appears also to have been a great enjoyer of Aristophanes; and the divine Socrates himself was a wit and a joker.

But the divine Shakspeare—the man to whom we go for everything, and are sure to find it, grave, melancholy, or merry—what said he to this exquisite kind of nonsense? Perhaps next to his passion for detecting nature, and over-informing it with poetry, he took delight in pursuing a joke; and the lowest scenes of his in this way say more to men whose faculties are fresh about them, and who prefer enjoyment to criticism, than the most doting of commentators can find out. They are instances of his animal spirits, of his sociality, of his passion for giving and receiving pleasure, of his enjoyment of something wiser than wisdom.

The greatest favourites of Shakspeare are made to resemble himself in this particular. Hamlet, Mercutio, Touchstone, Jaques, Richard the Third, and Falstaff, "inimitable Falstaff," are all men of wit and humour, modified according to their different temperaments or circumstances; some from health and spirits, others from sociality, others from a contrast with their very melancholy. Indeed, melancholy itself, with the profoundest intellects, will rarely be found to be anything else than a sickly temperament, induced or otherwise, preying in its turn upon the disappointed expectation of pleasure, upon the contradiction of hopes, which this world is not made to realize, though, let us never forget, it is made, as they themselves prove, to suggest. Some of Shakspeare's characters, as Mercutio and Benedick, are almost entirely made up of wit and animal spirits; and delightful fellows they are, and ready, from their very state, to perform the most serious and manly offices. Most of his women, too, have an abundance of natural vivacity. Desdemona herself is so pleasant of inter-

course in every way, that, upon the principle of the respectable mistakes above mentioned, the Moor, when he grows jealous, is tempted to think it a proof of her want of honesty. But we must make Shakspeare speak for himself, or we shall not know how to be silent on this subject. What a description is that which he gives of a man of mirth—of a mirth, too, which he has expressly stated to be within the limit of what is becoming! It is in "Love's Labour's Lost:"—

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

It is [...] tion of what is agreeable [...] mind and body—intellect and animal spirits. Acc[...]

We have been led into these reflections, partly to introduce the conclusion of this article; partly from being very fond of a joke ourselves, and so making our self-love as proud as possible, and partly from having spent some most agreeable hours the other evening with a company, the members of which had all the right to be grave and disagreeable that rank and talent are supposed to confer, and yet, from the very best sense or forgetfulness of both, were as lively and entertaining to each other as boys. Not one of them, perhaps, but had his cares—one or two, of no ordinary description; but what then? These are the moments, if we can take advantage of them, when sorrows are shared, even unconsciously; moments, when melancholy intermits her fever, and hope takes a leap into enjoyment; when the pilgrim of life, if he cannot lay aside his burden, forgets it in meeting his fellows about a fountain, and soothes his weariness and his resolution with the sparkling sight, and the noise of the freshness.

To come to our anticlimax, for such we are afraid it must be called after all this grave sentiment and mention of authorities. The following dialogue is the substance of a joke, never meant for its present place, that was started the other day upon a late publication. The name of the book

it is not necessary to mention, especially as it was pronounced to be one of the driest that had appeared for years. We cannot answer for the sentences being put to their proper speakers. The friends whom we value most happen to be great hunters in this way; and the reader may look upon the thing as a specimen of a joke run down, or of the sort of nonsense above mentioned; so that he will take due care how he professes not to relish it. We must also advertise him, that a proper quantity of giggling and laughter must be supposed to be interspersed, till towards the end it gradually becomes too great to go on with.

A. Did you ever see such a book?

B. Never, in all my life. It's as dry as a chip.

A. As a chip? A chip's a slice of orange to it.

B. Ay, or a wet sponge.

A. Or a cup in a currant tart

B Ah, ha; so it is. You feel as if you were fingering a brickbat.

A. It makes you feel dust in the eyes.

B. It is impossible to shed a tear over it The lachrymal organs are dried up.

A. If you shut it hastily, it is like clapping together a pair of fresh-cleaned gloves.

B. Before you have got far in it, you get up to look at your tongue in a glass.

A It absolutely makes you thirsty.

B. Yes. If you take it up at breakfast, you drink four cups instead of two.

A. At page 30 you call for beer.

B They say it made a Reviewer take to drinking.

A. They have it lying on the table at inns to make you drink double. The landlord says "A new book, sir," and goes out to order two neguses

B. It dries up everything so, it has ruined the draining business.

A There is an Act of Parliament to forbid people's passing a vintner's with it in their pockets.

B. The Dutch subscribed for it to serve them instead of dykes.

THE SACRED CORNER OF PISA.

(*The Liberal*, No 1, 1822)

I KNOW not whether my first sensation at the sight of the Leaning Tower was admiration of its extreme beauty, or astonishment at its posture Its beauty has never been sufficiently praised. Its overhanging seems to menace the houses beneath it with destruction. The inclination is fourteen feet out of the perpendicular We are amazed that people should build houses underneath it, till we recollect that it has probably stood thus ever since it was built—that is to say, for nearly six hundred and fifty years; and that habit reconciles us to anything. Something of a curve backwards is given to it. The structure was begun by a German artist, William of Inspruck, and finished by Italians Several other towers in Pisa, including the Observatory, have a manifest inclination, owing to the same cause—the sinking of the soil, which is light, sandy, and full of springs.

Upon reflection, since the appearance of the first edition of this book, I cannot help thinking, after all, that the inclination of this famous tower so much out of the perpendicular, must have taken place long after it was completed; that it was left standing as it does, after long and anxious watching for the consequences, and that anything which architecture may have done by way of counteraction, could only have ensued upon experience of the tower's safety.

With regard to the company in which it stands, let the reader imagine a broad grass-walk, standing in the solitary part of a country town Let him suppose at one end of this walk the Leaning Tower, with a row of small but elegant houses right under the inclination, and looking down the grass-plot; the Baptistery, a rotunda, standing by itself at the opposite end; the public hospital, an extremely neat and quiet building, occupying the principal length of the road which borders the grass-plot on one side; on the other side, and on the grass itself, the cathedral, stretching between the Leaning Tower and the Baptistery; and lastly, at the back of the cathedral, and visible between the openings at its two ends, the Campo Santo (Holy Field) or burial-ground, walled

in with marble cloisters full of the oldest paintings in Italy. All these buildings are detached; they all stand in a free, open situation; they all look as if they were built but a year ago; they are all of marble; the whole place is kept extremely clean—the very grass in a state of greenness not common to turf in the south; and there are trees looking upon it over a wall next the Baptistery. Let the reader add to this scene a few boys playing about, all ready to answer your questions in pure Tuscan—women occasionally passing with veils or bare heads, or now and then a couple of friars; and though finer individual sights may be found in the world, it will be difficult to come upon an assemblage of objects more rich in their combination.

The Baptistery is a large rotunda, richly carved, and appropriated solely to the purpose after which it was christened. It is in a mixed style, and was built in the twelfth century. Forsyth, who is deep in arches and polygons, objects to the crowd of unnecessary columns; to the "hideous tunnel which conceals the fine swell of the cupola;" and to the appropriation of so large an edifice to a christening. The "tunnel" may deserve his "wrath," but his architectural learning sometimes behaves as ill as the tunnel. It obscures his better taste. A christening, in the eyes of a good Catholic, is at least as important an object as a rotunda: and there is a religious sentiment in the profusion with which ornament is heaped upon edifices of this nature. It forms a beauty of itself, and gives even mediocrity a sort of abundance of intention that looks like the wealth of genius. The materials take leave of their materiality, and crowd together into a worship of their own. It is no longer "let everything" only "that has *breath* praise the Lord;" but let everything else praise Him, and take a meaning and life accordingly. Let column obscure column, as in a multitude of men; let arch strain upon arch, as if to ascend to heaven; let there be infinite details, conglomerations, mysteries, lights, darknesses; and let the birth of a new soul be celebrated in the midst of all.

The cathedral is in the Greek style of the Middle Ages, a style which this writer thinks should rather be called the Lombard, "as it appeared in Italy first under the Lombard princes." He says, that it includes "whatever was grand or beautiful in the works of the Middle Ages;" and that, "this

was perhaps the noblest of them all." He proceeds to find fault with certain incongruities, amongst which are some remains of Pagan sculpture left standing in a Christian church, but he enthusiastically admires the pillars of Oriental granite that support the roof. The outside of the building consists of mere heaps of marble, mounting by huge steps to the roof; but their simplicity as well as size gives them a new sort of grandeur; and Mr. Forsyth has overlooked the extraordinary sculpture of the bronze doors, worthy of the same hand that made those others at Florence, which Michael Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise. It is divided into compartments, the subjects of which are taken from Scripture. The relief is the most graceful and masterly conceivable; the perspective astonishing as if in a drawing, and equal justice is done to the sharp monstrosities of the devil with his bat-wings, and to the gentle graces of the Saviour

The crowning glory of Pisa is the Campo Santo. I entered for the first time at twilight, when the indistinct shapes, colours, and antiquity of the old paintings wonderfully harmonized with the nature of the place. I chose to go towards evening, when I saw it again; and though the sunset came upon me too fast to allow me to see all the pictures as minutely as I could have wished, I saw enough to warrant my giving an opinion of them; and I again had the pleasure of standing in the spot at twilight. It is an oblong enclosure, about the size of Stratford Place, and surrounded with cloisters wider and lighter than those of Westminster. At least, such was my impression. The middle is grassed earth, the surface of which, for some depth, is said to have been brought from Palestine at the time of the Crusades, and to possess the virtue of decomposing bodies in the course of a few hours The tradition is, that Ubaldo Lanfranchi, Archbishop of Pisa, who commanded the forces contributed by his countrymen, brought the earth away with him in his ships, but though such a proceeding would not have been impossible, the story is now, I believe, regarded as a mere legend. The decomposition of the bodies might have been effected by other means. Persons are buried both in this enclosure and in the cloisters, but only persons of rank or celebrity Most of the inscriptions, for instance (of which there are some hundreds, all on marble,

and mixed with busts and figures), are to the memory of Pisans in the rank of nobility; but there are several also to artists and men of letters The most interesting grave is that of Benozzo, one of the old painters, who lies at the feet of his works.

The paintings on the walls, the great glory of Pisa, are by Orgagna, Simon Memmi, Giotto, Buffalmacco, Benozzo, and others—all more or less renowned by illustrious pens; all. with more or less gusto, the true and reverend harbingers of the greatest painters of Italy. Simon Memmi is the artist celebrated by Petrarch for his portrait of Laura; Buffalmacco is the mad wag (grave enough here) who cuts such a figure in the old Italian novels; and Giotto, the greatest of them all, is the friend of Dante, the hander down of his likeness to posterity, and himself the Dante of his art, without the drawbacks of satire and sorrow.

It would be a simply blind injustice to the superabundance and truth of conception in all this multitude of imagery not to recognize the real inspirers as well as harbingers of Raphael and Michael Angelo, instead of confining the honour to the Masaccios and Peruginos. The Masaccios and Peruginos, for all that ever I saw, meritorious as they are, are no more to be compared with them than the sonneteers of Henry the Eighth's time are to be compared with Chaucer. Even in the very rudest of the pictures, where the souls of the dying are going out of their mouths in the shape of little children, there are passages not unworthy of Dante or Michael Angelo—angels trembling at the blowing of trumpets; men in vain attempting to carry their friends into heaven; and saints who have lived ages of temperance, sitting in calm air upon hills far above the progress of Death, who goes bearing down the great, the luxurious, and the young. The picture by Titian (or Giorgione), in which he has represented the three great stages of existence, bubble-blowing childhood, love-making manhood, and death-contemplating old age, is not better conceived, and hardly better made out, than some of the designs of Orgagna and Giotto.

Since I have beheld the Campo Santo I have enriched my day-dreams and my stock of the admirable, and am thankful that I have names by heart to which I owe

homage and gratitude. Giotto, be thou one to me hereafter, of a kindred brevity, solidity, and stateliness, with that of thy friend Dante, and far happier! Tender and noble Orgagna, be thou blessed for ever beyond the happiness of thine own heaven!

GENOA THE SUPERB.

(*The Liberal*, No 2, 1822.)

GENOA is truly "Genoa the Superb." Its finest aspect is from the sea, and from the sea I first beheld it. Imagine a glorious amphitheatre of white houses, with mountains on each side and at the back. The base is composed of the city with its churches and shipping; the other houses are country seats, looking out, one above the other, up the hill. To the left are the Alps with their snowy tops: to the right, and for the back, are the Apennines. This is Genoa It is situate at the very angle of the pointed gulf, which is called after its name, and which presents on either side, as you sail up it, white villages, country seats, and olive groves.

In England we have delicate names for some of our streets and alleys There is Love Lane, Maiden Lane, Garden Court, Green Arbour Court, &c., but in Italy they beat us hollow. Pisa has not only Love Street and Lily Street, but Beautiful Ladies' Lane, and the Lane of the Beautiful Towers In Genoa, after passing through Goldsmith Street, and another that leads up from it, you come out by the post-office upon the Piazza delle Fontane Amorose—the Place of the Amorous Fountains. There is a magnificent mansion in it, containing baths; and another, adorned on the outside with paintings of festive women. But here all the houses begin to be magnificent mansions, and you again recognize "Genova la Superba." From the Piazza delle Fontane Amorose you turn into the Strada Nuova, which leads round through another sumptuous street into the Strada Balbi, fit, says Madame de Stael, for a congress of kings. The three streets are literally a succession of palaces on each side of the way; and these palaces are of costly architecture, and are adorned inside with the works of the Italian masters. Marble is lavished everywhere. It is like

a street raised by Aladdin, to astonish his father-in-law, the Sultan. Yet there is one lamentable deficiency. Even these streets are narrow. I do not think the Strada Nuova is wider than Bond Street *without* the pavements. "A lane!" you cry. Yes, a lane of Whitehalls, encrusted with the richest architecture. Imagine how much the buildings lose by this confinement, and then wonder how it could have taken place. The alleged reason is, that in a hot country shade is wanted, and therefore beauty is sacrificed to utility. But the reason is a bad one: for porticos might have been used, as at Bologna, and the street made so wide as to render the disadvantage to the architecture a comparative nothing. The circumstance probably originated in some reasons connected with the ground, or the value of it, and the pressure of the population within the then city walls. Some other magnificent streets, built subsequently, are wider, though still a good deal too narrow. The Genoese have found out, before ourselves, the folly of calling a street New Street; but they have not very wisely corrected it by naming one of their last, *Newest* Street—Strada Nuovissima. Upon this principle, they must call the next street they build, Newer-than-all-street, or Extremely-new-street, or New-of-the-very-newest-description-street.

THE GLORY OF COLOUR IN ITALY.

(*The Liberal*, No 2, 1822.)

You learn for the first time in this Italian climate, what colours really are. No wonder it produces painters. An English artist of any enthusiasm might shed tears of vexation, to think of the dull medium through which blue and red come to him in his own atmosphere, compared with this. One day we saw a boat pass us, which instantly reminded us of Titian, and accounted for him: and yet it contained nothing but an old boatman in a red cap, and some women with him in other colours, one of them in a bright yellow petticoat. But a red cap in Italy goes by you, not like a mere cap, much less anything vulgar or butcher-like, but like what it is, an intense specimen of the

colour of red. It is like a scarlet bud in the blue atmosphere. The old boatman, with his brown hue, his white shirt, and his red cap, made a complete picture; and so did the women and the yellow petticoat. I have seen pieces of orange-coloured silk hanging out against a wall at a dyer's, which gave the eye a pleasure truly sensual. Some of these boatmen are very fine men. I was rowed to shore one day by a man the very image of Kemble. He had nothing but his shirt on, and it was really grand to see the mixed power and gracefulness with which all his limbs came into play as he pulled the oars, occasionally turning his heroic profile to give a glance behind him at other boats.

THE GIULI TRE.

(*The Liberal*, No. 2, 1822.)

THE *Giuli Tre* (three Juliuses, so called from a head of one of the Popes of that name) are three pieces of money, answering to about fifteenpence of our coin, for which the Italian poet, Casti, says he was pestered from day to day by an inexorable creditor. The poet accordingly had his revenge on him, and incarcerated the man in immortal amber, by devoting to the subject no less than two hundred sonnets, which he published under the above title. The Abate Casti is known to the English public, by means of Mr Stewart Rose's pleasant abridgment, as the author of the "Animali Parlanti."

The work before us, as the Florentine editor observes, is in every respect unexceptionable. He informs us, that it is not liable to a charge brought against the Abate's other works, of being too careless in point of style, and unidiomatic. The *Giuli Tre*, according to him, speak the true Italian language; so that the recommendation they bring with them to foreigners is complete.

The fertility of fancy and learned allusion, with which the author has written his two hundred sonnets on a man coming to him every day and asking him for *Tre Giuli*, is inferior only to what Butler or Marvell might have made

of it. The very recurrence of the words becomes a good joke.

Nobody that we have met with in Italy could resist the mention of them. The priest did not pretend it. The ladies were glad they could find something to approve in a poet of so erroneous a reputation. The man of the world laughed as merrily as he could. The patriot was happy to relax his mustachios. Even the bookseller, of whom we bought them, laughed with a real laugh, and looked into the book as if he would fain have sat down and read some of it with us, instead of going on with his business.

We shall notice some of the principal sonnets that struck us throughout the work, and wish we could touch upon them all, partly that we might give as much account of it as possible, and partly because the jest is concerned in showing to what a length it is carried.

In his third sonnet, the poet requests fables and dreams to keep their distance

In his eighth, his Creditor, he says, ought not to be astonished at his always returning the same answer to his demand for the *Giuli Tre*, because if a man who plays the organ or the hautboy were always to touch the same notes, the same sounds would always issue forth.

In sonnet thirteen, the poet does not know whether there is a plurality of worlds, or whether the moon is inhabited. He is inclined to doubt whether there can be a people who had not Adam for their father. But if there is, he longs to go up there and live among them. Nevertheless, he fears it would be of no avail, as his Creditor would get Father Daniel to show him the way, and come after him.

In sonnet thirty-one, he says that when an act has been very often repeated, the organs perform it of their own accord, without any attention on the part of the will. Thus mules go home to the stable, and parrots bid one good morning; and thus, he says, the Creditor has a habit of asking him for the *Giuli Tre*, and he has a habit of answering, "I haven't got 'em."

In sonnet forty-one he says, that as the sun with his genial energy strikes into the heart of the mountains of Golconda and Peru, and hardens substances there into gold and gems, so the hot activity of his Creditor has hardened the poet's heart, till at length it has produced that hard,

golden, and adamantine No! which has rendered the *Giuli Tre* precious

In sonnet forty-four, he says that he was never yet bound to the conjugal yoke—a yoke which is as pleasant to those who have it not, as it is disagreeable to those who have; but that if he were married, his children would certainly resemble the proprietor of the *Giuli Tre*, and that he should see Creditorkins, or little Creditors, all about him —*Creditorelli*.

In sonnet seventy-two, he says that if a man has a little tumour or scratch on his leg or arm, and is always impatiently touching it, the little wound will become a great one. So, he adds, it is with his debt of the *Giuli Tre* The debt, he allows, is in itself no very great thing, but the intolerable importunity of his Creditor makes it a very considerable one

In sonnet seventy-nine he wishes that some logician, who understands the art of persuading people, would be charitable enough to suggest to him some syllogism or other form of argument, which may enable him to prove to his Creditor the impossibility of paying money when a man has not got it

In sonnet eighty-nine he says that philosophers maintain if two bodies stand apart from each other, and are distinct, it is impossible they can both stand in the same place Otherwise one body also might be in several places at once. He therefore wonders how it is that his Creditor is to be found here and there and everywhere.

In sonnet ninety-six he tells us that his Creditor is fond of accosting him on physical subjects, and wishes to know the nature of lightning, of the winds, colours, &c, and whether the system of Tycho Brahe is better than that of Pythagoras The poet answers that it is impossible to get at the secrets of Nature; and that all that he knows upon earth is, that a man is perpetually asking him for *Tre Giuli*, and he has not got them

In sonnet a hundred and one the poet alludes to the account of words freezing at the Pole, and says, that if he were there with his Creditor, and a thaw were to take place, nothing would be heard around them but a voice calling for the *Giuli Tre*

He supposes in another that there was no such Creditor

s his in the time of David, because in the imprecations that are accumulated in the hundred and eighteenth psalm, there is no mention of such a person.

His Creditor, he tells us, at another time, disputed with him one day, for argument's sake, on the immortality of the soul, and that the great difficulty he started was, how anything that had a beginning could be without an end Upon which the poet asks him, whether he did not begin one day asking him for the *Giuli Tre,* and whether he has left off ever since.

He says further on, that as Languedoc is still so called from the use of the affirmative particle *oc* in that quarter, as writers in other parts of France used to be called writers of *oui*, and as Italy is denominated the lovely land of *si*, so his own language, from his constant habit of using the negative particle to the Creditor of the *Giuli Tre*, ought to be called the language of *no*.

*peregrin*forms us, elsewhere, that his Creditor has lately that I o learning French; and conjectures that finding he or books at asked for the *Giuli Tre* to no purpose in his "Camilla,"ge, he wishes to try the efficacy of the French I travel.nning.

"Elysium" up the seaman hears the horrible crashing of th Homer,' the 'sees the fierce and cruel rising of the sea, he etrarch, ire, sings the poet, and loses both his courage and his adore; but if he lives long enough to grow grey in his em thyment, he sits gaily at the stern, and sings to the accompaniment of the winds. So it is with the sonneteer. His Creditor's perpetual song of the *Giuli Tre* frightened him at first; but now that his ears have grown used to it, he turns it into a musical accompaniment like the billows, and goes singing to the sound.

A friend takes him, at another time, to see the antiquities in the Capitol, but he is put to flight by the sight of a statue resembling his Creditor.

He marks out to a friend, in another sonnet, the fatal place where his Creditor lent him the *Giuli Tre*, showing how he drew out and opened his purse, and how he counted out to him the Giuli with a coy and shrinking hand. He further shows, how it was not a pace distant from this spot that the Creditor began to ask him for the Giuli, and finishes with proposing to purify the place with lustral water, and exorcise its evil genius.

works. I shall never forget the gratitude with which I received an odd number of Akenside, value sixpence. It was the one in which there is a picture of the poet on a sofa, with Cupid coming to him, and the words underneath, "Tempt me no more, insidious love!" The picture and the number appeared to me equally divine. I cannot help thinking to this day, that it is right and natural in a gentleman to sit in a stage dress, on that particular kind of sofa, though on no other, with that exclusive hat and feathers on his head, telling Cupid to begone with a tragic air.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. Virgil must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, *and are no impediment abroad;* travel with us, ruralize with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose: "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" I am so much of this opinion that I do not care to be anywhere without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Orkborne, in the novel of "Camilla," stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his "Elysium" upon trust; but a few years afterwards, th Homer,' the book, made its appearance in Italy, and he trarch, in a transport, put it upon his bookshelves, where his adored it, like "the unknown God." Petrarch ought to em the god of the bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is a union that does not often Happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced others hor time to reverence With his head upon a book he died. a Spenser's reading is evident by his learning; and if there ere nothing else to show for it in Shakspeare, his retiring in his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of st. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without ch assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind; and any country town hould be solitude to Shakspeare, after the bustle of a ou tropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time fu tween his books, and his bowling-green, and his daughter th sanna. It is pretty certain, also, that he planted, and fin e on horseback; and there is evidence of all sorts to w

make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbours' children.

There will be something compulsory in reading the "Ramblers," as there is in going to church Gray was a bookman, he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux."

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all those lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired? How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther, which generates and yet is not destroyed. Consider. mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small yet so comprehensive, so slight yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

> The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author who is a lover of books asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. But I should like to remain visible in this shape The littl of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be account worth pleasing others I should like to survive so, were only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowi o as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's w when he is no more. At all events, nothing while for pe and think can deprive me of my value for such treas

can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die, and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

SPRING.

(Wishing-Cap Papers, in *The Examiner*, 1824.)

This morning, as we sat at breakfast, there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wallflowers." There had just been a shower; sunshine had followed it; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers, came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself—with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root; their beauty was yet to come; but the promise was there—the new life—the Spring—and the rain-drops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain, and sprinkled them for us by way of message; as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring!* At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh; and object to the *Sp* and the terminating consonant; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as full of beauty as a bud—and that *S* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Springtime, a Spring-green, a Spring of water—to Spring—Springal, a word for a young man in old (that is, ever new) English [illegible], which with many other words has gone out, because [illegible]thfulness of our hearts has gone out—to come back [illegible] on [illegible]ter times, and the nine-hundredth number of the [illegible]re us.

T

If our Italian, being very unlike an Italian, ill-natured and not open to pleasant conviction, should still object to our word, we would grow uncourteous in turn, and swear it was a better word than his *Prima-vera*—which is what he calls Spring—Prima-vera, that is to say, the *first Vera*, or Ver of the Latins, the *Veer* (βηρ Ionice) or *Ear* of the Greeks. The word is too long and lazy, as well as obscure, compared with our brisk, little, potent, obvious, and leaping *Spring*—full of all fountains, buds, birds, sweetbriars, and sunbeams.

Leaping, like wanton kids in pleasant spring,

says the poet, speaking of the "wood-born people" that flocked about fair Serena. How much better the word *spring* suits here with the word *leaping*, than if it had been *prima-vera!* How much more sudden and starting, like the boundings of the kids! *Prima-vera* is a beautiful word; let us not gainsay it; but it is more suitable to the maturity than to the very *springing* of *spring*, as its first syllable would pretend. So long and comparatively languid a word ought to belong to that side of the season which is next to summer. *Ver*, the Latin word, is better—or rather Greek word; for, as we have shown before, it comes from the Greek—like almost every good thing in Latin.

The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colours of the world are set off by the mighty background of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season ... the consciousness that the world is yo...

ON SEEING A P...EON MAKE LOVE.

(Wishing-Cap Paper, ...in *The Examiner*, 1824.)

The following verses were ...uggested by a sight of a pigeon making love. The scene t...ook place in a large sitting-room, where a beau might have fo...llowed a lady up and down with as bustling a solicitation ... he could not have done it with more. The birds had bee...n brought there for sale; but they knew no more of this than two lovers whom destiny

has designs upon. The gentleman was as much at his ease as if he had been a Bond Street lounger pursuing his fair in a solitary street. We must add, as an excuse for the abruptness of the exordium, that the house [the Casa Saluzzi, at Albaro, near Genoa] belonged to a poet of our acquaintance [Lord Byron], who was in the room at the same time.

Is not the picture strangely like?
Doesn't the very bowing strike?
Can any art of love in fashion
Express a more prevailing passion?
That air—that sticking to her side—
That deference, ill concealing pride,—
That seeming consciousness of coat,
And repetition of one note,—
Ducking and tossing back his head,
As if at every bow he said,
"Madam, by Heaven,"—or "Strike me dead."

And then the lady! look at her:
What bridling sense of character!
How she declines, and seems to go,
Yet still endures him to and fro;
Carrying her plumes and pretty clothings,
Blushing stare, and mutter'd nothings,
Body plump, and airy feet,
Like any charmer in a street.

Give him a hat beneath his wing,
And is *not* he the very thing?
Give her a parasol or plaything,
And is not she the very she-thing?

Our companion, who had run the round of the great world seemed to be rather mortified than otherwise at this spectacle. It was certainly calculated, at first blush, to damp the pride of the circles: but upon reflection it seemed to afford a considerable lift to beaux and belles in ordinary. It seemed to show how much of instinct, and of the common unreflecting course of things, there is even in the gallantries of those who flatter themselves that they are vicious. Nobody expects wisdom in these persons; and if they can be found to be less guilty than is supposed, the gain is much: for, as to letting the dignity of human nature depend upon theirs, on the one hand, or expecting to bring about any change in their conduct by lecturing them on their faults, on the other, it is a speculation equally hopeless

The description given in the verses is true to the letter. The reader must not think it is a poetical exaggeration. If he has ever witnessed an exhibition of the kind, he has no conception of the high human hand with which these pigeons carry it. The poets, indeed, time out of mind, have taken amatory illustrations from them; but the literal courtship surpasses them all. One sight of a pigeon paying his addresses would be sufficient to unsettle in our minds all those proud conclusions which we draw respecting the difference between reason and instinct. If this is mere instinct as distinguished from reason, if a bird follows another bird up and down by a simple mechanical impulse, giving himself all the airs and graces imaginable, exciting as many in his mistress, and uttering every moment articulate sounds which we are no more bound to suppose deficient in meaning than a pigeon would be warranted in supposing the same of our own speech, then reason itself may be no more than a mechanical impulse. It has nothing better to show for it. Our mechanism may possess a greater variety of movements, and be more adapted to a variety of circumstances; but if there is not variety here, and an adaptation to circumstances, we know not where there is. If it be answered, that pigeons would never make love in any other manner, under any circumstances, we do not know that. Have people observed them sufficiently to know that they always make love equally well? If they have varied at any time, they may vary again. Our own modes of courtship are undoubtedly very numerous, and some of them are as different from others as the courtship of the pigeon itself from that of the hog. But though we are observers of ourselves, have we yet observed other animals sufficiently to pronounce upon the limits of their capacity? We are apt to suppose that all sheep and oxen resemble one another in the face. The slightest observation convinces us that their countenances are as various as those of men. How are we to know that the shades and modifications of their character and conduct are not as various? A well-drilled nation would hardly look more various in the eyes of a bee, than a swarm of bees does in our own. The minuter differences in our conduct would escape them for want of the habit of observing us, and because their own are of another sort. How are we to say that we do not judge them as ill?

We have read of some beavers, that when they were put into a situation very different from their ordinary one, and incited to build a house, they set about their work in a style as ingeniously adapted as possible to their new circumstances. The individuals of the same race of animals are not all equally clever, any more than ourselves. The more they come under our inspection (as in the case of dogs), the more varieties we discern in their characters and understandings. The most philosophical thing hitherto said on this subject appears to be that of Pope.

"How do we know," he asked one day, "that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us?" SPENCE—"I used to carry it too far: I thought they had reason as well as we." POPE—"So they have, to be sure. All our disputes about that are only disputes about words. Man has reason enough only to know what is necessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too." SPENCE—"But then they have souls too, as imperishable in their nature as ours?" POPE—"And what harm would that be to us?"

All this passage is admirable, and helps to make us love, as we ought to do, a man who has contributed so much to the entertainment of the world.

There is a well-authenticated story of a dog, who, having been ill-treated by a larger one, went and brought a still larger dog to avenge his cause, and see justice done him. When does a human necessity reason better than this? The greatest distinction between men and other animals appears to consist in this, that the former make a point of cultivating their reason; and yet it is impossible to say that nothing of the kind has ever been done by the latter. Birds and beasts in general do not take the trouble of going out of their ordinary course; but is the ambition of the common run of human beings any greater? Have not peasants and mechanics, and even those who flourish and grow learned under establishments, an equal tendency to deprecate the necessity of innovation? A farmer would go on with his old plough, a weaver with his old loom, and a placeman with his old opinions, to all eternity, if it were not for the restlessness of individuals; and these are forced to battle their way against a thousand prejudices, even to do the greatest good. An established critic has not always a right to triumph over the learned pig.

With respect to other animals going to heaven, our pride smiles in a sovereign manner at this speculation. We have no objection, somehow, to a mean origin; but we insist that nothing less dignified than ourselves can be immortal. We are sorry we cannot settle the question. We confess (if the reader will allow us to suppose that we shall go to heaven, which does not require much modesty, considering all those who appear to be certain of doing so) we would fain have as much company as possible; and He was of no different opinion, who told us that a time should come when the sucking child should play with the asp We see that the poet had no more objection to his dog's company in a state of bliss, than the "poor Indian," of whom he [Pope] speaks in his Essay. We think we could name other celebrated authors, who would as lief take their dogs into the next world as a king or a bishop, and yet they have no objection to either. We may conceive much less pleasant additions to our society than a flock of doves, which, indeed, have a certain fitness for an Elysian state. We would confine our argument to one simple question, which the candid reader will allow us to ask him:—"Does not *Tomkins* go to heaven?" It is difficult to think that many beasts and birds are not as fit to go to heaven at once as many human beings—people who talk of their seats there with as much confidence as if they had booked their names for them at a box-office. To our humble taste, the goodness and kindness in the countenance of a faithful dog are things that appear almost as fit for heaven as serenity in a human being. The prophets of old, in their visions, saw nothing to hinder them from joining the faces of other animals with those of men. The spirit that moved the animal was everything.

It was the opinion of a late writer, that the immortality of the soul depended on the cultivation of the intellect. He could not conceive how the sots and fools that abound on this earth could have any pretensions to eternity; or with what feelings they were to enter upon their new condition. There appears to be too much of the pride of intellect in this opinion, and too little allowance for circumstances; and yet, if the dispensation that is to take us to heaven is of the exclusive kind that some would make it, this is surely the more noble dogma.

To conclude with the pleasant animals with whom we

commenced, there is a flock of pigeons in the neighbourhood where we are writing [at Maiano, near Florence], whom we might suppose to be enjoying a sort of heaven on earth. The place is fit to be their paradise. There is plenty of food for them, the dovecots are excellent, the scene full of vines in summer-time, and of olives all the year round It happens, in short, to be the very spot where Boccaccio is said to have laid the scene of his "Decameron." He lived there himself. Fiesole is on the height; the Valley of Ladies in the hollow: the brooks are all poetical and celebrated. As we behold this flock of doves careering about the hamlet, and whitening in and out of the green trees, we cannot help fancying that they are the souls of the gentle company in the "Decameron," come to enjoy in peace their old neighbourhood. We think, as we look at them, that they are now as free from intrusion and scandal as they are innocent, and that no falcon would touch them, for the sake of the story they told of him.

Ovid, in one of his elegies, tells us that birds have a Paradise near Elysium. Doves, be sure, are not omitted. But peacocks and parrots go there also The poet was more tolerant in his *orni-theology* than the priests in Delphos, who, in the sacred groves about their temple, admitted doves, and doves only.

FICTION AND MATTER OF FACT.

(Wishing-Cap Papers, in *The Examiner*, 1824.)

A PASSION for these two things is supposed to be incompatible. It is certainly not; and the supposition is founded on an ignorance of the nature of the human mind, and the very sympathies of the two strangers. Mathematical truth is not the only truth in the world. An unpoetical logician is not the only philosopher. Locke had no taste for fiction: he thought Blackmore as great a genius as Homer, but this was a conclusion he could never have come to, if he had known his premises. Newton considered poetry as on a par with "ingenious nonsense," which was an error as great as if he had ranked himself with Tom D'Urfey, or made the apex of a triangle equal to the base of it. Newton has had

good for evil returned him by "a greater than himself;" for the eye of imagination sees farther than the glasses of astronomy. I should say that the poets had praised their scorner too much, illustrious as he is, if it were not delightful to see that there is at least one faculty in the world which knows how to do justice to all the rest. Of all the universal privileges of poetry, this is one of the most peculiar, and marks her for what she is. The mathematician, the schoolman, the wit, the statesman, and the soldier, may all be blind to the merits of poetry, and of one another, but the poet, by the privilege which he possesses of recognizing every species of truth, is aware of the merits of mathematics, of learning, of wit, of politics, and of generalship. He is great in his own art, and he is great in his appreciation of that of others. And this is most remarkable in proportion as he is a *poetical* poet—a high lover of fiction. Milton brought the visible and the invisible together "on the top of Fiesole," to pay homage to Galileo; and the Tuscan deserved it, for he had an insight into the world of imagination I cannot but fancy the shade of Newton blushing to reflect that, among the many things which he professed to *know not*, poetry was omitted, of which he knew nothing Great as he was, he indeed saw nothing in the face of Nature but its lines and colours: not the lines and colours of passion and sentiment included, but only squares and their distances, and the anatomy of the rainbow. He thought the earth a glorious planet, he knew it better than any one else, in its connection with other planets, and yet half the beauty of them all, that which sympathy bestows and imagination colours, was to him a blank. He took space to be the sensorium of the Deity (so noble a fancy could be struck out of the involuntary encounter between his intense sense of a mystery and the imagination he despised!)—and yet this very fancy was but an escape from the horror of a vacuum, and a substitution of the mere consciousness of existence for the thoughts and images with which a poet would have accompanied it. He imagined the form of the house, and the presence of the builder, but the life and the variety, the paintings, the imagery, and the music—the loves and the joys, the whole riches of the place, the whole riches in the distance, the creations heaped upon creation, and the particular as well as aggregate consciousness of all this in

the great mind of whose presence he was conscious—to all this his want of imagination rendered him insensible. The "Fairy Queen" was to him a trifle; the dreams of Shakspeare "ingenious nonsense." But Courts were something, and so were the fashions there. When the name of the Deity was mentioned, he took off his hat!

To love matter of fact is to have a lively sense of the visible and immediate; to love fiction is to have as lively a sense of the possible and the remote. Now these two senses, if they exist at all, are of necessity as real, the one as the other. The only proof of either is in our perception. To a blind man, the most visible colours no more exist than the hues of a fairy tale to a man destitute of fancy. To a man of fancy, who sheds tears over a tale, the chair in which he sits has no truer existence in its way than the story that moves him. His being touched is his proof in both instances.

But, says the mechanical understanding, modern discoveries have acquainted us with the cause of lightning and thunder, the nature of optical delusions, and fifty other apparent wonders; and therefore there is no more to be feigned about them.

When an understanding of this description is told that thunder is caused by a collision of clouds, and that lightning is a well-known result of electricity, there may be an end, if he pleases, of his poetry with him. He may, if he thinks fit, or if he cannot help it, no longer see anything in the lightning but the escape of a subtle fluid, or hear anything more noble in the thunder than the crack of a bladder of water. Much good may his ignorance do him. But it is not so with understandings of a loftier or a more popular kind. The wonder of children, and the lofty speculations of the wise, meet alike on a point, higher than he can attain to, and look over the threshold of the world. Mechanical knowledge is a great and a glorious tool in the hands of man, and will change the globe. But it will still leave untouched the invisible sphere above and about us; still leave us all the great and all the gentle objects of poetry—the heavens and the human heart, the regions of genii and fairies, the fanciful or passionate images that come to us from the seas, and from the flowers, and all that we behold.

It is, in fact, remarkable, that the growth of science, and the reappearance of a more poetical kind of poetry, have accompanied one another. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the extent to which our modern poets have carried their success, their inclinations cannot be doubted. How is it that poetical impulse has taken this turn in a generation pronounced to be so mechanical? Whence has arisen among us this exceeding fondness for the fictions of the East, for solitary and fanciful reveries, for the wild taste of the Germans (themselves more scientific and wild than ever), and even for a new and more primitive use of the old Pagan mythology, so long and so mechanically abused by the Chloes and Venuses of the French? Politics may be thought a very unlikely cause for poetry, and it is so with mere politicians; yet politics, pushed farther than common, have been the cause of the new and greater impetus given to the sympathies of imagination. A little philosophy, says Bacon, takes men away from religion; a greater brings them round to it. This is the case with the reasoning faculty and poetry. We reason to a certain point, and are content with the discoveries of second causes. We reason farther, and find ourselves in the same airy depths as of old. The imagination recognizes its ancient field, and begins ranging about at will, doubly bent upon liberty, because of the trammels with which it has been threatened.

Take the following Apologue—During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued themselves together to destroy all opposition; to root out, if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was a whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pallid It groaned and it grew loud: it spoke with a hundred tongues; it grew fervidly on the ear, like the noise of millions of wheels. And the sound of millions of wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful noises. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient

feet, a tread as if the world were coming. And ever and anon there were pauses with "a still small voice," which made a trembling in the night-time. But still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning. And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw with fear and reverence its mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations (for it was a loving though a fearful creature) fed upon its words like the air they breathed: and the monarchs paused, for they knew their masters.

This is Printing by Steam.—It will be said that it is an allegory, and that all allegories are but fictions, and flat ones. I am far from producing it as a specimen of the poetical power now in existence. Allegory itself is out of fashion, though it was a favourite exercise of our old poets when the public were familiar with shows and spectacles. But allegory is the readiest shape into which imagination can turn a thing mechanical, and in the one before us is contained the mechanical truth and the spiritual truth of that very matter-of-fact thing called a Printing Press: each of them as true as the other, or neither could take place. A business of screws and iron wheels is, or appears to be, a very commonplace matter, but not so the will of the hand that sets them in motion, not so the operations of the mind that directs them what to utter We are satisfied respecting the one by science; but what is it that renders us sensible of the wonders of the other, and their connection with the great mysteries of nature? Thought—Fancy—*Imagination.*

VER-VERT—THE PARROT OF THE NUNS.

(*The Examiner*, March 28, 1824, and October 16, 1825)

THIS story is the subject of one of the most agreeable poems in the French language

After having undergone the admiration of the circles in

Paris, Gresset, the author of it, married, and lived in retirement. He died in 1777, beloved by everybody but the critics. Critics were not the good-natured people in those times which they have lately become; and they worried him as a matter of course, because he was original. He was intimate with Jean Jacques Rousseau. The self-tormenting and somewhat affected philosopher came to see him in his retreat; and being interrogated respecting his misfortunes, said to him, "You have made a parrot speak; but you will find it a harder task with a bear."

Gresset wrote other poems and a comedy, which are admired, but the Parrot is the feather in his cap It was an addition to the stock of originality, and has greater right perhaps than the "Lutrin" to challenge a comparison with the "Rape of the Lock." This is spoken with deference to better French scholars, but there is at least more of Pope's delicacy and invention in the "Ver-Vert" than in the "Lutrin;" and it does not depend so much as the latter upon a mimicry of the classics. It is less made up of what preceded it

I must mention that a subject of this nature is of necessity more piquant in a Catholic country than a Protestant But the loss of poor Ver-Vert's purity of speech comes home to all Christendom; and it is hard if the tender imaginations of the fair sex do not sympathize everywhere both with parrot and with nuns. When the poem appeared in France, it touched the fibres of the whole polite world, male and female. A Minister of State made the author a present of a coffee-service in porcelain, on which was painted, in the most delicate colours, the whole history of the "immortal bird." If I had the leisure and the means of Mr Rogers, nothing should hinder me from trying to outdo (in one respect) the delicacy of his publications, in versifying a subject so worthy of vellum and morocco The paper should be as soft as the novices' lips, the register as rose-coloured; every canto should have vignettes from the hand of Stothard; and the binding should be green and gold, the colours of the hero.

Alas! and must all this end in a prose abstract, and an anti-climax! Weep all ye little loves and Graces, ye

Veneres Cupidinesque!
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.

But first enable us, for our goodwill, to relate the story, albeit we cannot do it justice.

At Nevers, in the Convent of the Visitation, lived. not long ago. a famous parrot. His talents and good temper, nay, the virtues he possessed, besides his more earthly graces, would have rendered his whole life as happy as a portion of it, if happiness had been made for hearts like his.

Ver-Vert (for such was his name) was brought early from his native country; and while yet in his tender years, and ignorant of everything. was shut up in this convent for his good. He was a handsome creature. brilliant, spruce, and full of spirits, with all the candour and amiableness natural to his time of life; innocent withal as could be: in short. a bird worthy of such a blessed cage. His very prattle showed him born for a convent.

When we say that nuns undertake to look after a thing, we say all. No need to enter into the delicacy of their attentions. Nobody could rival the affection which was borne our hero by every mother in the convent, except the confessor; and even with respect to him, a sincere MS. has left it on record, that in more than one heart the bird had the advantage of the holy father. He partook, at any rate, of all the pretty sops and syrups with which the dear father in God (thanks to the kindness of the sweet nuns) consoled his reverend stomach. Nuns have leisure: they have also loving hearts. Ver-Vert was a legitimate object of attachment, and he became the soul of the place All the house loved him, except a few old nuns whom time and the toothache rendered jealous surveyors of the young ones. Not having arrived at years of discretion, too much judgment was not expected of him. He said and did what he pleased, and everything was found charming. He lightened the labours of the good sisters by his engaging ways—pulling their veils, and pecking their stomachers. No party could be pleasant if he was not there to shine and to sidle about; to flutter and to whistle, and play the nightingale. Sport he did, that is certain; and yet he had all the modesty, all the prudent daring and submission in the midst of his pretensions, which became a novice, even in sporting. Twenty tongues were incessantly asking him questions, and he answered with propriety to every one. It

was thus, of old, that Cæsar dictated to four persons at once in four different styles.

Our favourite had the whole range of the house. He preferred dining in the refectory, where he ate as he pleased. In the intervals of the table, being of an indefatigable stomach, he amused his palate with pocket-loads of sweetmeats which the nuns always carried about for him. Delicate attentions, ingenious and preventing cares, were born, they say, among the nuns of the Visitation. The happy Ver-Vert had reason to think so. He had a better place of it than a parrot at Court He lay, lapped up, as it were, in the very glove of contentment.

At bedtime he repaired to whatever cell he chose, and happy, too happy was the blessed sister whose retreat at the return of nightfall it pleased him to honour with his presence. He seldom lodged with the old ones. The novices, with their simple beds, were more to his taste; which you must observe, had always a peculiar turn for propriety He had the pleasure of witnessing the toilet of the fresh little nun: for between ourselves (and I say it in a whisper) nuns have toilets. Plain veils require to be put on properly, as well as lace and diamonds. Furthermore, they have their fashions and modes. There is an art, a gusto in these things, inseparable from their natures. Sackcloth itself may sit well Huckaback may have an air. But let that rest I say all in confidence; so now to return to our hero

In this blissful state of indolence Ver-Vert passed his time without a care—without a moment of *ennui*—lord, undisputed, of all hearts. For him sister Agatha forgot her sparrows; for him, or because of him, four canary-birds died out of rage and spite—for him, a couple of tom-cats, once in favour, took to their cushions, and never afterwards held up their heads.

Who could have foreboded, in the course of a life so charming, that the morals of our hero were taken care of, only to be ruined! that a day should arise, a day full of guilt and astonishment, when Ver-Vert, the idol of so many hearts, should be nothing but an object of pity and horror!

Let us husband our tears as long as possible, for come they must sad fruit of the over-tender care of our dear little sisters!

You may guess that, in a school like this, a bird of our hero's parts of speech could want nothing to complete his education. He always spoke like a book. His style was pickled and preserved in the very sauce and sugar of good behaviour. He was none of your flashy parrots, puffed up with airs of fashion and learned only in vanities. Ver-Vert was a devout fowl; a beautiful soul, led by the hand of innocence. He had no notion of evil; never uttered an improper word; but then to be even with those who knew how to talk, he was deep in canticles, *Oremuses*, and mystical colloquies. His *Pax vobiscum* was edifying. His *Hail sister!* was not to be lightly thought of. Doubtless he had every help to edification. There were many learned sisters in the convent who knew by heart all the Christmas carols, ancient and modern. Formed under their auspices, our parrot soon equalled his instructors. He acquired even their very tone, giving it all their pious lengthiness, the holy sighs, and languishing cadences, of the singing of the dear sisters, groaning little doves.

The renown of merit like this was not to be confined to a cloister. In all Nevers, from morning till night, nothing was talked of but the darling scenes exhibited by the parrot of the blessed nuns. People came as far as from Moulins to see him. Ver-Vert never budged out of the parlour. Sister Melanie, in her best stomacher, held him, and made the spectators remark his tints, his beauties, his infantine sweetness. The bird sat at the receipt of victory. And yet even these attractions were forgotten when he spoke. Polished, rounded, brimful of the pious gentilities which the younger aspirants had taught him, our illustrious parrot commenced his recitation. Every instant a new charm developed itself; and what was remarkable, nobody fell asleep. His hearers listened; they hummed, they applauded. He, nevertheless, trained to perfection, and convinced of the nothingness of glory, always withdrew into the recesses of his heart, and triumphed with modesty. Closing his beak, and dropping into a low tone of voice, he bowed himself with sanctity, and so left his world edified. He uttered nothing under a gentility or a dulcitude.

Thus lived, in this delectable nest, like a master, a saint, and a true sage as he was, Father Ver-Vert, dear to more than one Hebe; always loved, and always worthy to be

loved; polished, perfumed, cockered up, the very pink of perfection happy, in short, if he had never travelled.

But now comes the time of miserable memory, the critical minute in which his glory is to be eclipsed. O guilt! O shame! O cruel recollection! Fatal journey, why must we see thy calamities beforehand? Alas! a great name is a perilous thing. Your retired lot is by much the safest. Let this example, my friends, show you that too many talents, and too flattering a success, often bring in their train the ruin of one's virtue.

The renown of thy brilliant achievements, Ver-Vert, spread itself abroad on every side, even as far as Nantes. There, as everybody knows, is another meek fold of the reverend Mothers of the Visitation—ladies who, as elsewhere in this country of ours, are by no means the last to know everything. To hear of our parrot was to desire to see him; and desire, at all times and in everybody, is a devouring flame.

Behold, then, at one blow, twenty heads turned for a parrot. The ladies of Nantes wrote to Nevers, to beg that this bewitching bird might be allowed to come down to the Loire, and pay them a visit. The letter is sent off, but when, ah, when will come the answer! In something less than a fortnight.

At length the epistle arrives at Nevers. Tremendous event! "What! lose Ver-Vert! O heavens! What are we to do in these desolate holes and corners without the darling bird!"

The fatal moment arrives, everything is ready; courage must be summoned to bid adieu How many kisses did not Ver-Vert receive on going out! They retain him: they bathe him with tears. his attractions redouble at every step Nevertheless, he is at length outside the walls; he is gone

The same vagabond of a boat which contained the sacred bird, contained also a couple of giggling damsels, three dragoons, a wet-nurse, a monk, and two garçons; pretty society for a young thing just out of a monastery!

Ver-Vert thought himself in another world. It was no longer texts and orisons with which he was treated, but words which he never heard before, and those words none of the most Christian. The dragoons, a race not

eminent for devotion, spoke no language but that of the ale-house. All their hymns to beguile the road were in honour of Bacchus; all their movable feasts consisted only in those of the ordinary. The garçons and the three new Graces kept up a concert in the taste of the allies. The boatmen cursed and swore, and made horrible rhymes; taking care, by a masculine articulation, that not a syllable should lose its vigour. Ver-Vert, melancholy and frightened, sat dumb in a corner. He knew not what to say or think.

In the course of the voyage, the company resolved to "fetch out" our hero. The task fell on Brother Lubin the monk, who put some questions to the handsome forlorn. The benign bird answered in his best manner. He sighed with a formality the most finished, and said in a pedantic tone, "Hail, Sister!" At this "Hail," you may judge whether the hearers shouted with laughter. Every tongue fell on poor Father Parrot.

Our novice bethought *within him, that he must have* spoken amiss. He began to consider, that if he would be well with the fair portion of the company, he must adopt the style of their friends. Being naturally of a daring soul, and having been hitherto well fumed with incense, his modesty was not proof against so much contempt. Ver-Vert lost his patience; and in losing his patience, alas! poor fellow, he lost his innocence. He even began, inwardly, to mutter ungracious curses against the good sisters, his instructors, for not having taught him the true refinements of the French language, its nerve and its delicacy. He accordingly set himself to learn them with all his might; not speaking much, it is true, but not the less inwardly studying for all that. In two days (such is the progress of evil in young minds) he forgot all that had been taught him, and in less than three was as off-hand a swearer as any in the boat. It has been said, that nobody becomes abandoned at once. Ver-Vert scorned the saying. He had a contempt for any more novitiates. He became a blackguard in the twinkling of an eye. In short, on one of the boatmen exclaiming, "Go to the devil," Ver-Vert echoed the wretch! The company applauded, and he swore again. Nay, he swore other oaths. A new vanity seized him; and degrading his

generous organ, he now felt no other ambition but that of pleasing the wicked.

Meanwhile, the boat was approaching the town of Nantes, where the new sisters of the Visitation expected it with impatience. The days and nights had never been so long. During all their torments, however, they had the image of the coming angel before them—the polished soul, the bird of noble breeding, the tender, sincere, and edifying voice—behaviour, sentiments—distinguished merit—oh grief! what is it all to come to?

The boat arrives; the passengers disembark. A lay-sister of the turning-box was waiting in the dock, where she had been over and over again at stated times, ever since the letters were despatched. Her looks, darting over the water, seemed to hasten the vessel that conveyed our hero. The rascal guessed her business at first sight. Her prudish eyes, letting a look out at the corner, her great coif, white gloves, dying voice, and little pendant cross, were not to be mistaken. Ver-Vert ruffled his feathers with disgust. There is reason to believe that he gave her internally to the devil. He was now all for the army, and could not bear the thought of new ceremonies and litanies. However, my gentleman was obliged to submit. The lay-sister carried him off in spite of his vociferations. They say, he bit her in going, some say in the neck, others on the arm. I believe it is not well known where he bit her; but the circumstance is of no consequence. Off he went. The devotee was soon within the convent, and the visitor's arrival was announced.

At the first sound of the news, the bell was set ringing. They shriek, they clap their hands, they fly. "'Tis he, sister! 'Tis he! He is in the great parlour!" The great parlour is filled in a twinkling. Even the old nuns, marching in order, forget the weight of their years. The whole house was grown young again. It is said to have been on this occasion that Mother Angelica ran for the first time.

At length the blessed spectacle bursts upon the good sisters. They cannot satiate their eyes with admiring: and in truth, the rascal was not the less handsome for being less virtuous. His military look and *petit-maître* airs gave him even a new charm. All mouths burst out in his praise; all at once. He, however, does not deign to utter one pious word, but stands rolling his eyes. Grief the first. There

was a scandal in this air of effrontery. In the second place, when the Prioress, with an august air, and like an inward-hearted creature as she was, wished to interchange a few sentiments with the bird, the first words my gentleman uttered—the only answer he condescended to give, and that too with an air of nonchalance, or rather contempt, and like an unfeeling villain, was—"What a pack of fools these nuns are!"

History says he learned these words on the road.

At this *début*, Sister Augustin, with an air of the greatest sweetness, hoping to make their visitor cautious, said to him, "For shame, my dear brother." The dear brother, not to be corrected, rhymed her a word or two, too audacious to be repeated.

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed the sister; "what a wretch! Is this the divine parrot?"

Ver-Vert, like a reprobate at the gallows, made no other answer than by setting up a dance, and singing with an "Oh d—mme!"

The nuns would have stopped his mouth; but he was not to be hindered. He gave a buffoon imitation of the prattle of the young sisters; and then shutting his beak, and dropping into a palsied imbecility, mimicked the nasal drawl of his old enemies, the antiques!

But it was still worse, when, tired and worn out with the stale sentences of his reprovers, Ver-Vert foamed and raged like a corsair, thundering out all the terrible words he had learned aboard the vessel. Heavens! how he swore, and what things he said! His dissolute voice knew no bounds. The lower regions themselves appeared to open before them. Words not to be thought of danced upon his beak. The young sisters thought he was talking Hebrew.

In short, Ver-Vert is fairly put in his cage, and sent on his travels back again. They pronounce him detestable, abominable, a condemned criminal. All the convent sign his decree of banishment, but they shed tears in doing it. It was impossible not to pity a reprobate in the flower of his age, who was unfortunate enough to hide such a depraved heart under an exterior so beautiful. For his part, Ver-Vert desired nothing better than to be off. He was carried back to the river side in a box and did not bite the lay-sister again.

But what was the despair, when he returned home, and would fain have given his old instructors a like serenade! Nine venerable sisters, their eyes in tears, their senses confused with horror, their veils two deep, condemned him in full conclave. The younger ones, who might have spoken for him, were not allowed to be present. One or two were for sending him back to the vessel; but the majority resolved upon keeping and chastising him. He was sentenced to two months' abstinence, three of imprisonment, and four of silence

Covered with shame and instructed by misfortune, our hero at last found himself contrite. He forgot the dragoons and the monk, and once more in unison with the holy sisters both in matter and manner, became more devout than a canon. When they were sure of his conversion, the divan reassembled, and agreed to shorten the term of his penitence. Judge if the day of his deliverance was a day of joy! All his future moments, consecrated to gratitude, were to be spun by the hands of love and security. O faithless pleasure! O vain expectation of mortal delight! All the dormitories were dressed with flowers Exquisite coffee, songs, lively exercise, an amiable tumult of pleasure, a plenary indulgence of liberty, all breathed of love and delight; nothing announced the coming adversity. But, O indiscreet liberality! O fatal overflowingness of the hearts of nuns! Passing too quickly from abstinence to abundance, from the hard bosom of misfortune to whole seas of sweetness, saturated with sugar and set on fire with liqueurs, Ver-Vert fell one day on a box of sweetmeats, and lay on his deathbed. His roses were all changed to cypress. In vain the sisters endeavoured to recall his fleeting spirit. The sweet excess had hastened his destiny, and the fortunate victim of love expired in the bosom of pleasure.

AN EVENING WITH POPE.

REPORTED BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO DINED WITH HIM.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, June 1825)

July 4, 1727.

YESTERDAY was a day of delight. I dined with Mr. Pope The only persons present were the venerable lady his mother, Mrs. Martha Blount, and Mr. Walscott, a great Tory, but as great a lover of Dryden; which Mr. Pope was pleased to inform me was the reason he had invited me to meet him. Mr. Pope was in black, with a tie-wig. I could not help regarding him, as he sat leaning in his armchair before dinner, in the light of a portrait for posterity. When he came into the room, after kindly making me welcome, he took some flowers out of a little basket that he had brought with him, and presented them, not to Mrs. Martha, who seemed to look as if she expected it, but to Mrs. Pope; which I thought very pretty and like a gentleman, not in the ordinary way. But the other had no reason to be displeased; for turning to her with the remainder, he said, "I was thinking of a compliment to pay you; so I have done it." He flatters with as much delicacy as Sir Richard Steele; and the ladies like it as much from him. What fine-shaped fellows have I seen, who could not call up half such looks into their eyes!

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, July and August 1825)

CRITICISM, for the most part, is so partial, splenetic, and pedantic, and has such little right to speak of what it undertakes to censure, that the words "criticism on beauty" sound almost as ill as if a man were to announce something unpleasant upon something pleasant.

And certainly as criticism, according to its general practice, consists in an endeavour to set the art above its betters, and to render genius amenable to want of genius

(particularly in those matters which, by constituting the very essence of it, are the least felt by the men of line and rule), so critics are bound by their trade to object to the very pleasantest things. Delight, not being their business, "puts them out" The first reviewer was Momus, who found fault with the Goddess of Beauty.

We have sometimes fancied a review set up by this anti-divinity in heaven. It would appear, by late discoveries in the history of the globe, that, as one species of production has become extinct, so new ones may have come into being Now, imagine the gods occasionally putting forth some new work, which is criticized in the *Olympian Review*. Chloris, the Goddess of Flowers, for instance, makes a sweetbriar.

CRITICISM ON SWEETBRIAR.

"The Sweetbriar, a new bush, by Chloris, Goddess of Flowers. Rain and Sun, 4104.

"This is another hasty production of a lady, whom we are anxious to meet with a more satisfied face Really, we must say, that she tires us The other day we had the *pink* It is not more than a year ago that she flamed upon us with the *heartsease* (pretty names these); then we were all to be sunk into a bed of luxury and red leaves by the *rose* · and now, *ecce iterum Rosina*, comes a new edition of the same effeminate production, altered, but not amended, and made careless, confused, and full of harsh points. These the fair author, we suppose, takes for a dashing variety! Why does she not consult her friends? Why must we be forced to think that she mistakes her talents, and that she had better confine herself to the production of daisies and dandelions? Even the *rose*, which has been so much cried up in certain quarters, was not original It was clearly suggested by that useful production of an orthodox friend of ours—the *cabbage*, which has occasioned it to be pretty generally called the *cabbage-rose*. The *sweetbriar*, therefore, is imitation upon imitation, *crambe* (literally) *bis cocta* [cabbage twice cooked], a thing not to be endured. To say the truth, which we wish to do with great tenderness, considering the author's sex, this *sweetbriar-bush* is but a *rifacimento* of the *rose-bush* The only difference is, that everything is done on a pettier scale, the flowers hastily turned

out, and a superabundance of those startling points added, which so annoyed us in the *rose* yclept *moss;* for there is no end to these pretty creatures the *roses.* Let us see. There is the *cabbage-rose*, the *moss-rose*, the *musk-rose*, the *damask-rose*, the *hundred-leaved-rose*, the *yellow-rose*, and earth only knows how many more. Surely these were enough, in all conscience. Most of them rank little above extempore effusions, and were hardly worth the gathering; but after so much trifling, to go and alter the style of a commonplace in a spirit of mere undoing and *embrouillement*, and then palm it upon us for something *free*, forsooth, and original, is a desperate evidence of falling off! We cannot consent to take mere wildness for invention; a hasty and tangled piece of business, for a regular work of art. What is called Nature will never do. Nature is unnatural. The best production by far of the fair author was the *auricula*, one of those beautiful and regular pieces of composition, the right proportions of which are ascertained, and reducible to measurement. But *tempora mutantur*. Our fair florist has perhaps got into bad company. We have heard some talk about zephyrs, bees, wild birds, and such worshipful society. Cannot this ingenious person be content with the hot-house invented by Vulcan and Co., without gadding abroad in this disreputable manner? We have heard that she speaks with disrespect of ourselves; but we need not assure the reader that this can have no weight with an honest critic. By-the-by, why this briar is called sweet, we must unaffectedly and most sincerely say, is beyond our perceptions."

We were about to give a specimen of another article, by the same reviewer, on the subject of our present paper:—"Woman, being a Companion to Man," &c. But the tone of it would be intolerable. We shall therefore proceed with a more becoming and grateful criticism, such as the contemplation of the subject naturally produces.

A SITTING FROM FEMALE BEAUTY.

O Pygmalion, who can wonder (no artist surely) that thou didst fall in love with the work of thine own hands! O Titian! O Raphael! O Apelles! We could almost fancy this sheet of paper to be one of your tablets, our desk an easel, our pen a painting brush; so impossible does it seem

that the beauty we are about to paint should not inspire us with a *gusto* equal to your own!

Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare.

This inkstand is our palette. We handle our pen as if there were the richest bit of colour in the world at the end of it. The reds and whites look as if we could eat them. Look at that pearly tip at the end of the ear. The very shade of it has a glow. What a light on the forehead! What a moisture on the lip! What a soul, twenty fathom deep, in the eyes! Look at us, madam, if you please. The eye right on ours. The forehead a little more inclined. Good. What an expression! Raphael—it is clear to me that you have not the feeling we have: for you could paint such a portrait, and we cannot. We cannot paint after the life. Titian, how could you contrive it? Apelles, may we trouble you to explain yourself? It is lucky for the poets that their mistresses are not obliged to sit to them. They would never write a line. Even a prose-writer is baffled. How Raphael managed in the Palazzo Chigi—how Sacchini contrived, when he wrote his "Rinaldo and Armida," with Armida by his side—is beyond our comprehension. We can call to mind, but we cannot copy. Fair presence, avaunt! We conjure you out of our study, as one of our brother-writers, in an agony of article, might hand away his bride, the printer having sent to him for copy.

A HEART ESSENTIAL TO BEAUTY.

Beauty itself is a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on our part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardour and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of

her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she has gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enamelled teacup; for we should expect nothing from it.

BRINVILLIERS'S HAND.

We remember the impression made on us by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers, however, are delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and as full of good-nature. The possessor told us it was the hand of Madame Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. The word was no sooner spoken, than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace: you shrank from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it.

HAIR.

Hair should be abundant, soft, flexible, growing in long locks, of a colour suitable to the skin, thick in the mass, delicate and distinct in the particular. The mode of wearing it should differ. Those who have it growing low in the nape of the neck, should prefer wearing it in locks hanging down, rather than turned up with a comb. The gathering it, however, in that manner is delicate and feminine, and suits

many. In general, the mode of wearing the hair is to be regulated according to the shape of the head. Ringlets hanging about the forehead suit almost everybody. On the other hand, the fashion of parting the hair smoothly, and drawing it tight back on either side, is becoming to few. It has a look of vanity, instead of simplicity. The face must do everything for it, which is asking too much; especially as hair, in its freer state, is the ornament intended for it by nature. Hair is to the human aspect, what foliage is to the landscape. This analogy is so striking, that it has been compared to flowers, and even to fruit. The Greek and other poets talk of hyacinthine locks, of clustering locks (an image taken from grapes), of locks like tendrils. The favourite epithet for a Greek beauty was "well-haired;" and the same epithet was applied to woods. Apuleius says that Venus herself, if she were bald, would not be Venus.

Ovid and Anacreon, the two greatest masters of the ancient world in painting external beauty, seemed to have preferred auburn to golden, notwithstanding the popular cry in the other's favour. The Latin poet, in his fourteenth love elegy, speaking of tresses which he says Apollo would have envied, and which he prefers to those of Venus as Apelles painted her, tells us that they were neither black nor golden, but mixed, as it were, of both And he compares them to cedar on the declivities of Ida, with the bark stripped. This implies a dash of tawny. We have seen pine-trees in a southern evening sun take a lustrous burnished aspect between dark and golden, a good deal like what we conceive to be the colour he alludes to. Anacreon describes hair of a similar beauty. His touch, as usual, is brief and exquisite.—

Τὰ μὲν ἔνδοθεν, μελαίνας,
Τὰ δ' ἐς, ἄκρον, ἡλιῶσας

Deepening inwardly, a dun;
Sparkling golden, next the sun.

Which Ben Jonson has rendered in a line—

Gold upon a ground of black

Perhaps, the true auburn is something more lustrous throughout, and more metallic than this. The cedar with the bark stripped looks more like it. At all events, that it is not

the golden hair of the ancients has been proved in our opinion beyond a doubt by a memorandum in our possession, worth a thousand treatises of the learned. This is a solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia, whom Ariosto has so praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to think a wretch. It was given us by a lamented friend [Lord Byron] who obtained it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. [*Tantum vidi !*—Ed.]. On the envelope he put a happy motto—

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn: it is golden, and nothing else; and, though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture, an angel from the sun. Everybody who sees it, cries out, and pronounces it the real thing. We must confess, after all, we prefer the auburn, as we construe it. It forms, we think, a finer shade for the skin; a richer warmth; a darker lustre. But Lucretia's hair must have been still divine. Mr. Landor, whom we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:—

Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration,—now, thou'rt dust!
All that remains of thee these plaits infold—
Calm hair, meand'ring with pellucid gold!

The sentiment implied in the last line will be echoed by every bosom that has worn a lock of hair next it, or longed to do so. Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials; and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven, and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

FOREHEAD.

In Shakspeare's time it was the fashion to have high foreheads, partly out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth,

They were thought equally beautiful and indicative of wisdom: and if the portraits of the great men of that day are to be trusted, wisdom and high foreheads were certainly often found together. Of late years, physiognomists have declared for the wisdom of strait and compact foreheads, rather than high ones We must own we have seen very silly persons with both. It must be allowed, at the same time, that a very retreating forehead is apt to be no accompaniment of wit. With regard to high ones, they are often confounded with foreheads merely bald; and baldness, whether natural or otherwise, is never handsome; though in men it sometimes takes a character of simplicity and firmness. According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm. A certain conciseness carried it. "Frons debet esse plana, candida, tenuis, brevis, pura," says Junius, in his "De Pictura Veterum." "A forehead should be smooth and even, white, delicate, short, and of an open and cheerful character." Ariosto has expressed it in two words, perhaps in one: "Di *terso* avorio era la fronte lieta"—

Terse ivory was her forehead glad.

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word effrontery comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead, as vines are trailed over a wall.

EYES.

The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. They should be able to say much and all charmingly. The look of sense is proportioned to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and be pleased. We need not be jealous of eyes like those of Gertrude of Wyoming—

Affectionate and glad,
That seem to love whate'er they look upon.

They have always a good stock in reserve for their favourites; especially if, like those mentioned by the poet, they are conversant with books and nature. Give us an eye that draws equally from head above and heart beneath; that is equally

full of ideas and feelings, of intuition and sensation. If either must predominate, let it be the heart. Mere beauty is nothing at any time but a doll, and should be packed up and sent to Brobdingnag. The colour of the eye is a very secondary matter. Black eyes are thought the brightest, blue the most feminine, grey the keenest. It depends entirely on the spirit within.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the internal look; which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the Orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eyes look at you with a royal indifference. Shakspeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being—

> Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love.

In attending to the hair and eyes, we have forgotten the eyebrows, and the shape of the head. They shall be despatched before we come to the lips; as the table is cleared before the dessert.

EYEBROWS.

Shakspeare seems to jest upon this eminence, when he speaks of a lover

> Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Marot mentions a poem on an eyebrow, which was the talk of the Court of Francis the First. The Greeks admired eyebrows that almost met. It depends upon the character of the rest of the face. Meeting eyebrows may give a sense and animation to looks that might otherwise be too feminine. They have certainly not a foolish look. Boccaccio, in his "Ameto," where he gives several pictures of beautiful women, speaks more than once of disjoined eyebrows. An arched eyebrow was always in request; but it is agreed on all hands that a female eyebrow ought to be delicate, and nicely pencilled.

THE CHEEK.

The cheek is the seat of great beauty and sentiment. Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Arcadia," has touched it with no less delicacy, and more sentiment than Anacreon:—"Her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken to, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred." There is an exquisite delicacy, rarely noticed, in the transition from the cheek to the neck, just under the ear. Akenside has observed it where he writes—

Let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming.

THE EAR.

Sir Philip Sidney, by a pretty conceit, drawing a portrait of his heroine, and coming to the ear, tells us, that

The tip no jewel needs to wear;
The tip is jewel to the ear.

We confess that when we see a handsome ear without an ornament we are glad it is not there; but if it has an ornament, and one in good taste, we know not how to wish it away. There is an elegance in the dangling of a gem suitable to the complexion. We believe the ear is better without it. Akenside's picture, for instance, would be spoiled by a ring. Furthermore, it is in the way of a kiss.

THE NOSE.

The poets are generally contented with describing it as straight, and in good proportion. A nose a little aquiline is not unhandsome in a woman. Marie Antoinette was not the worse for an aquiline nose; at least in her triumphant days, when she swam through an antechamber like a vision and swept away the understanding of Mr. Burke.

THE MOUTH.

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A petty, pursed-up mouth

is fit for nothing but to be left to its self-complacency. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil. To the mouth belong not only its own dimples, but those of the cheek.

THE CHIN.

The chin, to be perfect, should be round and delicate. A rounded and gentle prominence is both spirited and beautiful, and is eminently Grecian. It is an elegant countenance (affectation of course apart), where the forehead and eyes have an inclined and overlooking aspect, while the mouth is delicately full and dimpled, and the chin supports it like a cushion, leaning a little upward. A dimple in the chin is a favourite with the poets, and has a character of grace and tenderness.

THE SHOULDERS.

The shoulders in a female ought to be delicately plump, even, and falling without suddenness. Looking at the male and female figure with the eye of a sculptor, our first impression with regard to the one should be, that it is the figure of a noble creature. prompt for action, and with shoulders full of power; with regard to the other, that it is that of a gentle creature, made to be beloved, and neither active nor powerful, but fruitful: the mould of humanity. Her greatest breadth ought not to appear to be at the shoulders. The figure should resemble the pear on the tree—

Winding gently to the waist.

FIGURE AND CARRIAGE.

The beauty of the female figure consists in being gently serpentine. Modesty and luxuriance, fulness and buoyancy; a rising, as if to meet; a falling, as if to retire; spirit, softness, apprehensiveness, self-possession, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something enshrined in gentle proportions and harmonious movement, should all be found in that charming mixture of the spiritual and material. Mind and body are not to be separated, where

real beauty exists. Should there be no great intellect, there will be an intellectual instinct, a grace, an address, a naturally wise amiableness. Should intellect unite with these, there is nothing upon earth so powerful, except the spirit whom it shall call master.

CONVERSATION OF SWIFT.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, September 1825)

I WAS in very good time, but found the whole party assembled with the exception of Mrs. Pope. It was the same as before, with the addition of the Doctor. He is shorter and stouter than I had fancied him, with a face in which there is nothing remarkable, at first sight, but the blueness of the eyes. The boatman, however, had not prepared me for the extreme easiness and good-breeding of his manners. I had made a shallow conclusion. I expected something perpetually fluctuating between broad mirth and a repelling self-assumption. Nothing could be more unlike what I found. His mirth, afterwards, was at times broad enough, and the ardour and freedom of his spirit very evident; but he has an exquisite mode, throughout, of maintaining the respect of his hearers. Whether he is so always, I cannot say. But I guess that he can make himself equally beloved where he pleases, and feared where he does not.

DR. SWIFT. Oh, Mr. Honeycomb, you are too modest, and I must pull down your pride. You have heard of little Will Harrison, poor lad, who wrote the "Medicine for the Ladies," in the *Tatler*. Well, he promised to be one of your great wits, and was very much of a gentleman; and so he took to wearing thin waistcoats, and died of a birthday suit. Now, thin waistcoats and soft sounds are both of 'em bad habits, and encourage a young man to keep late hours, and get his death o' cold.

I asked whether he could not admit a little "higher argument" in the musician than the table. Shakspeare says of a flute, that it "discoursed excellent music," as if it had almost been a rational creature.

DR. SWIFT. A rational fiddlestick! It is not Shakspeare

that says it, but Hamlet, who was out of his wits. Yes, I have heard a flute discourse. Let me see—I have heard a whole roomful of 'em discourse (and then he played off an admirable piece of mimicry, which ought to have been witnessed, to do it justice). Let me see—let me see. The flute made the following excellent remarks—*Tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle,—tootle, tootle, tee,*—and then again, which I thought a new observation—*Tootle, tootle, tootle,* with my *reedle, tootle, ree.* Upon which the violin observed, in a very sprightly manner, *Niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, nee,* with my *nee,* with my long *nee;* which the bass-viol, in his gruff but sensible way, acknowledged to be as witty a thing as he had ever heard. This was followed by a general discourse, in which the violin took the lead, all the rest questioning and reasoning with one another, as hard as they could drive, to the admiration of the beholders, who were never tired of listening. They must have carried away a world of thoughts. For my part, my deafness came upon me. I never so much lamented it. There was a long story told by a hautboy, which was considered so admirable, that the whole band fell into a transport of scratching and tootling. I observed the flute's mouth water, probably at some remarks on green peas, which had just come in season. It might have been guessed, by the gravity of the hearers, that the conversation chiefly ran upon the new king and queen; but I believe it was upon periwigs; for turning to that puppy Rawlinson, and asking what he concluded from all that, he had the face to tell me that it gave him a "heavenly satisfaction."

We laughed heartily at this sally against music.

* * * * *

Mrs. Pope. Pray, Mr. Dean, why do they call those kind of mistakes *bulls?*

Dr Swift. Why, madam, I cannot tell, but I can tell you the prettiest bull that ever was made. An Irishman laid a wager with another, a bricklayer, that he could not carry him to the top of a building, in his hod. The fellow took him up, and, at the risk of both their necks, landed him safely. "Well," cried the other, "you have done it; there's no denying that; but at the fourth storey I had hopes."

A MAN INTRODUCED TO HIS ANCESTORS.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, October 1825)

HAPPENING to read the other evening some observations respecting the geometrical ratio of descent, by which it appears that a man has, *at the twentieth remove, one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six ancestors in the lineal degree—grandfathers and grandmothers*—I dropped into a reverie, during which I thought I stood by myself at one end of an immense public place, the other being occupied with a huge motley assembly, whose faces were all turned towards me I had lost my ordinary sense of individuality, and fancied that my name was Manson.

At this multitudinous gaze, I felt the sort of confusion which is natural to a modest man, and which almost makes us believe that we have been guilty of some crime without knowing it. But what was my astonishment, when a Master of the Ceremonies issued forth, and saluting me by the title of his great-grandson, introduced me to the assembly in the manner and form following:—

May it please your Majesties and his Holiness the Pope;

My Lord Cardinals, may it please your most reverend and illustrious Eminences;

May it please your graces, my Lord Dukes,

My Lords, and Ladies, and Lady Abbesses;

Sir Charles, give me leave, Sir Thomas also, Sir John, Sir Nicholas, Sir William, Sir Owen, Sir Hugh, &c.

Right Worshipful the several Courts of Aldermen;

Mesdames the Married Ladies;

Mesdames the Nuns and other Maiden Ladies,—Messieurs Manson, Womanson, Jones, Hervey, Smith, Merryweather, Hipkins, Jackson, Johnson, Jephson, Damant, Delavigne, De la Bleterie, Macpherson, Scott, O'Bryan, O'Shaughnessy, O'Halloran, Clutterbuck, Brown, White, Black, Lindygreen, Southey, Pip, Trip, Chedorlaomer (who the devil, thought I, is he?), Morandi, Moroni, Ventura, Mazarin, D'Orsay, Puckering, Pi[illegible]ring, Haddon, Somerset, Kent, Franklin, Hunter, Le [illegible]e, Le Roi (more French!), Du Val (a highwayman, [illegible]ll that's gentlemanly!), Howard, Cavendish, Russell, Argentine, Gustafson, Olafson, Bras-de-feu,

Sweyn, Hacho and Tycho, Price, Lloyd, Llewellyn, Hanno, Hiram, &c., and all you intermediate gentlemen, reverend and otherwise, with your infinite sons, nephews, uncles, grandfathers, and all kinds of relations,—

Then, you, sergeants and corporals, and other pretty fellows,—

You footmen there, and coachmen younger than your wigs,—

You gipsies, pedlars, criminals, Botany-Bay men, old Romans, informers, and other vagabonds,—

Gentlemen and ladies, one and all,—

Allow me to introduce to you, your descendant, Mr. Manson

Mr. Manson, your ANCESTORS.

What a sensation!

I made the most innumerable kind of bow I could think of, and was saluted with a noise like that of a hundred oceans. Presently I was in the midst of the uproar, which became like a fair of the human race.

Dreams pay as little attention to ceremony, as the world of which they are supposed to form a part The gentleman-usher was the only person who retained a regard for it. Pope Innocent himself was but one of the crowd. I saw him elbowed and laughing among a parcel of lawyers. It was the same with the dukes and the princes. One of the kings was familiarly addressed by a lord of the bed-chamber as Tom Wildman, and a little French page had a queen much older than himself by the arm, whom he introduced to me as his daughter. I discerned very plainly my immediate ancestors the Mansons, but could not get near enough to speak to them, by reason of a motley crowd, who, with all imaginable kindness, seemed as if they would have torn me to pieces "This is my arm," said one, "as sure as fate," at the same time seizing me by the wrist "The Franklin shoulder," cried another. A gay fellow pushing up to me, and giving me a lively shake, exclaimed. "The family mouth, by the Lord Harry! and the eye—there's a bit of my father in the eye"—"A very little [illegible] please your honour," said a gipsy, a real gipsy, thrusting [illegible] brown face: "all the rest's mine, Kitty Lee's, and the eyebrows are Johnny Faw's to a hair"—"The right leg is my property, however," returned the beau: "I'll swear to the calf."—"*Mais*—but—

notta to de autre calf," added a ludicrous voice, half gruff and half polite, belonging to a fantastic-looking person, whom I found to be a dancing-master. I did not care for the gipsy; but to owe my left leg to a dancing-master was not quite so pleasant, especially as, like Mr. Brummel's, it happens to be my favourite leg. Besides, I cannot dance However, the truth must out My left leg is more of a man's than my right, and yet it certainly originated with Mons. Fauxpas. He came over from France in the train of the Duke of Buckingham. The rest of me went in the same manner. A Catholic priest was rejoiced at the sight of my head of hair, though by no means remarkable but for quantity; but it seems he never expected to see it again since he received the tonsure. A little coquette of quality laid claim to my nose, and a more romantic young lady to my chin. I could not say my soul was my own. I was claimed not only by the Mansons, but by a little timid boy, a bold patriot, a moper, a merry-andrew, a coxcomb, a hermit, a voluptuary, a water-drinker, a Greek of the name of Pythias, a free-thinker, a religionist, a bookworm, a simpleton, a beggar, a philosopher, a triumphant cosmopolite, a trembling father, a hack-author, an old soldier dying with harness on his back.

"Well," said I, looking at this agreeable mixture of claimants, "at any rate my vices are not my own."

"And how many virtues?" cried they in stern voice.

"Gentlemen," said I, "if you had waited, you would have seen that I could give up one as well as the other; that is to say, as far as either can be given up by a nature that partakes of ye all. I see very plainly, that all which a descendant no better than myself has to do, is neither to boast of his virtues, nor pretend exemption from his vices, nor be overcome with his misfortunes; but solely to regard the great mixture of all as gathered together in his person, and to try what he can do with it for the honour of those who preceded him, and the good of those that come after."

At this I thought the whole enormous assembly put on a very earnest but affectionate face, which was a fine sight A noble humility was in the looks of the best. Tears, not without dignity, stood in the eyes of the worst.

"It is late for me," added I, "I can do little. But I will tell this vision to the younger and stouter; they perhaps may do more."

"Go and tell it," answered the multitude. But the noise was so loud that I awoke, and found my little child crowing in my ear.

A NOVEL PARTY.

(Wishing-Cap Papers, in *The Examiner*, 1825.)

WHEN people speak of the creations of poets and novelists, they are accustomed to think that they are only using a form of speech. We fancy that nothing can be created which is not visible; that a being must be as palpable as Dick or Thomas, before we can take him for granted; and that nobody really exists, who will not die like the rest of us, and be forgotten.

But the immortal people in Pope and Fielding, the deathless generations in Chaucer, in Shakspeare, in Goldsmith, in Sterne, and Le Sage, and Cervantes—acquaintances and friends who remain for ever the same, whom we meet at a thousand turns, and know as well as we do our own kindred, though we never set gross corporeal eyes on them—what is the amount of the actual effective existence of millions of Jacksons and Tomkinses compared with theirs? Are we as intimate, I wish to know, with our aunt as we are with Miss Western? Could we not speak to the character of Tom Jones in any court in Christendom? Are not scores of clergymen continually passing away in this transitory world, gone and forgotten, while Parson Adams remains as stout and hearty as ever?

I was sitting by my fireside; and, being in the humour to have more company than I could procure, I put on my Wishing-cap, and found myself in a new little world that hovers about England, like the Flying Island of Gulliver. The place immediately above me resembled a common drawing-room at the West End of the town, and a pretty large evening-party were already assembled, waiting for more arrivals. A stranger would have taken them for masqueraders. Some of the gentlemen wore toupees, others only powder, others their own plain head of hair. Some had swords by their sides, others none. Here were beaux in the modern coat and waistcoat, or habiliments little different. There stood coats stuck out with buckram and legs

with stockings above the knees. The appearance of the ladies presented an equal variety. Some wore hoops, others plain petticoats. The heads of many were built up with prodigious edifices of hair and ribbon; others had their curls flowing down their necks; some were in common shoes, others in a kind of slippered stilts. In short, not to keep the reader any longer upon trifles, the company consisted of the immortal though familiar creatures I speak of, the heroes and heroines of the wonderful persons who have lived among us, called Novelists.

Judge of my delight when I found myself among a set of old acquaintances, whom I had never expected to see in this manner. Conceive how I felt, when I discovered that the gentleman and lady I was sitting next to were Sir Charles and my Lady Grandison! In the centre were Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Random

The next arrival (conceive how my heart expanded at the sight) consisted of the Rev. Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, with his family, and the Miss Flamboroughs; the latter red and staring with delight The Doctor apologized for not being sooner, but Mrs Primrose said she was sure the gentlefolks would excuse him, knowing that people accustomed to good society were never in a flurry on such occasions Her husband would have made some remark on this; but seeing that she was prepared to appeal to her son, "the Squire," who flattered and made her his butt, and that Sir William Thornhill and both the young married ladies would be in pain, he forebore. The Vicar made haste to pay his respects to Sir Charles and Lady Grandison, who treated him with great distinction, Sir Charles taking him by the hand, and calling him his "good and worthy friend." I observed that Mr Moses Primrose had acquired something of a collected and cautious look, as if determined never to be cheated again. He happened to seat himself next to Peregrine Pickle, who informed him, to his equal surprise and delight, that Captain Booth had written a refutation of Materialism. He added, that the Captain did not choose at present to be openly talked of as the author, though he did not mind being complimented upon it in an obscure and ingenious way I noticed, after this, that a game of cross purposes was going on between Booth and Moses, which often forced a blush from the Captain's lady. When Mr.

and Mrs. Booby (the famous Pamela) afterwards came in, he attracted so much attention from the latter, that upon her asking me, with a sort of pitying smile, what I thought of him, I ventured to say, in a pun, that I looked upon him as a very good "Booth for the Fair;" upon which, to my astonishment, she blushed as red as scarlet, and told me that her dear Mr. B. did not approve of such speeches. My pun was a mere pun, and meant little; certainly nothing to the disadvantage of the sentimental part of the sex, for whom I thought him by no means a finished companion. But there is no knowing these precise people.

But I anticipate the order of the arrivals. The Primroses were followed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mr. and Miss Western, and my Lady Bellaston. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Clinker (I believe I should rather say Bramble), with old Matthew himself, and Mrs. Lismahago; and then a whole world of Aunt Selbys, and Grandmamma Selbys, and Miss Howes, and Mr. Harlowes, though I observed neither Clarissa nor Lovelace.

Then came my Lord and Lady Orville (Evelina), Mr. and Mrs. Delville (Cecilia), Camilla (I forget her surname), with a large party. Mrs Booby and husband came last, accompanied by my Lady Booby, Mr. Joseph Andrews and bride, and the Rev. Mr. Adams, for whom Mrs. B. made a sort of apology, by informing us that there was no necessity to make any—Mr. Adams being an honour to the cloth. Fanny seated herself by Sophia Western (that was), with whom I found she was intimate, and a lovelier pair of blooming, unaffected creatures, whose good-nature stood them instead of wit, I never beheld.

An excuse was sent by Mr. Tristram Shandy for his Uncle Tobias, saying that they were confined at home, and unfit for company, which made me very sorry, for I would rather have seen the divine old invalid than any man in the room, not excepting Parson Adams. I suspect he knew nothing of the invitation. Corporal Trim brought the letter; a very honest, pathetic fellow, who dropped a tear. He also gave a kiss, as he went out, to one of the maid-servants. The Rev. Mr. Yorick, friend of the Shandy family, sent his servant La Fleur to wait on us; a brisk, active youth, who naturalized himself among us by adoring

the ladies all round. The poor lad manifested his admiration by various grimaces, that forced the Miss Flamboroughs to stuff their handkerchiefs in their mouths. Our other attendants were Strap, Tom Pipes, Partridge, and two or three more, some of them in livery, and others not, as became their respective ranks The refreshments were under the care of Mrs. Slipslop; but underwent, as they came up, a jealous revision from Mrs. Lismahago and Mrs. Humphrey Clinker, who, luckily for her, differed considerably with one another, or none would have been worth eating.

We forgot to mention that Mrs. Honour, the famous waiting-maid of Sophia Western, was not present. Nothing could induce her to figure as a servant, where that "infected upstart," as she called her, Mrs. Humphrey Clinker, fidgeted about as a gentlewoman

The conversation soon became very entertaining, particularly in the hands of the Grandisons and Harlowes, who, though we could perceive they were not so admired by the rest of the company as by one another, interested us in spite of ourselves by the longest and yet most curious gossip in the world. Sir Charles did not talk so much as the others; indeed he seemed to be a little baffled and thrust off the pinnacle of his superiority in this very mixed society; but he was thought a prodigious fine gentleman by the gravest of us, and was really a good-natured one. Roderick Random's conversation had the vice of coarseness, to the great delight of Squire Western, who said he had more spirit than Tom himself. Tom did not care for a little freedom, but the sort of conversation to which Roderick and his friends were inclined disgusted him, and, before women, astonished him. He did not, therefore, very well fall in with this society, though his wit and views of things were, upon the whole, pretty much on a par with theirs In person and manners he beat them hollow.

Somebody asked after Lovelace and Clarissa · for the reader need not be told that it is only in a fictitious sense that these personages are said to have died. They cannot die, being immortal. It seems that Lovelace and Clarissa live in a neighbouring quarter, called Romance; a very grave place, where few of the company visited. We were surprised to hear that they lived in the same house; that

Lovelace had found out he had a liking for virtue in her own shape as well as Clarissa's, and that Clarissa thought she might as well forget herself so far as to encourage the man not to make a rascal and a madman of himself.

When the ladies had put on their cloaks, and were waiting for their carriages, we could not but remark how well Sophia Western (we like to call her by her good old name) looked in any dress and position. She was all ease and good-nature, and had a charming shape. Lady Grandison was a regular beauty; but did not become a cloak. She was best in full dress. Pamela was a little soft-looking thing who seemed "as if butter would not melt in her mouth." But she had something in the corner of her eye, which told you that you had better take care how you behaved yourself. She would look all round her at every man in the room, and hardly one of them be the wiser. Pamela was not so splendidly dressed as her friend Lady Grandison; but her clothes were as costly. The Miss Howes, Lady G.'s, and others of that class, were loud, bright-eyed, raw-boned people, who tossed on their cloaks without assistance, or commanded your help with a sarcasm. Camilla, Cecilia, and Evelina were all very handsome and agreeable. We prefer, from what we recollect of them, Camilla and Evelina; but they say Cecilia is the most interesting. The daughters of the Vicar of Wakefield were fine girls, especially Sophia; for whom, being of her lover Sir William's age, we felt a particular tenderness.

PANTOMIMES.

(*The Companion*, January 9, 1828.)

He that says he does not like a pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. "The child," as the poet says, "is father to the man;" and in this instance he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes: John Tomkins, aged thirty-five, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown, who will

sympathize with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin's quips and metamorphoses is to want a perception which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes is not to like animal spirits: it is not to like motion, not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one's uncle; not to like to see a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday, not to know the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; not to sympathize with one's children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves, nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Among the Italians, from whom we borrowed these popular entertainments, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one State, Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another; the Clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman, but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy—the tender fluttering heart—the little dove (*colombina*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept her in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the characters to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin a gallant adventurer from some particular part of the land, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye to his own comfort and muffins—a Lord Mayor's fool, who loved "everything that was good," and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the satirist or caricaturist of the times. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy

ourselves at this moment enjoying it. What whim! what fancy! what eternal movement! The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, parti-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile; bending himself now this way, now that; bridling up like a pigeon; tipping out his toe like a dancer; then taking a fantastic skip; then standing ready at all points and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to show us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy; and lo! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna: for here comes Pantaloon. What a hobbling old rascal it is! How void of any handsome infirmity! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon twopence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow, the Clown

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching midway, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so Down he sits, contriving a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him: but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose The dumpling vanishes at a cram; the sausages are abolished: down go a dozen yards of macaroni: and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in comes Pantaloon in search of the glutton, furious, and resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong.

Ah—here comes Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms! now with a hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a hornpipe; now undulating it in a waltz; or "caracoling" it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera—but always Columbine; always the little dove who is to be protected; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater; more unconscious, yet not so, and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love

Pantomime is certainly a representation of the vital principle of all things Everything in it keeps moving, there is no more cessation than there is in nature; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere; Pantaloon is still careering it; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes? The notion! Look at them; they are evidently in full career: they have been, as well as are, dancing; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

BAD WEATHER.

(*The Companion*, January 16, 1828)

After longing these two months for some "real winter weather," the public have had a good sharp specimen, a little too real. We mean to take our revenge by writing an article upon it after a good breakfast, with our feet at a good fire, and in a room quiet enough to let us hear the fire as well as feel it Outside the casement (for we are writing this in a cottage) the east wind is heard, cutting away like a knife, snow is on the ground: there is frost and sleet at

once: and the melancholy crow of poor chanticleer at a distance, seems complaining that nobody will cherish him. One imagines that his toes must be cold, and that he is drawing comparisons between the present feeling of his sides, and the warmth they enjoy next his plump wife on a perch.

But in the country there is always something to enjoy. There is the silence, if nothing else; you feel that the air is healthy: and you can see to write. Think of a street in London, at once narrow, foggy, and noisy; the snow thawing, not because the frost has not returned, but because the union of mud and smoke prevails against it: and then the unnatural cold sound of the clank of milk-pails (if you are up early enough), or if you are not, the chill, damp, strawy, rickety hackney-coaches going by, with fellows inside of them with cold feet, and the coachman a mere bundle of rags, blue nose, and jolting. (He'll quarrel with every fare, and the passenger knows it and will resist. So they will stand with their feet in the mud, haggling. The old gentleman saw an extra charge of a shilling in his face.) To complete the misery the pedestrians kick, as they go, those detestable flakes of united snow and mud: at least they ought to do so, to complete our picture; and at night-time people coming home hardly know whether or not they have chins.

But is there no comfort, then, in a London street in such weather? Infinite, if people will but have it, and families are good-tempered. We trust we shall be read by hundreds of such this morning. Of some we are certain: and do hereby, agreeably to our ubiquitous privileges, take several breakfasts at once. How pleasant is this rug! How bright and generous the fire! How charming the fair maker of the tea! And how happy that they have not to make it themselves, the drinkers of it! Even the hackney-coachman means to get double as much as usual to-day, either by cheating or being pathetic: and the old gentleman is resolved to make amends for the necessity of his morning drive, by another pint of wine at dinner and crumpets with his tea. It is not by grumbling against the elements that evil is to be done away, but by keeping one's self in good heart with one's fellow-creatures, and remembering that they are all capable of partaking our pleasures. The con-

templation of pain, acting upon a splenetic temperamer produces a stirring reformer here and there, who does go rather out of spite against wrong than sympathy wi pleasure, and becomes a sort of disagreeable angel Far it from us, in the present state of society, to wish that such existed But they will pardon us for labouring in t vocation to which a livelier nature calls us, and drawing distinction between the dissatisfaction that ends in go and the mere commonplace grumbling, that in a thousa instances to one ends in nothing but plaguing everybo as well as the grumbler In almost all cases, those who a in a state of pain themselves, are in the fairest way f giving it: whereas, pleasure is in its nature social. T very abuses of it (terrible as they sometimes are) cannot as much harm as the violation of the common sense of goo humour, simply because it is its nature to go with, and n counter to, humanity. The only point to take care of that as many innocent sources of pleasure are kept open possible, and affection and imagination brought in to sh us what they are, and how surely all may partake of the We are not likely to forget that a human being is of imp tance, when we can discern the merits of so small a thi as a leaf, or a honey-bee, or the beauty of a flake of sno or of the fanciful scenery made by the glowing coals in t fireplace Professors of sciences may do this Writers t most enthusiastic in a good cause may sometimes lose sig of their duties by reason of the very absorption in th enthusiasm. Imagination itself cannot always be abro and at home at the same time, but the many are not lik to think too deeply of anything, and the more pleasu that are taught them by dint of an agreeable exercise their reflection, the more they will learn to reflect on around them, and to endeavour that their reflections m have a right to be agreeable Any increase of the sum our enjoyments almost invariably produces a wish to co municate them An over-indulged human being is ruin by being taught to think of nobody but himself, but human being at once gratified and made to think of othe learns to add to his very pleasures in the act of diminish them.

FINE DAYS IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

(*The Companion, January* 30, 1828)

We speak of those days, unexpected, sunshiny, cheerful, even vernal, which come towards the end of January, and are too apt to come alone They are often set in the midst of a series of rainy ones, like a patch of blue in the sky. Fine weather is much at any time, after or before the end of the year, but, in the latter case, the days are still winter days; whereas, in the former, the year being turned, and March and April before us, we seem to feel the coming of spring. In the streets and squares, the ladies are abroad with their colours and glowing cheeks. If you can hear anything but noise, you hear the sparrows. People anticipate at breakfast the pleasure they shall have in "getting" out. The solitary poplar in a corner looks green against the sky, and the brick wall has a warmth in it. Then in the noisier streets, what a multitude and a new life! What horseback! What promenading! What shopping and giving good-day! Bonnets encounter bonnets, all the Miss Williamses meet all the Miss Joneses; and everybody wonders, particularly at nothing. The shop-windows, putting forward their best, may be said to be in blossom. The yellow carriages flash in the sunshine, footmen rejoice in their white calves not dabbed upon, as usual, with rain; the gossips look out of their three-pair-of-stair windows; other windows are thrown open; fruiterers' shops look well, swelling with full baskets, pavements are found to be dry; lapdogs frisk under their asthmas; and old gentlemen issue forth, peering up at the region of the north-east.

Then in the country, how emerald the green, how open-looking the prospect! Honeysuckles (a name alone with a garden in it) are detected in blossom: the hazel follows; the snowdrop hangs its white perfection, exquisite with green; we fancy the trees are already thicker: voices of winter birds are taken for new ones; and, in February, new ones come—the thrush, the chaffinch, and the woodlark. Then rooks begin to pair; and the wagtail dances in the lane As we write this article, the sun is on our paper, and chanticleer (the same, we trust, that we heard the other

day) seems to crow in a very different style, lord of the ascendant, and as willing to be with his wives abroad as at home. We think we see him, as in Chaucer's homestead:

> He looketh, as it were a grim leoûn:
> And on his toes he runneth up and down:
> Him deigneth not to set his feet to ground.
> He clucketh when he has a corn yfound,
> And to him runneth then his wives all.

Will the reader have the rest of the picture, as Chaucer gave it? It is as bright and strong as the day itself, and as suited to it as a falcon to a knight's fist. Hear how the old poet throws forth his strenuous music—as fine, considered as mere music and versification, as the description is pleasant and noble:

> His comb was redder than the fine corâll
> Embattled, as it were a castle wall,
> His bill was black, and as the jet it shone:
> Like azure were his leggès and his tone:
> His nailès, whiter than the lily flower,
> And like the burnèd gold was his coloûr.

Hardly one pause like the other throughout, and yet all flowing and sweet. The pause on the third syllable in the last line but one, and that on the sixth in the last, together with the deep variety of vowels, make a beautiful concluding couplet, and indeed the whole is a study for versification,—so little were those old poets unaware of their task, as some are apt to suppose them, and so little have others dreamt that they surpassed them in their own pretensions. The accent, it is to be observed, in those concluding lines, such as coral and colour, is to be thrown on the last syllable as it is in Italian—colòr, colòre; and Chaucer's old Anglo-Gallican word is a much nobler one than our modern *còlour*. We have injured many such words by throwing back the accent.

We should beg pardon for this digression, if it had not been part of our understood agreement with the reader to be as desultory as we please, and as befits companions. Our very enjoyment of the day we are describing would not let us do otherwise. It is also an old fancy of ours to associate the ideas of Chaucer with that of any early and vigorous manifestation of light and pleasure. He is not only the

"morning star," of our poetry, as Denham called him, but the morning itself, and a good bit of the noon, and we could as soon help quoting him at the beginning of the year as we could help wishing to hear the cry of primroses, and thinking of the sweet faces that buy them.

WALKS HOME BY NIGHT.

(*The Companion*, February 6, 1828)

The readers of these our lucubrations need not be informed that we keep no carriage. The consequence is, that being visitors of the theatre, and having some inconsiderate friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one in the morning, we are great walkers home by night; and this has made us great acquaintances of watchmen, moonlight, *mud*-light, and other accompaniments of that interesting hour. Luckily we are fond of a walk by night. It does not always do us good; but that is not the fault of the hour, but our own, who ought to be stouter, and therefore we extract what good we can out of our necessity, with becoming temper.

We confess there are points liable to cavil in a walk home by night in February. Old umbrellas have their weak sides, and the quantity of mud and rain may surmount the picturesque. Mistaking a soft piece of mud for hard, and so filling your shoe with it, especially at setting out, must be acknowledged to be "aggravating." But then you ought to have boots.

Supposing that we are in a reasonable state of health and comfort, a walk home at night has its merits, if you choose to meet with them. The worst part of it is the setting out; the closing of the door upon the kind faces that part with you. But their words and looks, on the other hand, may set you well off. We have known a word last us all the way home, and a look make a dream of it To a lover, for instance, no walk can be bad He sees but one face in the rain and darkness; the same that he saw by the light in the warm room This ever accompanies him, looking in his eyes, and if the most pitiable and spoilt face in the world should come between them, startling him with the saddest mockery

of love, he would treat it kindly for her sake. But this is a begging of the question. A lover does not walk. He is sensible neither to the pleasures nor pains of walking. He treads on air; and in the thick of all that seems inclement has an avenue of light and velvet spread for him, like a sovereign prince.

The advantage of a late hour is, that everything is silent and the people fast in their beds. This gives the whole world a tranquil appearance. Inanimate objects are no calmer than passions and cares now seem to be, all laid asleep. The human being is motionless as the house or the tree; sorrow is suspended, and you endeavour to think that love only is awake

The great majority are certainly "fast as a church" by the time we speak of; and for the rest, we are among the workers who have been sleepless for their advantage; so we take out our licence to forget them for the time being. The only thing that shall remind us of them is the red lamp, shining afar over the apothecary's door, which, while it does so, reminds us also that there is help for them to be had.

By this time the hackney-coaches have all left the stands —a good symptom of their having got their day's money. Crickets are heard, here and there, amidst the embers of some kitchen. A dog follows us. Will nothing make him "go along?" We dodge him in vain, we run, we stand and "hish!" at him, accompanying the prohibition with dehortatory gestures, and an imaginary picking up of a stone We turn again, and there he is vexing our skirts. He even forces us into an angry doubt whether he will not starve, if we do not let him go home with us. Now if we could but lame him without being cruel, or if we were only an overseer, or a beadle, or a dealer in dog-skin; or a political economist, to think dogs unnecessary. Oh! come, he has turned a corner, he has gone, we think we see him trotting off at a distance, thin and muddy, and our heart misgives us. But it was not our fault; we were not "hishing" at the time His departure was lucky, for he had got our enjoyments into a dilemma, our "article" would not have known what to do with him. These are the perplexities to which your sympathizers are liable. We resume our way, independent and alone. A fellow-pedes-

trian is company—is the party you have left; you talk and laugh, and there is no longer anything to be contended with. But alone, and in bad weather, and with a long way to go, here is something for the temper and spirits to grapple with and turn to account; and accordingly we are booted and buttoned up, an umbrella over our heads, the rain pelting upon it, and the lamp-light shining in the gutters; "mud-shine," as an artist of our acquaintance used to call it, with a gusto of reprobation. Now, walk cannot well be worse; and yet it shall be nothing if you meet it heartily. There is a pleasure in overcoming obstacles; mere action is something, imagination is more; and the spinning of the blood, and the vivacity of the mental endeavour, act well upon one another, and gradually put you in a state of robust consciousness and triumph. Every time you set down your leg you have a respect for it. The umbrella is held in the hand like a roaring trophy.

We meet our old friends the watchmen, staid, heavy, indifferent, more coat than man, pondering, yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless. What sleep they get is perhaps sweeter in the watch-box—a forbidden sweet, and they have a sense of importance, and a claim on the persons indoors, which, together with the amplitude of their coating, and the possession of the box itself, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be "somebody." They are peculiar and official.

Yet characters are to be found even among watchmen. They are not all mere coat. and lump, and indifference.

Of varieties among watchmen we remember several. One was a Dandy Watchman, who used to ply at the top of Oxford Street, next the park. He had a mincing way with it, pronouncing the *a* in the word "past" as it is in *hat*, making a little preparatory hem before he spoke, and then bringing out his "păst ten" in a style of genteel indifference; as if, upon the whole, he was of that opinion.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street towards Hanover Square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else; but any difference is something in a watchman.

A third, who cried the hour in Bedford Square, was remarkable in his calling for being abrupt and loud. As I was turning the corner into the square with a friend, and

was in the midst of a discussion in which numbers were concerned, we were suddenly startled, as if in solution of it, by a brief and tremendous outcry of—ONE. This paragraph ought to have been at the bottom of the page, and the word printed abruptly round the corner

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding* Watchman. Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet overhead, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white come sliding towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once; he slipped from out of his box and his commonplaces at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, "Everything's in imagination; here goes the whole weight of my office"

But we approach our home. How still the trees! How deliciously asleep the country! The watchmen and patrols, which the careful citizens have planted in abundance within a mile of their doors, salute us with their "Good mornings;" not so welcome as we pretend; for we ought not to be out so late; and it is one of the assumptions of these fatherly old fellows to remind us of it. A few strides on a level; and *there* is the light in the window, the eye of the warm soul of the house—one's home. How particular, and yet how universal, is that word; and how surely does it deposit every one for himself in his own nest!

SECRET OF SOME EXISTING FASHIONS.

(*The Companion*, February 20, 1828)

FASHIONS set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are, for the most part, those that bring custom to the milliner. If we keep watch on an older one, we shall generally trace it, unless of general convenience, to some pertinacity on the part of the aged Even fashions, other-

wise convenient, as the trousers that have so long taken place of small-clothes, often, perhaps, owe their continuance to some general defect, which they help to screen. The old are glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young, and among the latter there are more limbs, perhaps, to which loose clothing is acceptable than tight. More legs and knees, we suspect, rejoice in those cloaks than would be proud to acknowledge themselves in a shoe and stocking. The pertinacity of certain male fashions during the last twenty years we think we can trace to a particular source. If it be objected that the French partook of them, and that our modes have generally come from that country, we suspect that the old Court in France had more to do with them than Napoleon's, which was confessedly masculine and military. The old French in this country, and the old noblesse in the other, wore bibs and trousers, when the Emperor went in a plain stock and delighted to show his good leg. Mr. Hazlitt informs us, in his "Life of Napoleon," that during the consulate all the courtiers were watching the head of the State to know whether mankind were to wear their own hair or powder; and that Buonaparte luckily settled the matter by deciding in favour of nature and cleanliness. But here the revolutionary authority stopped. Luckily, this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. But the bibs, and the trousers, and the huge neckcloths, whence come they? How is it, at least, that they have been so long retained? Observe that polished old gentleman, who bows so well, and is conversing with the most agreeable of physicians. He made a great impression in his youth, and was naturally loth to give it up. On a sudden he finds his throat not so juvenile as he could wish it. Up goes his stock, and enlarges. He rests both his cheeks upon it, the chin settling comfortably upon a bend in the middle, as becomes its delicacy. By-and-by, he thinks the cheeks themselves do not present as good an aspect as with so young a heart might in reason be expected; and forth issue the points of his shirt-collar, and give them an investment at once cherishing and spirited. Thirdly, he suspects his waist to have played him a trick of good living, and surpassed the bounds of youth and elegance before he was well aware of it. Therefore, to keep it seemingly, if not actually, within limits, forth he sends a frill

in the first instance, and a padded set of lapels afterwards. He happens to look on the hand that does all this, and discerns with a sigh that it is not quite the same hand to look at which the women have been transported to kiss; though, for that matter, they will kiss it still, and be transported too The wristband looks forth, and says, "Shall I help to cover it?" and it is allowed to do so, being a gentlemanly finish, and impossible to the mechanical But finally the legs: they were amongst the handsomest in the world; and how did they not dance! What conquests did they not achieve in the time of hoop-petticoats and toupees! And long afterwards, were not Apollo and Hercules found in them together, to the delight of the dowagers? And shall the gods be treated with disrespect, when the heaviness of change comes upon them? No Round comes the kindly trouserian veil, and the legs retreat, like other conquerors.

DANCING IN GENERAL.

(*The Companion*, March 5, 1828)

DANCING is either the representation of love-making, or it is that of pure animal spirits giving way to their propensity to motion It is the latter most probably that strikes out the first idea of it, as an art; the former, that completes and gives it a sentiment. The rudest savages dance round a visitor, politer ones treat him with a dance of the sexes

But French opera-dancing is neither the one nor the other. It pretends both only to show how little it has to do with either. There is love in the plot, there is mirth in the stage directions, but you find it nowhere else. Think of a man making love with no love in his countenance! of a girl as merry as a grig, but destitute of the least expression of it, except in her toe!

A French ballet is like a rehearsal with the emotion left out there is scenery, there are dresses and decorations, some story is supposed to be going on, but the actors are really apart from all this; wrapped up in themselves and anxious for nothing but to astonish with their respective legs, and fetch down applause from the galleries with a jump.

Enter, for instance, two lovers, with a multitude of subordinate lovers to dance for them while they rest The scene is in Turkey, in Italy, in Cyprus; but it might as well be in the dancing-master's schoolroom, for anything it has to do with the performance. Forward comes the gentleman, walking very badly, like all dancers by profession. He bridles, he balances himself, he looks as wooden in the face as a barber's block, he begins capering. That there is no meaning in his capers but to astonish, is evident; for in his greatest efforts he always pays the least attention to his love If it is love-making, it is the oddest in the world, for the lady is forgotten, the gentleman capers by himself, and he expresses his passion by seeing how many jumps he can take, how often he can quiver his feet before he comes down, how eminently he can stand on one leg; and finally. how long he can spin round like a teetotum, as if he had no brain to be made giddy with. Suddenly he stops like a piece of lead, and having received his applause for being a machine, stalks off as proud as a peacock, curving out his arms, holding his head up, and turning his toes east and west, as if it were a grace to be splay-footed. All this is certainly not the "poetry of motion"

It is now the lady's turn She presents herself equally alone and enamoured; she looks grave and anxious—not at her lover, but at the pit: no other emotion is in her face; but then her toes are very lively, and she begins by standing upon them. She seems to say, "You see what it is to love and be merry:" it is to look like a schoolgirl before her master, and to have insteps as pliable as india-rubber. She then moves onward a little, and careers hither and thither, prettily enough, as long as it resembles any real dancing, but this is not her ambition. On a sudden she stops like the gentleman, balances herself, tries her arms and legs, like a young crane learning to fly, then jumps up and down as high as she can, quivering her calves (those only seats of emotion); and finally gives a great spin round as long as possible, looking like a bust and a pair of legs, with an inverted bowl for a petticoat. This she puts an end to by the usual leaden step. as if rooted with fright; the tribute of applause is received with the due petrifaction of countenance, or a smile no less unmeaning; and off she walks, like

her *inamorato*, equally pompous and splay-footed, to stand cooling herself in the background, and astonish the inexperienced with the shortness of her drapery and the corpulence of her legs.

These legs are a sight, unquestionably. If any two balustrades of a bridge were wanting here is the remedy. There is a fair dancer now at the opera, who, from a principle well known to the metaphysical, seems to be ostentatious of two phenomena of this kind, in the exact proportion that she ought to conceal them. She appears to consider them as prize calves, and makes as great a show of her favourites as an Essex grazier The simile is not handsome, but we forget the bearer is a woman when we look at such legs Not that very true women may not have legs a little superfluous Madame Pasta has them; Mrs. Jordan's legs were handsome rather as a man's than as a woman's; and yet whoever doubted that she was a very charming female? It is not the leg, but the spirit with which it is worn; and upon this principle a woman with thick ankles may step about our imaginations like a fairy, and another with thin ones trample them as if they were lead If a woman has grace at her heart, her movements will be graceful and her step soft, let her legs be what size they may.

If she has not, the downwardness of her spirit will put a vulgar weight in her feet, let them naturally be as light as a zephyr's, she shall shake the room as she walks, like an ale-wife. But huge legs in a female are not particularly valuable for their own sakes, as our fair friend at the opera seems to think. Dancing tends to make them so, but this is not what we go to see dancing for Here, however, lies the secret. body is everything in opera-dancing, and mind nothing. To show a limb, they think is—to show a limb. So it is, *and nothing else.* But this is a stretch of the intellectual to which they cannot arrive The audience instinctively know better. And though they stay the after piece to admire more than they pretend, are at once amazed and disappointed: amazed at the beauties lavished upon them, and disappointed to find that the effect is not more beautiful. This is, perhaps, as it should be, everything considered; but then it is not dancing. There might be a great deal less display and a little more sense; and then people might think of those they loved, and have their imaginations

not unseasonably touched; for grace is the link between body and soul, and a sprinkle of that attic salt on the public mind is not without its use. At present, whatsoever their inclination to the contrary, the spectators, before the scene is half over, feel only that there is a glare and an impertinence; that a few half-naked-looking people are walking about, and twirling, and looking stupid; and that if this is voluptuousness, it is a very indifferent thing. The young may be amused with the novelty, and the imaginative may try hard to be kind to it; but if there are other persons present, who have no greater ideas of what is elegant and attractive than the scenes they meet with in French opera-dancing, they are in as fair a way as can be of being the commonest and weakest people in the world, and realizing as little true pleasure as the wooden faces they look at. Now and then there is a single figure worth seeing—sometimes, though rarely, a whole ballet. Des Hayes used to come bounding on the stage like a deer. Angiolini was interesting in Flora, and even Vestris (as long as you did not see his face) had an effect beyond that of his twirling, when he touched her round the waist as Zephyr and took her with him up in the air. But there was poetry in the story. The air blew from the fields of Ovid and our childhood. The best opera-dancer we ever saw was a female of the name of De Martini; she united the activity of the French school with the grace and fervour of the Italian, and did not make her bounds and her twirlings for nothing. She would come, for instance, from the other end of the stage, in a series of giddy movements, and finish them with pitching herself into her lover's arms. Here was love and animal spirits too, each warranting and throwing a grace on the other. Surely a set of Italian or Spanish dancers would make a revolution in this matter, in the course of a season too, and put an end to a school which must be as little profitable in the comparison as it is unmeaning and delightless.

How different a French opera dance and one of their dances on a green of a Sunday evening. We have had the pleasure of seeing the latter, and nothing could be merrier, or more to the purpose; but there is all the difference in the world between French nature and French art. The one is human nature—

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth;

the other is Paris and affectation, the pedantry of pleasure. French opera-dancing is like French painting, a petrifaction of art, an attempt to set rules above the relish of the thing; and it ends in the same way, by being a kind of inanimate sculpture. Their dances on the green are as good as the dancing of birds. Spanish dancing is more passionate We thought when we first saw a bolero, we had never seen dancing before. Those fervid alternations of courtship, and that wild careering of one person round the other, dancing in every limb, and seeming to sweep the very ground as they went with the tips of their fingers, the music fermenting all the while, and the castanets cracking like joints, it looked like a couple of aboriginal beings newly made out of the whole ardour of the South, and not knowing how to vent the tormenting pleasure of their existence. Da Martini made us feel that all this might be controlled into a sentiment: and Italian dancing, we should guess would be as fine in its way as Italian painting and music if properly cultivated. The Germans used to be violent dancers, as became their heavy-laden tables. Of late years they have taken to the most languid and voluptuous of all dances, as if they had no alternative but to go to an extreme We must not omit to do justice to the French dance, the minuet, which is the perfection of artificial grace, the dance of the courtier and fine lady brimful of mutual compliment, arising out of an infinite self-satisfaction. A bow of courtesy is made, as if it were to nothing under a prince or princess A tip of the finger is presented as if it were a jewel How proud the deference! How dignified the resumption! What loftiness in the hat! What greater ascendency in the very sink of the petticoat! What idolatry and self-idolatry of approach! What intensity of separation, the parties retreating with high worship from one another, as if to leave space enough for their triumph to swell in! It seems as if none should dance a minuet after Louis XIV, and his Montespans. It is the excess of pretension becoming something real on that account, and belongs to an age of false triumph and flattered assumptions The *Minuet de la Cour* is the best minuet, and seems to have been inspired by its name Mozart's minuet in "Don Juan" is beautiful and notorious, but it is not so pregnant with assumptions as the other, like a hoop petticoat. It does not rise and fall,

and step about, in the same style of quiet and undoubted perfection, like a Sir Charles Grandison or Lady Graveairs; it is more natural and sincere, and might be danced anywhere by any two lovers, not the nicest in the world, proclaiming their triumph. We have seen Charles Vestris and somebody else, we forget whom, dance the *Minuet de la Cour*, but it was not the real thing. You missed the real pretenders—the proper fine gentleman and lady. Mr. Kemble should have danced a minuet, if he could have danced at all; and Mrs. Oldfield risen in her "chintz and Brussels lace" to accompany him

Let us not, however, be ungrateful to all stage dancing in England. Three stage-loves have we known in the days of our youth; as good love, and better, than is usually entertained towards persons one is not acquainted with; for it gives us an interest ever after in the fair inspirers; and two of these ladies were dancers Our first passion of the kind was for the fine eyes and cordial voice of Miss Murray, afterwards Mrs. Henry Siddons, our second is the sweet ladylike figure of Miss Searle, a dancer (since dead), who married the brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote; and our third for the pretty *embonpoint* and ripe little black head of Miss Lupido, since Mrs Noble, whose clever self and husband may dancing preserve! We thought, when she married, she had made the fittest choice in the world We hope these declarations, which are the first we ever made, are innocent; especially as we make them only to our companion, the reader They are for nobody else to hear. We speak in a stage whisper Our theatrical passion, at present, as he well knows, is for Madame Pasta; and we shall proceed, as we did in the other cases, to show our gratitude for the pleasure she gives us by doing her all the good in our power, and not letting her know a word on the subject. If this is not a disinterested passion we know not what is.

A word or two on our English manner of dancing in private, our quadrilles and country dances A fair friend of ours, whenever she has an objection to make to the style of a person's behaviour, says he "requires a good shaking." This is what may be said of most of the performers in our ball-rooms, particularly the male Our gentlemen dancers forget the part they assume on all other occasions, as encouragers, and payers of compliments; and seem, as if in

despair of equalling their fair friends, they had no object but to get through the dance undetected. The best thing they can do for their partner is to hand her an ice or a lemonade, the very going for which appears to be as great a refreshment for them as the taking it is to the other. When the dance is resumed, all their gravity returns. They look very cut and dry, and succinct; jog along with an air of indifference, and leave the vivacity of the young lady to shift for itself. The most self-satisfied male dancer we ever saw was one who, being contented with his own legs, could never take his eyes off them, but seemed eternally congratulating them and himself that they were fit to be seen. The next thing to this is to be always thinking of the figure, which, indeed, is the main consideration both of gentlemen and ladies When there is anything beyond, the ladies have it, out and out. The best private dancer we know among the male sex is the one who makes it his business to attend to his partner: to set off with her, as if she were a part of his pleasure, and to move among the others, as if there were such things in the world as companionship, and a sense of it And this he does with equal spirit and modesty. Our readers may know of more instances, and may help to furnish them, but the reverse is assuredly the case in general. Perhaps it was not so in the livelier times of our ancestors, when taxation had not forced us to think so much of "number one," and the general knowledge, that is preparing a still better era, had not unsettled the minds of all classes of people as to their individual pretensions. Perhaps also dress makes a difference. Men may have been more confident in cloaks and doublets, than in the flaps and horse-collars of the present day. To get up a dance on a sudden, nowadays, on a green lawn, would look ridiculous on the men's part. At least they feel as if it would, and this would help to make it so On the other hand, a set of gallant apprentices in their caps and doublets, or of wits and cavaliers in their mantles and plumage, had all the world before them for action or for grace, and a painter could put them on canvas with no detriment to the scenery. We are far from desiring to bring back these distinctions. It is very possible for an apprentice nowadays to know twice as much as a cavalier, and we would have no distinction at all between spirit and spirit. But a dress disadvantageous to

everybody is good for nothing but to increase other disadvantages. Above all, a little more spirit in our mode of dancing, and a little more of the dancing itself, without the formality of regular balls, would do us good, and give our energies a fillip on the side of cheerfulness Families and intimate friends would find themselves benefited in health and spirits, perhaps to an extent of which they have no conception, by setting apart an evening or so in the week for a dance among themselves. If we have not much of the "poetry of motion" among us, we may have plenty of the motion itself, which is the healthy part of it; and the next best performer to such a one as we have described, is he who gives himself up to the pleasure and sociality of the moment, whether a good dancer or not.

ON THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

(*The Companion*, March 26, 1828.)

From the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the "great vulgar or the small." Warn, did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. *Odi profanum vulgus*, says he, *et arceo*. But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low;" and thou Steele, who didst humanize upon public-houses and puppet-shows; and Fielding, thou whom the great Richardson, less in that matter (and some others) than thyself, did
...ause thou didst discern natural
...nd yet was not to be taken in by
... my Lady G.
...e startling, but "style and sentiment,"
...an do anything." Remember, then, gentle
...ents are not to be despised in the humblest
...; we will add, nor in the muddiest The other
...pened to be among a set of spectators who could
...stopping to admire the patience and address with

AN EARTH UPON HEAVEN.

(*The Companion*, April 2, 1828.)

SOMEBODY should write an article on "Persons one could wish to have dined with." There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysterers, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis*: and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift, and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century's duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas with the immortals of old books! Will Fielding "leave his card" in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakspeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses, to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the Apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. We could wish to take gently to it: to be loosed not entirely at once. Nothing shall persuade us, that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbour, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that for a certain term of centuries,

Heaven *must* consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realize everything that we have justly desired on earth, will *be* heaven; —we mean, for that period: and that afterwards, if we behave ourselves in a proper pre-angelical manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realize all that we desired in our first Of this latter we can as yet have no conception; but of the former, we think some of the items may be as follow:—

Imprimis—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it, in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female)—*Imprimis*, then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness; and he will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together "of afternoons;" and when the *Earth* begins to rise (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be), other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friend as he, but excellent fellows all; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases

Item, a mistress; beautiful, of course—an angelical expression—a Peri, or Houri, or whatever shape of perfection you choose to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth; in fact, she herself, but completed; all her good qualities made perfect, and all her defects taken away (with the exception of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state); good-tempered, laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself, a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone (they go in pairs there, as the jays and turtle-doves do with us); but, above all things, true; oh, so true, that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious Between writing some divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her or fly (for we should have wings, of course) like a couple of human

bees or doves, extracting delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade.

Item, books Shakspeare and Spenser should write us *new ones!* Think of that. We would have another Decameron. and Walter Scott (for he will be there too,—we mean to beg Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones; and Radical as well as Tory shall love him It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

> We think, admitted to that equal sky,
> The Arabian Nights must bear us company

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favourite earthly pursuits, only one cannot help thinking, with the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our interlunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of newcomers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his skin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to show herself to advantage.

For breakfast we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES.

(*The Companion*, May to July, 1828.)

ABOUT a hundred years ago, a collection of the poetry of our fair countrywomen was made under the title of "Poems by Eminent Ladies;" and twenty years ago, a second appeared, under the title at the head of this paper. These, we believe, are the only two publications of the kind ever known in England, a circumstance hardly to the credit of the public, when it is considered what stuff it has put up with in collections of "British Poets," and how far superior such verse-

writers as Lady Winchelsea, Mrs. Barbauld, and Charlotte Smith were to the Sprats. and Halifaxes, and Stepneys, and Wattses that were re-edited by Chalmers. Anderson, and Dr. Johnson; to say nothing of the women of genius that have since appeared. The French and Italians have behaved with more respect to their Deshoulières and Colonnas. It is not pretended (with the exception of what is reported of Corinna, and what really appears to have been the case with Sappho) that women have ever written poetry equal to that of men, any more than they have been their equals in painting and music Content with conquering them in other respects, with furnishing them the most charming of their inspirations, and dividing with them the sweet praise of *singing*, they have left to the more practical sex the glories of pen and pencil. They have been the muses who set the poets writing; the goddesses to whom their altars flamed. When they did write, they condescended, in return, to put on the earthly feminine likeness of some favourite of the other sex. Lady Winchelsea formed herself on Cowley and Dryden; Vittoria Colonna, on Petrarch and Michael Angelo. Sappho is the exception that proves the rule (if she was an exception). [When reprinting this paper in 1847 in "Men, Women, and Books," Leigh Hunt interpolated, here. the following paragraph]: Even Miss Barrett, whom we take to be the most imaginative poetess that has appeared in England, perhaps in Europe, and who will attain to great eminence if the fineness of her vein can outgrow a certain morbidity, reminds our readers of the peculiarities of contemporary genius. She is like an ultra-sensitive sister of Alfred Tennyson. We are the more desirous to mention the name of this lady, as the following remarks on the poetesses were made before she was known. Its omission, together with that of the names of Mrs Howitt, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and other charming people, of whom we then knew as little. might otherwise have been thought unjust by the reader, however unimportant to themselves.

Mr. Dyce's collection is the one from which our extracts are chiefly made. The other commences no earlier than the time of Pope and Swift. Mr. Dyce begins. as he ought to do, with the ancientest poetical lady he can find, which is the famous Abbess, Juliana Berners, who leads the fair train in a manner singularly masculine and discordant, blowing

a horn, instead of playing on a lute; for the reverend dame was a hunting parson in petticoats She is the author of three tracts, well known to antiquaries, on Hawking, Hunting, and Armory (heraldry), and her verses, as might be expected, are more curious than bewitching. Next to her comes poor Anne Bullen, some verses attributed to whom are very touching, especially the second and last stanzas, and the burden :—

Oh death! rocke me on slepe,
Bring me on quiet reste,
Let passe my verye guiltless goste
Out of my careful brest
Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sound my deth tell,
For I must dye,
There is no remedy;
For now I dye

Farewell my pleasures past,
Wellcum, my present payne;
I feel my torments so increse
That lyfe cannot remayne
Cease now the passing-bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the sound my dethe doth tell,
Deth doth draw nye,
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye

But our attention is drawn off by the stately bluntness of Queen Elizabeth. who writes in the same high style that she acted, and seems ready to knock us on the head if we do not admire; which, luckily, we do The conclusion of her verses on Mary Queen of Scots (whom Mr Dyce has well designated as "that lovely, unfortunate, but surely not guiltless woman") are very characteristic:—

No foreign banish'd wight
Shall anchor in this port,
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort
Our rusty sword with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
And poll their tops that seek
Such change, and gape for joy

A politician thoughtlessly gaping for joy, and having his head shaved off like a turnip by the sword of the Maiden Queen, presents an example considerably to be eschewed. Hear, however, the same woman in love :—

I grieve, and dare not show my discontent;
  I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate;
I do, yet dare not say, I ever meant,
  I seem stark mute, yet inwardly do prate:
I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun.
  Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lies by me; does what I have done;
  This too familiar care does make me rue it;
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppress

Some gentler passions slide into my mind,
  For I am soft and made of melting snow;
Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind;
  Let me or float or sink, be high or low:
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

Signed "*Finis. Eliza. Regina,*" upon Moun . . .'s departure"
Ashmol Mus MSS. 6969 (781) p 142

Moun . . . . is probably Blount, Lord "Mountjoy," of whose family was the late Earl of Blessington. Elizabeth pinched his cheek when he first knelt to her at court, and made him blush.

Lady Elizabeth Carew. "who is understood to be the authoress of 'The Tragedy of Marian, the fair Queen of Jewry,' written by that learned, virtuous, and truly noble lady, E C. 1613," was truly noble indeed, if she wrote the following stanzas in one of the choruses of that work :—

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
  Because they cannot yield *it proves them poor;*
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power but seld;
  The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow—
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn;
  To *scorn* to owe a duty over long;
To *scorn* to be for benefits forborne:
  To *scorn* to lie; to *scorn* to do a wrong;

To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

Lady Mary Wroth, a Sidney, niece of Sir Philip, has the following beautiful passages in a song with a pretty burden to it:—

Love in chaos did appear
When nothing was, yet he seem'd clear;
Nor when light could be descried,
To his crown a light was tied.
Who can blame me?

Could I my past time begin
I would not commit such sin
To live an hour and not to love,
Since Love makes us perfect prove.
Who can blame me?

If the reader wishes to know what sort of a thing the shadow of an angel is, he cannot learn it better than from the verses of an anonymous Authoress to her Husband, published in the year 1652. She bids him not to wear mourning for her, not even a black ring:—

But this bright diamond let it be
Worn in remembrance of me.
And when it sparkles in your eye,
Think 'tis my shadow passeth by.
For why? More bright you shall me see,
Than that, or any gem can be.

Some of the verses of Katharine Philips, who was praised by the poets of her time under the title of "the matchless Orinda," and who called her husband, a plain country gentleman, "Antenor," have an easy though antithetical style, like the lighter ones of Cowley, or the verses of Sheffield and his French contemporaries. One might suppose the following to have been written in order to assist the addresses of some young courtier:—

TO LADY ELIZABETH BOYLE, SINGING A SONG OF WHICH ORINDA WAS THE AUTHOR.

Subduing fair! what will you win,
To use a needless dart?
Why then so many to take in
One undefended heart?

I came exposed to all your charms,
'Gainst which, *the first half-hour,*
I had no will to take up arms,
And in the next, no power.

How can you choose but win the day?
Who can resist the siege?
Who in one action know the way
To vanquish and oblige?

And so on, for four more stanzas. "To vanquish and *obleege*" has a very dandy tone Chesterfield, in this word, is for using the English pronunciation of the letter *i*, which we believe is now the general custom. The late Mr. Kemble, in the course of an affable conversation with which George IV. indulged him, when Prince of Wales, is said to have begged as a favour that his illustrious interlocutor "would be pleased to extend his royal jaws, and say *oblige*, instead of *obleege*." Nevertheless, all authority is in favour of the latter pronunciation—French, Italian, and Latin. But it is a pity to lose the noble sound of our *i*, one of the finest in the language.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, with all the fantastic state she took upon her, and other absurdities arising from her want of judgment, was a woman of genius, and could show a great deal of good sense, where other people were concerned The following apostrophe on "The Theme of Love" has something in it extremely agreeable, between gaiety and gravity:—

O Love, how thou art tired out with rhyme!
Thou art a tree whereon all poets climb;
And from thy branches every one takes some
Of thy sweet fruit, which Fancy feeds upon.

Her Grace wrote an "Allegro" and "Penseroso," as well as Milton; and very good lines they contain. Her "Euphrosyne" does not mince the matter. She talks like a Nell Gwynne, and looks like her too, though all within bounds.

Mirth laughing came; and, running to me, flung
Her fat white arms about my neck: there hung,
Embrac'd and kiss'd me oft, and stroked my cheek,
Saying, she would no other lover seek,
I'll sing you songs, and please you ev'ry day,
Invent new sports to pass the time away;
I'll keep your heart, and guard it from *that thief*
Dull Melancholy, Care, or sadder Grief

And make your eyes with Mirth to overflow;
With springing blood your cheeks soon fat shall grow;
Your leg shall nimble be, your body light,
And all your spirits like to birds in flight
Mirth shall digest your meat, and make you strong, &c.
But Melancholy! *She* will make you lean,
Your cheeks shall hollow grow, your jaws be seen.
She'll make you start at every voice you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.
Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.

On the other hand, Melancholy says of Mirth that she is only happy "just at her birth;" and that she

Like weeds doth grow,
Or such plants as cause madness, reason's foe.
Her face with laughter *crumples on a heap*,
Which makes great wrinkles, and ploughs furrows deep;
Her eyes do water, and her skin turns red,
Her mouth doth gape, teeth bare, like one that's dead;
She fulsome is, and gluts the senses all,
Offers herself and comes before a call

Dryden's young favourite, Ann Killigrew, who comes next in the list, is very clever, and promised to do honour to her master. She was accused of being helped by him in her writing, and repels the charge with spirit and sweetness. The lines "Advanced her height," and "Every laurel to her laurel bow'd," will remind the reader of her great friend.

The envious age, only to me alone,
Will not allow what I do write my own;
But let them rage, and 'gainst a maid consp're,
So deathless numbers from my tuneful lyre
Do ever flow; so *Phœbus*, I by thee
Divinely inspired, and possessed may be
I willingly accept *Cassandra's* fate,
To speak the truth although believ'd too late.

Anne, Marchioness of Wharton, who follows, was daughter of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, ancestor of the present Dillon family. She was a cousin of Lord Rochester, and wrote an elegy on his death, in which she represents him as an angel. We have the pleasure of possessing a copy of Waller's Poems, on the blank leaf of which is

of Madame D'Arblay." She was married to a man of fortune, and of much intellectual pretension, but not happily.

Two poems by Lady Henrietta O'Neil, daughter of Viscount Dungarvon, and wife of O'Neil, of Slane's Castle, are taken out of her friend Mrs. Charlotte Smith's novel of "Desmond,"—a work, by the way, from which Sir Walter Scott borrowed the foundation of his character of Waverley, and the name besides. In a novel by the same lady, we forget which, is the first sketch of the sea-side incident in the "Antiquary," where the hero saves the life of Miss Wardour. Lady Henrietta's verses do her credit, but imply a good deal of suffering. One, "To the Poppy," begins with the following melodious piece of melancholy:—

Not for the promise of the laboured field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Cere's shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year·
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine:

I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower, &c.

In other words, the flourishing lady of quality took opium; which, we suspect, was the case with her poorer friend. We believe the world would be astonished, if it knew the names of all the people of genius, and of all the rich people, as well as poor, who have had recourse to the same consolatory drug. Thousands take it, of whose practice the world has no suspicion, and yet many of those persons, able to endure, perhaps, on that very account, what requires all the patience of those who abstain from it, have quarrelled with such writers as the fair novelist, for trying to amend the evils which tempted them to its use.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who was "made," according to Gibbon, "for something better than a Duchess," is justly celebrated for her poem on the "Passage of Mount St. Gothard," which awakened the enthusiasm of Coleridge. There are fine lines in it, and a vital liberality of sentiment. The writer seems to breathe out her fervent words like a young Muse, her lips glowing with health and the morning dew.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly traced,
Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod;
Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God

At stanza twenty it is said with beautiful truth and freshness :—

> The torrent pours, and *breathes* its glittering spray

Stanza twenty-four was the one that excited the raptures of Coleridge :—

> And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
> Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
> With well-strung arm that first preserv'd his child,
> Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

"Oh, lady!" cried the poet, on hearing this animated apostrophe :—

> Oh, lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
> Where learnt you that heroic measure?

This is the burden of an ode addressed to her by Coleridge. The Duchess of Devonshire, mother of the present Duke, who has proved himself a worthy son by his love of the beauties of nature and his sympathies with his fellow-creatures, may well have been a glorious being to look at, writing such verses as those, and being handsome besides.

Exit the Duchess; and enter, in this curious alternation of grave and gay, the staid solemnity of Miss Carter, a Stoic philosopher, who died at the age of eighty-nine. The volume contains her "Ode to Wisdom," somewhat bitter against

> The coxcomb sneer, the stupid lie
> Of ignorance and spite,

and some "Lines to a Gentleman on his intending to cut down a Grove," which are pleasanter. A Hamadryad, who is made to remonstrate on the occasion, says:—

> Reflect, before the fatal axe
> My threatened doom has wrought;
> Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
> *The nobler growth of thought*

This line, by which thoughts are made to grow in the mind like a solemn grove of trees, is very striking. And the next stanza is good :—

> Not all the glowing fruits that blush
> On India's sunny coast,
> Can recompense thee for the worth
> Of one idea lost

Miss Carter translated "Epictetus," and was much, and we believe deservedly, admired for the soundness of her acquirements. We were startled at reading somewhere the other day that, in her youth, she had not only the wisdom of a Pallas, but the look of a Hebe. Healthy no doubt she was, and possessed of a fine constitution. She was probably also handsome; but Hebe and a hook nose are in our minds impossible associations.

Charlotte Smith has been mentioned before. Some of her novels will last, and her sonnets with them, each perhaps aided by the other. There is nothing great in her; but she is natural and touching, and has hit, in the music of her sorrows, upon some of those chords which have been awakened equally, though not so well, in all human bosoms.—

SONNET WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
  Each simple flower, which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
  The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue,
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
  Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
  And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
  Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
  Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
  Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

Mrs Smith's love of botany, as Mr. Dyce observes, "has led her, in several of her pieces, to paint a variety of flowers with a minuteness and delicacy rarely equalled." This is very true. No young lady, fond of books and flowers, would be without Charlotte Smith's poems, if once acquainted with them. The following couplet, from the piece entitled "Saint Monica," shows her tendency to this agreeable miniature-painting:—

From the *mapp'd* lichen, to the *plumed* weed;
From *thready* mosses to the *veined* flower.

Mrs Smith suffered bitterly from the failure of her husband's mercantile speculations, and the consequent

troubles they both incurred from the law; which, according to her representations, were aggravated in a scandalous manner by guardians and executors. Lawyers cut a remarkable figure in her novels; and her complaints upon these her domestic grievances overflow, in a singular though not unpardonable or unmoving manner, in her prefaces. To one of the later editions of her poems, published when she was alive, is prefixed a portrait of her, under which, with a pretty feminine pathos, which a generous reader would be loth to call vanity, she has quoted the following lines from Shakspeare:

> Oh, Grief has changed me since you saw me last;
> And heavy hours, with Time's deforming hand,
> Have written strange defeatures on my face

Miss Seward is affected and superfluous; but now and then she writes a good line; for example

> And sultry silence brooded o'er the hills.

And she can paint a natural picture. We can testify to the strange unheard-of luxury, which she describes, of rising to her books before day on a winter's morning.

Miss Seward ought to have married, and had a person superior to herself for her husband. She would have lost her affectation; doubled her good things; and, we doubt not, have made an entertaining companion for all hours, grave or gay. The daughter of the Editor of "Beaumont and Fletcher" was not a mean person, though lost among the egotisms of her native town, and the praises of injudicious friends. Meanwhile, it is something too much to hear her talk of translating an Ode of Horace "while her hair is dressing!"

The "Psyche" of Mrs. Tighe has a languid beauty, probably resembling that of her person. This lady, who was the daughter of the Rev. William Blachford, died in her thirty-seventh year, of consumption. The face prefixed to the volume containing her poem is very handsome. The greater part of the poem itself is little worth, except as a strain of elegance; but now and then we meet with a fancy not unworthy a pupil of Spenser. Cupid, as he lies sleeping, has a little suffusing light, stealing from between his eyelids:

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seemed to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polished limbs suffuse with light.
Thus thro' some narrow space the azure day,
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams to gild the brow of night.

This is the prettiest "peep o' day boy" which has appeared in Ireland.

Mrs Hunter, wife of the celebrated John Hunter the surgeon, and sister of the late Sir Everhard Home, published a volume of poems, in which were a number of songs that were set to music, some of them by Haydn, who was intimate with her Among the latter is one extracted by Mr. Dyce, beginning—

The season comes when first we met.

It is one of the composer's most affecting melodies, and not too much loaded with science It is to be found in an elegant selection of airs, trios, &c., in two volumes, worthy the attention, and not beyond the skill of the amateur, published by Mr Sainsbury, and entitled the "Vocal Anthology" Mrs. Hunter was author of the well-known Death Song of a Cherokee Indian —

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day.

A simple and cordial energy, made up of feeling and good sense, is the characteristic of the better part of her writings.

Hester Lynch Piozzi, the friend and hostess of Johnson, was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq , of Bodvel in Carnarvonshire. Her first husband was Johnson's friend, Thrale, an eminent brewer, her second, Signor Piozzi, a teacher of music The superiority of "The Three Warnings" to her other poetical pieces excited a suspicion, as Mr. Dyce observes, that Johnson assisted her in its composition; but there was no foundation for the suspicion The style is a great deal too natural and lively for Johnson. If anything were to be suspected of the poem, it would be that Mrs Thrale had found the original in some French author, the lax metre and versification resembling those of the second order of French tales in verse.

Mrs. Radcliffe's verses are unworthy of her romances. In the latter she was what Mr. Mathias called her, "a mighty magician;" or, not to lose the fine sound of his whole phrase —"the mighty magician of Udolpho." In her verses she is a tinselled nymph in a pantomime, calling up commonplaces with a wand.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld is one of the best poetesses in the book. It is curious, by the way, to observe how the name of Anne predominates in this list of females There are seventy-eight writers in all, besides anonymous ones, and two or three whose Christian names are not known; and out of these seventy-eight, eighteen have the name of Anne. The name that prevails next, is Mary; and then Elizabeth. The popularity of Anne is perhaps of Protestant origin, and began with Anne Bullen. It served at once to proclaim the new opinions, to eschew the reigning Catholic appellation of Mary, and, at the same time, to appear modestly scriptural. But the sweet gentleness of the name of Mary was not to be put down, even by the help of the poor bigot of Smithfield.

Mr. Dyce informs us that Mr. Fox used to speak with admiration of Mrs. Barbauld's talents, and had got her songs by heart. This was an applause worth having These two lines from her "Summer Evening's Meditation" are sublime—

> This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
> And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

Mrs. Barbauld, like other persons of genuine fancy, had great good sense. Mr. Hazlitt has eulogized her "Essay on the Inconsistency of our Expectations." If ever she committed a mistake, she was the sort of woman to retrieve it, or to bear the consequences in the best manner. It is generally understood that she did make one when she married Mr. Barbauld—a "little Presbyterian parson," as Johnson indignantly calls him. Not that he was not a good man, but he was very much her inferior. "Such tricks hath strong imagination," even when united with the strongest understanding To judge by her writings (and by what better thing can we judge, if they have the right look of sincerity?) Mrs. Barbauld ought to have had a Raleigh or

Sidney for her lover. She had both intellect and passion enough to match a spirit heroical. The song beginning

> Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,

has all the devoted energy of the old poets

O Lady Anne Barnard, thou that didst write the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," which must have suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written, we hail, and pay thee homage, knowing thee now for the first time by thy real name! But why wast thou desirous of being only a woman of quality, when thou ought'st to have been (as Nature intended thee) nothing but the finest gentlewoman of thy time? And what bad example was it that, joining with the sophistications of thy rank, did make thee so anxious to keep thy secret from the world, and ashamed to be spoken of as an authoress? Shall habit and education be so strong with those who ought to form instead of being formed by them? Shall they render such understandings as thine insensible to the humiliation of the fancied dignity of concealment, and the poor pride of being ashamed to give pleasure?

Lady Anne gives an interesting account of the birth and fortunes of her ballad, in a letter dated July 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here —

"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born [she says] soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond, —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me · 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear, I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother

fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. . . .

"Meanwhile, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity."

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win,
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

* * * * * * *

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

* * * * * * *

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gudewife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

Such is the origin of the most pathetic ballad that ever was written; and such are the marriages which it is not accounted a sin to consecrate The old man in this scene of moral perplexity is good and generous in everything but his dotage, the parents not only take themselves for kind ones, but are so, with the exception of their will to sacrifice their child; and ignorance and example excuse all three! Finally, the poor slaves who suffer from such abuses, and the cleve but in some respects not better taught ones, who them to be tolerated out of some fear of ill or alteration, agree to go on calling this world a tears," they themselves taking care all the while proper quantity of the supply! To run indign into such heaps of absurdity is surely to prepa breaking up.

Miss Hannah More, a lady not out of harmony discords which mankind have been so long takin melancholy music, is the one that comes next. first time we ever read any of her verses; and she surprised us, not only with some capital good se with liberal and feeling sentiments! How could a capable of uttering such things, get encrusted with Calvinism! and that, too, not out of fear and bad health, but in full possession, as it should seem, both of cheerfulness and sensibility! Oh, strange effects of example and bringing up! when humanity itself can be made to believe in the divineness of what is inhuman! "Sweet Sensibility!" cries our fair advocate of eternal punishment—

Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness ere reflection's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs!
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side!
To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint

And again :—

Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please,
O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

The whole poem, with the exception of some objections to preachers of benevolence (like Sterne)—who must be taken, like the fall of the dew, in their general effect upon the mass of the world—is full of good sense and feeling, though what the fair theologian guards us against in our estimation of complexional good-nature, is to be carried a good deal farther than she supposes. "As Feeling," she says—

——— tends to good, or leans to ill,
It gives fresh force to vice or principle;
'Tis not a gift peculiar to the good,
'Tis often but a virtue of the blood,
And what would seem Compassion's moral flow,
Is but a circulation swift or slow

And what would seem religion's happy flow is often better. But this argues nothing against religion or [...]on. Whatever tends to secure the happiest flow of blood provides best for the ends of virtue, if happiness be life's object. A man, it is true, may *begin* with being on the mere strength of the purity and vivacity of impulse: children do so, but he must have derived his constitution from very virtuous, temperate, and happy parents indeed, and be a great fool to boot, and wanting in the commonest sympathies of his nature, if he can continue happy, and yet be a bad man: and then he could not be bad, in the worst sense of the word, for his defects would excuse him

There is a good deal of sense and wit in the extract from "Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies;" but Miss More is for attributing the vices of disingenuousness, sneering, and sensuality, to freethinkers exclusively, which is disingenuous on her own part; as if these vices were not shared by the inconsistent of all classes She herself sneers in the very act of denouncing sneerers; nor did we ever know that a joke was spared by the orthodox when they could get one.

We must now bring our extracts to a conclusion There are some agreeable specimens of Miss Baillie; an admirable

ballad on the Wind, attributed to Mr. Wordsworth's sister; and some pieces by Miss Landon and Mrs. Hemans, two popular writers, who would have brought their pearls to greater perfection if they had concentrated their faculties a little, and been content not to manufacture so many. But as these ladies bring us among their living contemporaries, and criticism becomes a matter of great delicacy, we must resist the temptation of being carried further.

TEA-DRINKING.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, July 9, 1834)

THE very word *tea*, so petty, so infantine, so winking-eyed, so expressive, somehow or other, of something inexpressibly minute and satisfied with a little (*tee!*), resembles the idea one has (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing, except that they sell us this preparation, bow back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China*-ware and the strange pictures on our tea-cups, made a certain progress in civilization long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it and would go no further, and, if numbers and the customs of "venerable ancestors" are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body, but, as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their tea-cup representations of themselves (which are the only ones popularly known), impress us irresistibly with a fancy that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed, little-footed, little-bearded, little-minded, quaint, overweening, pig-tailed, bald-headed, cone-capped or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over "nine-inch bridges," with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands—a boat, or a house, or a tree, made of a pattern, being over their heads or underneath them (as the case may happen), and a bird as large as the boat, always having a

circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the tea-cups and the grocers' windows, and partly of their own novels too, in which everything seems as little as their eyes, little odes, little wine-parties, and a series of little satisfactions.

At all events, it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden the remotest nation of the East, otherwise unknown, and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom which changed the face of our morning refreshments; and that, instead of ale and meat, or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthenware in their houses, painted with preposterous scenery!

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight, little tea-cup (large, though, at breakfast), round, smooth, and coloured; composed of delicate earth—like the earth, producing flowers, and birds and men; and containing within thee thy Lilliputian ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, engulf——

But hold—there's a fly in.

Now, why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him, but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James the First to a fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good-natured speech, and a natural. It shows that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again, at least we hope so; and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch, who has struggled hard with his unavailing pinions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking. He is on the dry, clean cloth. Is he dead? No: the tea was not so hot as we supposed it see, he gives a heave of himself forward, then endeavours to drag a leg up, then another, then stops, and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wateriness. See! after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs, he smooths himself, like a cat, first one side, then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue, then rubs the legs together, partly to disengage them of their burthen, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape; and

now, finally, opening his wings (beautiful privilege! for all wings, except the bat's, seem beautiful, and a privilege, and fit for envy), he is off again into the air, as if nothing had happened.

WINDOWS.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, August 20, 1834.)

The other day a butterfly came into our room and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. It is a nice point—relieving your butterfly—he is a creature so delicate. If you handle him without ceremony, you bring away on your fingers something which you take to be down, but which is plumes of feathers.

There was he, beating, fluttering, floundering—wondering that he could not get through so clear a matter (for so glass appears to be to insects as well as to men), and tearing his silken little soul out with ineffectual energy. What plumage he must have left upon the pane! What feathers and colours, strewed about, as if some fine lady had gone mad against a ball-room door, for not being let in!

Hereupon we contrived to get him downwards—and forth out into the air sprang he—first against the lime-trees, and then over them into the blue ether.

Bees appear to take it more patiently, out of a greater knowledge, and slip about with a strange air of hopelessness. They seem to "give it up." These things, as Mr. Pepys said of the humanities at Court, "it is pretty to observe." Glass itself is a phenomenon that might alone serve a reflecting observer with meditation for a whole morning—so substantial and yet so air-like, so close and compact to keep away the cold, yet so transparent and facile to let in light, the gentlest of all things—so palpably *something*, and yet to the eye and the perceptions a kind of *nothing!* It seems absolutely to deceive insects in this respect, which is remarkable, considering how closely they handle it, and what microscopic eyes we suppose them to have. We should doubt (as we used to do) whether we did not mistake their ideas on the subject, if we had not so often seen their repeated dashings of themselves against the panes, their

stoppings (as if to take breath), and then their recommencement of the same violence. It is difficult to suppose that they do this for mere pleasure. for it looks as if they must hurt themselves. Observe in particular the tremendous thumps given himself by that great hulking fellow of a fly, that Ajax of the Diptera, the blue-bottle.

Gamblers, for want of a sensation, have been known to start up from their wine, and lay a bet upon two rain-drops coming down a pane of glass. How poor are those gentry, even when they win, compared with observers whose resources never need fail them! To the latter, if they please, the rain-drop itself is a world—a world of beauty and mystery and aboriginal idea, bringing before them a thousand images of proportion, and reflection, and the elements, and light, and colour, and roundness, and delicacy, and fluency, and beneficence, and the refreshed flowers, and the growing corn, and dew-drops on the bushes, and the tears that fall from gentle eyes, and the ocean and the rainbow, and the origin of all things. In water we behold one of the old primeval mysteries of which the world was made Thus, the commonest rain-drop on a pane of glass becomes a visitor from the solitudes of time.

A window, to those who have read a little in Nature's school, thus becomes a book, or a picture, on which her genius may be studied, handicraft though the canvas be, and little as the glazier may have thought of it.

But a window is a frame for other pictures besides its own; sometimes for moving ones, as in the instance of a cloud going along, or a bird, or a flash of lightning; sometimes for the distant landscape, sometimes the nearer one, or the trees that are close to it, with their lights and shades, often for the passing multitude. A picture, a harmony, is observable, even in the drapery of the curtains that invest it; much more in the sunny vine-leaves or roses that may be visible on the borders, or that are trailed against it, and which render many a poor casement so pleasant. There are few windows anywhere which might not be used to better advantage than they are, if we have a little money, or can procure even a few seeds. We have read an art of blowing the fire. There is an art even in the shutting and opening of windows. People might close them more against dull objects, and open them more to pleasant

ones, and to the air. For a few pence they might have beautiful colours and odours, and a pleasing task, emulous of the showers of April, beneficent as May; for they who cultivate flowers in their windows are led instinctively to cultivate them for others as well as themselves; nay, in one respect they do it more so; for you may observe that wherever there is this "fenestral horticulture" (as Evelyn would have called your window-gardening), the flowers are turned with their faces towards the street.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, November 26, 1834.)

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea, and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention—it is a scene which everybody likes, unless he has a morbid aversion to cats: which is not common.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us!

Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches ;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth: so, happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that

foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance!—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother—trying how far the latter would put up with positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sate looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration, to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the "little Pickle" presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathize with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of its coat, which gives out sparks under the hand; its passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which, perhaps, is to be reckoned its taste for fish, a creature with whose element it has so little to do that it is supposed even to abhor it; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself, and buy oysters for his cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it! But Johnson's true practical delicacy in the matter is beautiful. Be assured

that he thought nothing of "condescension" in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it But he hated eccentricity. No. in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accordingly he went out, and bought food for his hungry cat, because his poor negro was too proud to do it, and there was nobody else in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt Court! But doubtless he went as secretly as possible—that is to say, if he considered the thing at all. His friend Garrick could not have done as much! He was too grand, and on the great "stage" of life. Goldsmith could, but he would hardly have thought of it. Beauclerc might, but he would have thought it necessary to excuse it with a jest or a wager, or some such thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again Gibbon! Imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon! He and his bag-wig would have started with all the horror of a gentleman-usher, and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy's-under-assistant-errand-boy.

A NOW.

DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, December 3, 1834)

A FRIEND tells us, that having written a "Now," descriptive of a hot day, we ought to write another, descriptive of a cold one, and accordingly we do so.

But first, the reader may choose to be told of the origin of the use of this word Now, in case he is not already acquainted with it. It was suggested to us by the striking convenience it affords to descriptive writers, such as Thomson and others, who are fond of beginning their

paragraphs with it, thereby saving them a world of trouble in bringing about a nicer conjunction of the various parts of their subject.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks—
Now flaming up to heaven the potent sun—
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky—

No other *Now* can be so present, so instantaneous, so extremely *Now*, as our own Now. The now of the Latins—*Nunc*, or *Jam*, as he sometimes calls himself—is a fellow of past ages. He is no Now. And the *Nun* of the Greek is older. How can there be a *Now* which was *Then?*

But to begin.

Now the moment people wake in the morning they perceive the coldness with their faces, though they are warm with their bodies, and exclaim, "Here's a day!" and pity the poor little sweep, and the boy with the water-cresses. How anybody can go to a cold ditch, and gather water-cresses, seems marvellous. Perhaps we hear great lumps in the street of something falling; and, looking through the window, perceive the roofs of the neighbouring houses thick with snow. e breath is visible, issuing from the mouth as we lie. ow we hate getting up, and hate shaving, and hate the mpty grate in one's bedroom; and water freezes in ewers, nd you may set the towel upright on its own hardness, and the window-panes are frost-whitened; or it is foggy, and the sun sends a dull, brazen beam into one's room; or, if it is fine, the windows outside are stuck with icicles; or a detestable thaw has begun, and they drip; but, at all events, it is horribly cold, and delicate shavers fidget about their chambers, looking distressed, and cherish their hard-hearted enemy, the razor, in their bosoms, to warm him a little, and coax him into a little consideration of their chins.

Now breakfast is fine; and the fire seems to laugh at us as we enter the breakfast-room, and say, "Ha! ha! here's a better room than the bed-chamber!" and we always poke it before we do anything else; and people grow selfish about seats near it; and little boys think their elders tyrannical for saying, "Oh, *you* don't want the fire; your blood is young." And truly that is not the way of stating the case, albeit young blood is warmer than old. Now the butter is too hard to spread; and the rolls and toast are at their maximum; and the former look glorious as they issue

smoking out of the flannel in which they come from the baker's; and people who come with single knocks at the door are pitied, and the voices of boys are loud in the street, sliding or throwing snowballs; and the dust-man's bell sounds cold, and we wonder how anybody can go about selling fish, especially with that hoarse voice; and schoolboys hate their slates, and blow their fingers, and detest infinitely the no-fire at school, and the parish-beadle's nose is redder than ever.

Now sounds in general are dull, and smoke out of chimneys looks warm and rich, and birds are pitied hopping about for crumbs, and the trees look wiry and cheerless, albeit they are still beautiful to imaginative eyes, especially the evergreens, and the birch with boughs like dishevelled hair.

Now skaters are on the alert, the cutlers' shop-windows abound with their swift shoes; and as you approach the scene of action (pond or canal) you hear the dull grinding noise of the skates to and fro Beginners affect to laugh at their tumbles, but are terribly angry, and long to thump the by-standers. On thawing days, idlers persist to the last in skating or sliding amidst the slush and bending ice, making the Humane Society man ferocious He feels as if he could give them the deaths from which it is his business to save them

Now riders look sharp, and horses seem brittle in the legs, and old gentlemen feel so; and coachmen, cabmen, and others, stand swinging their arms across at their sides to warm themselves; and blacksmiths' shops look pleasant, and potato shops detestable; the fishmonger's still more so. We wonder how he can live in that plash of wet and cold fish without even a window.

Now the muffin-bell soundeth sweetly in the streets, reminding us, not of the man, but his muffins, and of twilight, and evening, and curtains, and the fireside.

THE ARCHITECT OF ST. PAUL'S.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, Supplement No 1, 1834)

WREN's principal enjoyment during the later part of his life consisted in his being "carried once a year to see his great work;' "the beginning and completion of which," observes Walpole, "was an event which, one could not wonder, left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that it seemed to recall a memory almost deadened to every other use." The epitaph upon him by his son, which Mr. Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge, caused to be rescued from the vaults underneath the church, where it was ludicrously inapplicable, and placed in gold letters over the choir, has a real sublimity in it, though defaced by one of those plays upon words, which were the taste of the times in the architect's youth, and which his family perhaps had learnt to admire

Subtus *conditur*
Hujus ecclesiæ et urbis *conditor*
Ch. Wren,
Qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta,
Non sibi sed bono publico
Lector, si monumentum requiris,
Circumspice.

We cannot preserve the pun in English, unless, perhaps, by some such rendering as, "Here found a grave the founder of this church," or "Underneath is founded tho tomb," &c. The rest is admirable.

Who lived to the age of upwards of ninety years,
Not for himself, but for the public good.
Reader, if thou seekest his monument,
Look around.

The reader *does* look around, and the whole interior of the cathedral seems like a magnificent vault over his single body. The effect is very grand, especially if the organ is playing.

PORTRAITS IN STATIONERS' HALL.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, Supplement No. 2, 1834.)

In the interior of the modern building are to be seen, looking almost as if they were alive, and as if we knew them personally, the immortal faces of Steele and Richardson, Prior in his cap, and Dr. Hoadley, a liberal bishop. There is also Mrs Richardson, the wife of the novelist, looking as prim and particular as if she had been just chucked under the chin; and Robert Nelson, Esq., supposed author of the "Whole Duty of Man," and prototype of Sir Charles Grandison, as regular and passionless in his face as if he had been made only to wear his wig. The same is not to be said of the face of Steele, with his black eyes and social aspect; and still less of Richardson, who, instead of being the smooth, satisfied-looking personage he is represented in some engravings of him (which makes his heart-rending romance appear unaccountable and cruel), has a face as uneasy as can well be conceived—flushed and shattered with emotion. We recognize the sensitive, enduring man, such as he really was—a heap of bad nerves. It is worth anybody's while to go to Stationers' Hall, on purpose to see these portraits. They are not of the first order as portraits, but evident likenesses. Hoadley looks at once jovial and decided, like a good-natured controversialist. Prior is not so pleasant as in his prints; his nose is a little aquiline, instead of turned up; and his features, though delicate, not so liberal. But if he has not the best look of his poetry, he has the worst. He seems as if he had been sitting up all night; his eyelids droop: and his whole face is *used* with rakery.

HERALDS' COLLEGE.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, Supplement No. 2, 1834.)

Behind Little Knightriders Street, to the east of Doctors' Commons, is the Heralds' College. A gorgeous idea of colours falls on the mind in passing it, as from a cathedral window—

> And shielded scutcheons blush with blood of queens and kings.—

The passenger, if he is a reader conversant with old times, thinks of bannered halls, of processions of chivalry, and of the fields of Cressy and Poictiers, with their vizored knights, distinguished by their coats and crests; for a coat-of-arms is nothing but a representation of the knight himself, from whom the bearer is descended The shield supposes his body; there is the helmet for his head, with the crest upon it; the flourish is his mantle; and he stands upon the ground of his motto, or moral pretension. The supporters, if he is noble, or of a particular class of knighthood, are thought to be the pages that waited upon him, designated by the fantastic dresses of bear, lion, &c., which they sometimes wore. Heraldry is full of colour and imagery, and attracts the fancy like a "book of pictures." The Kings at Arms are romantic personages, really crowned, and have as mystic appellations as the kings of an old tale—Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy. Norroy is King of the North, and Clarencieux (a title of Norman origin) of the South. The heralds, Lancaster, Somerset, &c, have simpler names, indicative of the counties over which they preside; but are only less gorgeously dressed than the kings, in emblazonment and satin; and then there are the four pursuivants, Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, and Blue Mantle, with hues as lively and appellations as quaint as the attendants on a fairy court. For gorgeousness of attire, mysteriousness of origin, and in fact for similarity of origin (a knave being a squire), a knave of cards is not unlike a herald. A story is told of an Irish King at Arms, who, waiting upon the Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to Parliament, and being dressed, as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, so mystified the bishop's servant with his appearance, that not knowing what to make of it, and carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him thus: "My lord, here is the King of Trumps."

RICHARD LOVELACE.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, Supplement No 2, 1834)

At the west end of St. Bride's Church, according to Wood, was buried Richard Lovelace, one of the most

elegant of the cavaliers of Charles the First, and author of the exquisite ballad beginning—

When Love with unconfined wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at my grates

When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered in her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.

This accomplished man, who is said by Wood to have been in his youth "the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld," and who was lamented by Charles Cotton as an epitome of manly virtue, died at a poor lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, an object of charity. Aubrey says he was proud He was accounted a sort of minor Sir Philip Sidney. We speak the more of him, not only on account of his poetry (which, for the most part, displays much fancy, injured by want of selectness), but because his connection with the neighbourhood probably suggested to Richardson the name of his hero in "Clarissa."

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, Supplement No 2, 1834)

RICHARDSON'S manners were strict and formal with regard to his family, probably because he had formed his notions of life from old books, and also because he did not well know how to begin to do otherwise (for he was naturally bashful), and so the habit continued through life. His daughters addressed him in their letters by the title of "Honoured Sir," and are always designating themselves as "ever dutiful." Sedentary living, eternal writing, and perhaps that indulgence in the table, which, however moderate, affects a sedentary man twenty times as much as an active one, conspired to hurt his temper (for we may see by his picture

that he grew fat, and his philosophy was in no respect as profound as he thought it); but he was a most kind-hearted, generous man; kept his pocket full of plums for children, like another Mr. Burchell; gave a great deal of money away in charity, very handsomely too; and was so fond of inviting friends to stay with him, that when they were ill, he and his family must needs have them to be nursed. Several actually died at his house at Fulham, as at an hospital for sick friends.

It is a fact not generally known (none of his biographers seem to have known of it) that Richardson was the son of a joiner, and received what education he had (which was very little, and did not go beyond English) at Christ's Hospital. It may be wondered how he could come no better taught from a school which had sent forth so many good scholars; but in his time, and indeed till very lately, that foundation was divided into several schools, none of which partook of the lessons of the others; and Richardson, agreeably to his father's intention of bringing him up to trade, was most probably confined to the writing-school, where all that was taught was writing and arithmetic. It was most likely here that he intimated his future career, first by writing a letter, at eleven years of age, to a censorious woman of fifty, who pretended a zeal for religion; and afterwards, at thirteen, by composing love-letters to their sweethearts for three young women in the neighbourhood, who made him their confidant. To these and others he also used to read books, their mothers being of the party; and they encouraged him to make remarks; which is exactly the sort of life he led with Mrs. Chapone, Miss Fielding, and others, when in the height of his celebrity. "One of the young women," he informs us, "highly gratified with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write, but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly;' all her fear was only that she should incur a slight for her kindness." This passage, with its pretty breathless parenthesis, is in the style of his books. If the writers among his female coterie in after-life owed their inspiration to him, he only returned to them what they had done for himself. Women seem to have been always about him, both in town and country; which made Mrs. Barbauld say, very agreeably, that he

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"lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies." This has been grudged him, and thought effeminate, but we must make allowance for early circumstances, and recollect what the garden produced for us Richardson did not pretend to be able to do without female society. Perhaps, however, they did not quiet his sensibility so much as they charmed it. We think, in his Correspondence, a tendency is observable to indulge in fancies, not always so paternal as they agree to call them, though doubtless all was said in honour, and the ladies never found reason to diminish their reverence. A great deal has been said of his vanity and the weakness of it. Vain he undoubtedly was, and vanity is no strength, but it is worth bearing in mind that a man is often saved from vanity, not because he is stronger than another, but because he is less amiable, and did not begin, as Richardson did, with being a favourite so early. Few men are surrounded, as he was, from his very childhood, with females; and few people think so well of their species or with so much reason In all probability, too, he was handsome when young, which is another excuse for him. His vanity is more easily excused than his genius accounted for, considering the way in which he lived. The tone of Lovelace's manners and language, which has created so much surprise in an author who was a City printer, and passed his life among a few friends between Fleet Street and a suburb, was caught probably, not merely from Cibber, but from the famous profligate Duke of Wharton, with whom he became acquainted in the course of his business. But the unwearied vivacity with which he has supported it is wonderful

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WAYFARERS IN CHANCERY LANE.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, Supplement No 3, 1834)

Chancery Lane, "the most ancient of any to the west," having been built in the time of Henry the Third, when it was called New Lane, which was afterwards altered to Chancellor's Lane, is the greatest legal thoroughfare in England It leads from the Temple, passes by Serjeants' Inn, Clifford's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, and the Rolls, and conducts to Gray's Inn. Of the world of vice and virtue, of

pain and triumph, of learning and ignorance, truth and chicanery, of impudence, violence, and tranquil wisdom, that must have passed through this spot, the reader may judge accordingly. There all the great and elegant lawyers of the metropolis must have been, at some time or other, from Fortescue and Littleton, to Coke, Ellesmere, and Erskine Sir Thomas More must have been seen going down with his weighty aspect; Bacon with his eye of intuition, the coarse Thurlow; and the reverend elegance of Mansfield. In Chancery Lane was born the celebrated Lord Strafford, who was sent to the block by the party he had deserted, the victim of his own false strength and his master's weakness.

THE PIANOFORTE.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, January 14, 1835)

A PIANOFORTE is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a soul in it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at, but open it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory like the mouth of a sweet singer.

The keys of a pianoforte are of themselves an agreeable spectacle—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect because they are so common, but well worth regarding even in that respect The colour of the white keys is not a cold white, or even when at their whitest there is something of a warmth in the idea of ivory. The black furnish a sort of mosaic, and all are smooth and easy to the touch. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner that there is no discord to go through in getting at a tone. The tone is ready-made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself; for you may play with all your fingers, and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert—with the rising winds of an orchestra, but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds, and the organ itself cannot do for you what the pianoforte does: you can neither get it so cheap,

nor will it condescend to play everything for you, as the other does It is a lion, which has "no skill in dandling the kid." It is Jupiter, unable to put off his deity when he visits you The pianoforte is not incapable of the grandest music, and it performs the light and neat to admiration, and does not omit even the tender. You may accompany with it, almost equally well, the social graces of Mozart, and the pathos of Winter and Paesiello, and as to a certain miniature brilliance of taste and execution, it has given rise to a music of its own, in the hands of Cherubini and others All those delicate ivory keys which repose in such evenness and quiet, wait only the touch of the master's fingers to become a dancing and singing multitude, and out of apparent confusion make accordant loveliness. How pleasant to the uninitiated to see him lay his hand upon them, as if in mere indifference or at random, and as he dimples the instrument with touches wide and numerous as *rain-drops on a summer* sea, play upon the ear the most regular harmonies, and give us in a twinkling elaborations which it would take us years to pick out. We forget that he has gone through the same labour, and think only of the beautiful and mysterious result. He must have a taste to be sure, which no labour can gift him with, and of this we have a due sense. By the way, we know not whether the Italians use the word in the same sense at present, but in an old dictionary in our possession, the keys of musical instruments are called "tazti"—*tastes*, a very expressive designation You do taste the pianoforte the moment you touch it. Anybody can taste it, which, as we said before, is not the case with other instruments, the tone in them not being ready-made, though a master, of course, may apply the word to any.

So said, his hand, sprightly as fire, he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings

Pianofortes will probably be much improved by the new generation Experiments are daily making with them, sometimes of much promise, and the extension of science on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism We are very well content, however, with the instrument as it is, are grateful for it, as a concert in miniature, and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes; only we do not like to see it made a table of, and laden with movables, nor when it is upright does it seem

quite finished without a bust on it, perhaps because it makes so good a pedestal and seems to call for one.

Piano-forte (soft and strong) is not a good name for an instrument which is no softer nor stronger than some others. The organ unites the two qualities most; but organ (ὄργανον, *instrumentum*—as if *the instrument* by excellence) is the proper word for it, not to be parted with, and of a sound fit for its nobleness. The word pianoforte came up when the harpsichord and spinet, its predecessors, were made softer. *Harpsichord* (arpichorda—commonly called in Italian, *claircembalo*, or keyed cymbal—*i.e.*, a box or hollow; Fr. *clavecio*) is a sounding but hardly a good word, meaning a harp with chords—which may be said of any harp *Spinet*, an older term (*spinetto*, thorns), signifies the quills which used to occupy the place of the modern clothed hammers, and which produced the harsh sound in the old instruments, the quill striking the edge of the strings like the nicking of a guitar string by the nail. The spinet was preceded by the *virginals*, the oldest instrument, we believe, of the kind—so called, perhaps, from its being chiefly played upon by young women, or because it was used in singing hymns to the Virgin Spenser has mentioned it in an English *Trimter Iambic*, one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the uncongenialities of Latin versification which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon. The line, however, in which the virginals are mentioned, presents a picture not unworthy of him. His apostrophe, at the outset, to his "unhappie verse" contains an involuntary satire

> *Unhappie verse!* the witnesse of my unhappie state,
> Make thyself fluttering wings of thy fast flying
> Thought, and fly unto my Love wheresoever she be,
> Whether lying restless in heavy bedde, or else
> *Playing alone careless on her heavenlie virginals*

Queen Elizabeth is on record as having played on the virginals It has been supposed by some that the instrument took its name from her; but it is probably older. The musical instrument in one of Shakspeare's sonnets is of the same keyed family. What a complete feeling of the *andante*, or going movement (as the Italians call it), is there in the beautiful line which we have marked! And what a pleasant mixture of tenderness and archness throughout!

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap,
To kiss the tender inward of thy hands,
Whilst my poor lips, that should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness, by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation, with those dancing chips
O'er which thy fingers walk with gentle gait
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Thus we have two out of our great poets, Spenser and Shakspeare, showing us the delight they take in the same species of instrument which we have mentioned as bringing themselves near to our pianoforte.

Still virginalling
Upon his palm,

says the jealous husband in "The Winter's Tale." Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, all mention the organ. Chaucer speaks of several instruments, but we cannot trace to him any keyed ones It is rather surprising that the poets, considering the love of music natural to them, and their frequent mention of the art, have spoken of so few musical instruments—at least, as if conversant with them in their houses. Milton was an organ-player, and Gay a flute-player (how like the difference of their genius!) Thomson possessed an Æolian harp, of which he seems to have been very fond He has addressed an ode to it (from which the verses have been set to music) beginning—

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir .

and has again mentioned the instrument in his "Castle of Indolence," a most fit place for it.

All the truest lovers of any one art admire the other arts Farinelli had several harpsichords to which he gave the names of painters, according to their respective qualities—calling one his Raphael, another his Correggio, &c. And the exquisite little painting, by Annibal Caracci, in the British Gallery, of "Silenus teaching Apollo to play the Pan-pipe" (together with a companion picture hanging near it), is said to have formed one of the compartments of

the harpsichord belonging to that great painter. This is the natural magnificence of genius, which thinks no ornaments too precious for the objects of its love. We should like to be rich enough to play at imitating those great men, and see how much we could do to aggrandize a pianoforte. Let us see. It should be of the most precious aromatic wood; the white keys, ivory (nothing can be better than that), the black, ebony; the legs sculptured with Loves and Graces; the panels should all be Titians and Correggios, the most exquisite verses out of the poets should be carved between them; an arabesque cabinet should stand near it, containing the finest compositions; and Rossini should come from Italy to sing.

Meantime, what signifies all this luxury? The soul of music is at hand, wherever there are keys and strings, and loving fingers to touch them; and this soul, which disposes us to fancy the luxury, enables us to do without it. We can enjoy it in vision without the expense.

THE WAITER.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, June 13, 1835.)

YOUR thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and the business His world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid-servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the two latter, if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off some day to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinksford, where he will "show off" in the eyes of Betty Laxon who refused him He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf, it is so many "breads." His longest speech is the making out of a bill *viva voce*—"Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six-and-twopence"—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new-comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal,

and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes, sir," is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements for butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming, sir." He would drop one of two syllables of his "Yes, sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir."

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement Not, however, that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lower limbs, from his knees downwards The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries, however, a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr. Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. In his right waistcoat-

pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning "*will* be facetious." He is of opinion it is in "human nature" tc be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner—huddled apart—"Thomas dining!" instead of helping dinner.

Once a year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs—"Good God! It's the waiter at the Grogham!"

BRICKS AND BRICKLAYERS.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, August 8, 1835.)

It is a very hot and "dusty day;" you are passing through a street in which there is no shade—a new street, only half built and half paved. The time, noon—the month, August—the whole place glaring with the sun, and coloured with yellow brick, chalk, and lime. Occasionally you stumble upon the bottom of an old saucepan, or kick a baked shoe.

In this very hot passage through life you are longing for soda-water, or for the sound of a pump, when suddenly you

Hear a trowel tick against a brick.

Observe now, O casual reader, what such of us as are habituated to it found in our half-built street. You take a brick perhaps for an ordinary bit of burnt clay, fit only to build No. 9 Golf Street, Little Meadows; and to become a brickbat, and be kicked to pieces in an old alley. O thou of little bookstall! Why, the very manufacture is illustrious with antiquity—with the morning beams that touched the house-tops of Shinaar; there is a clatter of brick-making

in the fields of Accad; and the work looks almost as ancient to this day, with its straw-built tents and its earthy landscape. Not desolate, therefore, or unrefreshed, were we in our new and hot street, for the first brick, like a talisman, transported us into old Babylon, with its tower and its gardens, and there we drove our chariot on the walls, and conversed with Herodotus, and got out of the way of Semiramis, and read the arrow-headed letters on the bricks. The said brick thence took us into Paradise, and so through all the regions of Mesopotamia and the Arabian Nights, with our friends Bochart and Bedreddin Hassan; and returning home, what do we descry? The street itself alone! No! Ben Jonson, the most illustrious of bricklayers, handling his trowel on the walls of Chancery Lane, and the obstinate remnants of Roman brick and mortar lurking still about London, and Spenser's celebration of—

> Those bricky towers
> The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres;

to wit, the Temple, and then we think of our lamented Hazlitt, who first taught us not to think white cottages better than red, especially among trees, noting to us the finer harmony of the contrast—to which we can bear instant and curious testimony, for passing the other day through the gate that leads from St. James's Park into the old court, betwixt Sutherland and Marlborough Houses, we marvelled at what seemed to our near-sighted eyes a shower of red colours in a tree to the right of us, at the corner; which colours, upon inspection, proved to be nothing better than those of the very red bricks that bordered the windows of the building behind the trees We smiled at the mistake; but it was with pleasure, for it reminded us that even defects of vision may have their compensations; and it looked like a symbol of the pleasures with which fancy and commonplace may conspire to enrich an observer willing to be pleased.

COLOUR.

(*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, August 29, 1835.)

In this beloved, beautiful, but too often not very brilliant country of ours, we are not fond enough of *colours*—not fond enough of a beauty of which Nature herself is evidently very fond, and with which, like all the rest of her beauties, it is the business of civilized man to adorn and improve his own well-being. The summer season is a good time for becoming acquainted with them, for it is then we see them best, and may acquire a relish for them against the insipidity of winter. We remember a dyer in Genoa who used to hang out his silks upon a high wall opposite his shop, where they shone with such lustre under the blue sky (we particularly remember some yellow ones), that it was a treat to pass that way. You hailed them at a distance, as if Nature herself had been making some draperies out of buttercups, and had just presented the world with the phenomenon. It is the blue sky and clear air of their native land which have made the Italian painters so famous for colouring; and Rubens and Watteau, like wise men, saw the good of transferring the beauty to the less fortunate climate of Flanders. One of the first things that attracted our notice in Italy was a red cap on the head of a boatman. In England, where nobody else wears such a cap, we should have thought of a butcher; in Italy the sky set it off to such advantage, that it reminded us of a scarlet bud.

In this country the finest colours in men's dresses have at last almost come to be confined to livery servants and soldiers. A soldier's wife, or a market-woman, is the only female that ventures to wear a scarlet cloak; and we have a favourite epithet of vituperation, "gaudy," which we bestow upon all colours that do not suit our melancholy. Reds, and yellows, and bright blues are "gaudy;" we must have nothing but browns, and blacks, and drab-colour or stone. Earth is not of this opinion; nor the heavens either. Gardens do not think so, nor the fields, nor the skies, nor the mountains, nor dawn, nor sunset, nor light itself, which is made of colours and holds them always ready in its crystal quiver, to shoot forth and divide into

loveliness. The beautiful attracts the beautiful. Colours find homes of colour. To red go the red rays, and to purple the purple. The rainbow reads its beauteous lecture in the clouds, showing the sweet division of the hues; and the mechanical "philosopher," as he calls himself, smiles with an air of superiority, and thinks he knows all about it, because the division is made.

The little child, like the real philosopher, knows more, for his "heart leaps up," and he acknowledges a glad mystery.

Colours are the smiles of Nature. When they are extremely smiling, and break forth into other beauty besides, they are her laughs; as in the flowers. The "laughing flowers," says the poet; and it is the business of the poet to feel truths beyond the proof of the mechanician. Nature, at all events, humanly speaking, is manifestly very fond of colour, *for she has made nothing without it.* Her skies are blue; her fields green; her waters vary with her skies; her animals, minerals, vegetables, are all co[illegible]
paints a great many of them in [illegible] colour.
hues, as if to show the dullest stately exhibition of a
The pride of the peacock, or [illegible]ular matter of fact,
quality very like pride, [illegible]outhful beauty in the
evidently connected with [illegible] of it. One of the three
human being is partly made, has adorned and human-
great arts with which Provid[illegible]unded upon the love and
ized the mind—painting—is [illegible]ence of empire can find
imitation of it. And the m[illegible] to possess, or be proud of
nothing more precious, eith[illegible]
wearing, than

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, August 1836)

THIS sudden exhibition of life, in shapes to which we are unaccustomed, reminds us of the wonderful and ever-renewing vitality of all things. Those animals look as fresh, and strong, and beautiful, as if they were born in a new beginning of the world. The leaves and flowers in the nursery-gardens exhibit the same untiring renewal of life. The sunbeam, in the thick of St. Giles's, comes as straight and young as ever from the godlike orb that looks at us from a distance of millions of miles, out of the depths of millions of ages.

THE TIGER.

This bounding creature in its cage is not a common sight; so it comes freshly and wonderfully upon us What brilliancy in its eyes! What impetuous vigour in its leap! What fearlessness of knocks and blows! And how pleasant to think it is on the other side of its bars! What a sensation would ensue, if that pretty-coated creature, which eats a cake so good-naturedly, were suddenly out of its cage, and the cry were heard—"A tiger loose!"—"A panther!"—"A lion!" What a rush and screaming of all the ladies to the gates!—and of gentlemen too! How the human voices, and those of the parrakeets, would go shrieking to heaven together! Fancy the bear suddenly jumping off his pole upon the cake-shop! A tiger let loose at daytime would not be so bad as at night Perhaps he would be most frightened himself. There was an account of one that got loose in Piccadilly, and slunk down into a cellar, where he was quietly taken; but at night, just before feeding, it might not be so pleasant Newspapers tell us of a lion which got out of one of the travelling caravans in the country, and after lurking about the hedges, tore a labourer that he met, in full daylight. Nervous people in imaginative states of the biliary vessels—timid gentlemen taking easy rides—old ladies too comfortable in their homes and armchairs—must sometimes feel misgivings while making their circuit of the Regent's Park, after reading news of this description. Fancy yourself coming home from the play or opera,

humming "Deh vieni, non tardar," or, "Meet me by moonlight alone;" and, as you are turning a corner in Wimpole Street, meeting——a tiger!

What should you *say?* You would find yourself pouring forth a pretty set of Rabelaesque exclamations:—

"Eh—Oh—O Lord!—Hollo!—Help!—Help!—Murder!—Tigers!—U-u-u-u-u-u!—*My* God!—*Policeman!*"

Enter Policeman.

Policeman.—"Good God!—A gentleman with a tiger!"

[*Exit* Policeman.

THE BEAR.

It is curious to find oneself (literally) hand and glove with a bear; giving him buns, and watching his face, like a schoolboy's, to see how he likes them. A reflection rises—"if it were not for those bars, perhaps he would be eating *me*." Yet how mild they and his food render him. We scrutinize his countenance and manners at leisure, and are amused with his apparently indolent yet active lumpishness, his heavy kind of intelligence, his almost hand-like use of his long, awkward-looking toes, and the fur which he wears clumsily about him like a watchman's great-coat. The white bear in these Gardens has a horrible mixed look of innocence and cruelty. From that smooth, unimpressible aspect there is no appeal. He has no ill-will to you, only he is fond of your flesh, and would eat you up as meekly as you would sup milk, or swallow a custard. Imagine his arms around you, and your fate depending upon what you could say to him. You feel that you might as well talk to a devouring statue, or to the sign of the Bear in Piccadilly, or to a guillotine, or to the cloak of Nessus, or to your own great-coat (to ask it to be not so heavy), or to the smooth-faced wife of an ogre, hungry and deaf, and one that did not understand your language.

THE LYNX.

Another curious sensation arises from being so tranquil yourself, and slow in your movements, while you are close to creatures so full of emotion and action. And you know not whether to be more pleased or disappointed at seeing some of them look so harmless, and others so small. On

calling your recollections together, you may know, as matters of fact, that lynxes and wolves are no bigger; but you have willingly made them otherwise, as they appear to you in the books of your childhood, and it seems an anti-climax to find a wolf no bigger than a dog, and a lynx than a large cat. The lynx in these Gardens is a beautiful, bounding creature You know him at once by his ears, if not by his eyes; yet he does not strike you like the lynx you have read of. You are obliged to animate your respect for him, by considering him under the title of "cat-o'-mountain."

THE ELEPHANT.

The more one considers an elephant, the more he makes good his claim to be considered the Doctor Johnson of the brute creation. He is huge, potent, sapient, susceptible of tender impression; is a good fellow: likes as much water as the other did tea, gets on at a great uncouth rate when he walks, and though perhaps less irritable and melancholy, can take a witty revenge, as witness the famous story of the tailor that pricked him, and whom he drenched with ditch-water. If he were suddenly gifted with speech, and we asked him whether he liked his imprisonment, the first words he would utter would unquestionably be—"Why, no, sir." Nor is it to be doubted, when going to dinner, that he would echo the bland sentiment of our illustrious countryman on a like occasion, "Sir, I like to dine." If asked his opinion of his keeper, he would say, "Why, sir, Hipkins is, upon the whole, 'a good fellow'—like myself (*smiling*)—but not quite so considerate, he knows I love him, and presumes a little too much upon my forbearance. He teases me for the amusement of the by-standers Sir, Hipkins takes the display of allowance for the merit of ascendency."

This is what the elephant manifestly thought on the present occasion; for the keeper set a little dog at him, less to the amusement of the by-standers than he fancied; and the noble beast, after butting the cur out of the way, and taking care to spare him as he advanced (for one tread of his foot would have smashed the little pertinacious wretch as flat as a pancake), suddenly made a stop, and, in rebuke of both of them, uttered a high indignant scream, much resembling a score of cracked trumpets.

THE GIRAFFE.

Enter the three ladylike and most curious giraffes, probably called forth by the noise; which they took, however, with great calmness On inspection, their faces express insipidity and indifference more than anything else, but they are interesting from their novelty, and from a singular look of cleanliness, delicacy, and refinement, mixed with a certain *gaucherie*, arising from their long, poking necks, and the disparity of length between their fore and hind legs. They look like young ladies of animals, naturally not ungraceful, but with bad habits. Their necks are not on a line with their fore legs, perpendicular and held up; nor yet arched like horses' necks; but make a feeble-looking obtuse angle, completely answering to the word "poking." The legs come up so close to the necks, that in front they appear to have no bodies; the back slopes like a hill, producing the singular disparity between the legs; and the whole animal, being slender, light-coloured, and very gentle, gives you an idea of delicacy amounting to the fragile. The legs look as if a stick would break them in two, like glass Add to this, a slow and uncouth lifting of the legs, as they walk, as if stepping over gutters; and the effect is just as has been described—the strangest mixture in the world of elegance and uncouthness.

THE DROMEDARY.

The dromedary looked very uncomfortable. His coat was half gone, as if from disease; and he appeared to sit down on the earth for the purpose of screening as much of his barrenness as he could, and of getting warmth. But there was that invincible look of patience in the face, which is so affecting, and which creates so much respect in whatever face it be found

THE MONKEY

But the monkeys—what a curious interest *they* create—half amusing, half painful! the reflection forced upon one's vanity is inevitable—"they are very like men" The way in which they receive a nut in their *hands*, compose themselves with a sort of bustling *nonchalance* to crack

it, and then look about for more with that little, withered, winking, half-human face, is startling. The hand in particular mortifies one, it looks so very unbrute-like, and yet at the same time is so small, so skinny, so like something elvish and unnatural. No wonder it has been thought in some countries that monkeys could speak, but avoided it for fear of being set to work. In their roomy cages here they look like a set of half-human pigmy schoolboys withered into caricatures of a certain class of labourers, but having neither work nor want—nothing to do but to leap out, or sit still, or play with or plague one another.

THE PARROT

Fit neighbours for the monkeys are the parrakeets—themselves, in some respects, a kind of monkey-bird—with claws which they use like hands, a faculty of imitation in voice, and something in the voice so like speech and articulation that one almost fancies the guttural murmuring about to break out into words and *say something*. But what colours!—what blazes of red and gold, of green, blue, and all sorts of the purest splendours! In nothing does Nature seem to take more delight than in colours; and perhaps (to guess reverently, not profanely) these gorgeous hues are intended for the pleasure of some unknown class of spiritual eyes, upon which no kind of beauty is lost, as it is too often upon man's It is impossible to picture to oneself the countless beauties of Nature, the myriads of paintings, animal, vegetable, and mineral, with which earth, air, and seas are thronged, and fancy them all made for no eyes but man's. Neither is it easy to suppose that other animals have eyes, and yet look upon these riches of the eyesight with no feeling of admiration analogous to our own. The peacock's expansion of his plumage, and the apparent pride he takes in it, force us to believe otherwise in his particular case, and yet, with our tendency to put the worst or least handsome construction on what our inferior fellow-creatures do, we attribute to pride, jealousy, and other degrading passions, what may really be attributable to something better; nor may it be *pride* in the peacock, which induces him to display his beauty, but some handsomer joy in the beauty itself.

THE EAGLE.

And the poor eagles and vultures! The very instinct of this epithet shows what an unnatural state they must have been brought to. Think of *eagles* being commiserated, and called "poor!" It is monstrous to see any creature in a cage, far more any winged creature, and most of all such as are accustomed to soar through the vault of heaven, and have the world under their eye. Look at the eyes of these birds here, these eagles and vultures! How strangely clouded *now* seems that grand and stormy depression of the eyelid, drawn with that sidelong air of tightness, fierceness, and threat, as if by the brush of some mighty painter. That is an eye for the clouds and the subject-earth, not for a miserable hencoop. And see, poor flagging wretches! how they stand on their perches, each at a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhibition, eagles *all of a row!*—quiet, impaired, *scrubby;* almost motionless! Are these the sovereign creatures described by the Buffons and Mudies, by the Wilsons of ornithology and poetry, by Spenser, by Homer? Is this the eagle of Pindar, heaving his moist back in sleep upon the sceptre of Jove, under the influence of the music of the gods? Is this the bird of the English poet—

> Soaring through his wide empire of the air,
> *To weather his broad vans?*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

(*The Westminster Review*, April 1837.)

To have a new edition of "Lady Mary," with new particulars of her life, new letters, and a new portrait, is like seeing her come back again in *propriâ personâ*, together with the circles in which she flourished. We perceive a rustling of hoop-petticoats about us, a fluttering of fans, an obeisance of perukes. We behold her in the bloom of her ascendency, the most prominent object in a party of wits and beauties, talking perhaps with Prior or with Congreve, and putting him to all his resources of repartee. The conversation would be thought a little "bold" for these times. Miss

Howe and Miss Bicknell, nevertheless, are laughing outright, my Lady Winchelsea is smiling, and so is Mrs. Howard, for all her staid eyes. Steele, pretending not to see Addison, is about to say something which shall turn the equivoque into an elegance, comfortable to all parties; Addison is pretending not to hear; and Pope, with his lean earnest face and fine eyes, is standing behind her ladyship's chair, too happy to be able to screen his person and to have the advantage of her in point of height, while he is meditating to whisper a sentence in her ear, fervid with passion she laughs at.

Alas! that neither he nor she should become the happier for all this drawing-room delight, that she, by her sarcasm and self-committals, or whatever it was, should be driven into a long exile; and that he, from the most loving of her flatterers, should become the bitterest of her denouncers, and render his hatred as well as love immortal! And yet why lament? All who have any solid pretensions make out their case somehow, both of repute and consolation. The little, crooked, despised person became the "prince of the poets of his time," acknowledged by all, and nursed by many affections instead of one; and the over-flattered and presumptuous fine lady—the Duke's daughter, wit, and beauty—forced upon solitude and self-reflection, found less uneasy resources in books and gardens, and the love of a daughter of her own; besides knowing that she should leave writings behind her admired by all the world, and the reputation of a benefactress of her species.

Pope, who seems to have made her acquaintance not long before she left England, was dazzled by the combination of rank, beauty, and accomplishments into an overwhelming passion He became an ardent correspondent, and the moment she returned, prevailed on her to come and live near him at Twickenham. Both he and she were then at the zenith of their reputation; and here commences the sad question, what it was that brought so much love to so much hate—*tantas animis cœlestibus iras*. To attribute it to Pope's jealousy of her wit, and to certain imbroglios about the proprietorship and publication of her "Town Eclogues," was very idle Pope could no more be jealous of her wit than the sun of the moon, or, to make a less grand simile, than the bee in its garden of the butterfly taking a

few sips. "Her own statement" (and a very tremendous statement it was, for all its levity) "was this: that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immediate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy."

A pause comes upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as this; a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep sense of the blackness of the mortification with which the poor misshaped, applauded poet must have felt his lustre smitten, and his future recollections degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one thing; yet to believe that her manners, and cast of character, as well as the nature of the times, and of the circles in which she moved, had given no license, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is impossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of his vanity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability and glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all which in so poor, and fragile, and dwarfed, and degrading a shape, required so much to be so sustained; assuredly it was inexcusable—it was inhuman. At all events, it would have been inexcusable had anything in poor [illegible]man nature been inexcusable; and had a thousand thi[illegible]ot encouraged the flattered beauty to resent a hope so[illegible]umptuous from one unlike herself. But if she was [illegible]hed, as she protested to be, at his thus trespassing b[illegible] barriers which she had continually suffered to be app[illegible]ed, she might have been more humane in her astonishm[illegible], &c. A little pity might, at least, have divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite so cruel with one so insignificant. She had address: could she not have had recourse to a little of it, under circumstances which would have done it such special honour? She had every advantage on her side: could not even this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her repulse? Oh, Lady Mary! A Duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, and a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with glory as with lute-string and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou take of thy superiority, and didst not see how

small thou becamest in the comparison when thou didst thus, with laughing cheeks, trample under foot the poor little *immortal!*

BOOKSTALLS.

(*The Monthly Repository*, September 1837.)

GREAT and liberal is the magic of the bookstalls; truly deserved is the title of cheap shops. Your second-hand bookseller is second to none in the worth of the treasure which he dispenses; far superior to most; and infinitely superior in the modest profits he is content with. So much so, that one really feels ashamed sometimes to pay him such nothings for his goods. In some instances (for it is not the case with every one) he condescends even to expect to be "beaten down" in the price he charges, petty as it is; and accordingly he is good enough to ask more than he will take, as though he did nothing but refine upon the pleasures of the purchaser. Not content with valuing knowledge and delight at a comparative nothing, he takes ingenious steps to make even that nothing less, and under the guise of a petty struggle to the contrary (as if to give you an agreeable sense of your energies) seems dissatisfied unless he can send you away thrice blessed—blessed with the book, blessed with the cheapness of it, and blessed with the advantage you have had over him in making the cheapness cheaper. Truly, we fear that out of a false shame we have too often defrauded our second-hand friend of the generous self-denial he is thus prepared to exercise in our favour; and by giving him the price set down in his catalogue, left him with impressions to our disadvantage.

And yet who can see treasures of wisdom and beauty going for a price which seems utterly unworthy of them, and stand haggling, with any comfort, for a sixpence or threepence more or less; doubting whether the merits of Shakspeare or Spenser can bear the weight of another fourpenny-piece; or whether the volume that Alexander the Great put into a precious casket, has a right to be estimated at the value of a box of wafers?

To be serious—they who can afford to give a second-hand bookseller what he asks in his catalogue, may in general do

it with good reason, as well as a safe conscience. He is one of an anxious and industrious class of men compelled to begin the world with laying out ready money and living very closely: and if he prospers, the commodities and people he is conversant with encourage the good impressions with which he set out, and generally end in procuring him a reputation for liberality as well as acuteness.

MARRIAGES FROM THE STAGE.

(*The Monthly Repository*, September 1837.)

In reading accounts of actors and actresses, we naturally incline more to the comic or familiar individuals among them than to the tragic, and more to the women than the men. We like to hear the name of Betterton, but Cibber, somehow, is the more welcome. We care little for Quin the tragedian, but Quin the good fellow, the boon companion, the deliverer of Thomson from the spunging-house, is dear to us. Even Garrick's name is injured by the footing he obtained in high life. We are not sure whether he was not too prosperous to be happy, too much compelled to bow, and deteriorate himself, into the airs of a common gentleman. On the other hand, though Foote was a man of birth, we have no misgivings about Foote (except on the moral score). He always seems "taking off" somebody, or cracking jokes. Bannister, Dodd, Parsons, are hearty names, and as to women—Mrs. Siddons, it is true, "queens it" apart, but, somehow, we are inclined to let her, and leave her. On the other hand, who ever tires of the names of Oldfield, and Bracegirdle, and Woffington? All the flutters of the fans of two centuries, and all the solid merits of bodices and petticoats, come down to us in their names; chequering Covent Garden like chintz, and bringing along with them the periwigged and scented glories of the Congreves and Steeles. Who would not willingly hear more of "Mistress Knipp," whom the snug and didactic Pepys detained with him a whole night on purpose to teach her his song of "Beauty, retire"? Mrs. Jordan's laugh beat even the *petit ris folâtre* (the little giddy laugh) of Madame

d'Albret, which Marot says was enough to raise a man from the dead. At least we are not sure that there was a heart in the giddiness of the one, but who doubts it that ever heard the other? And poor Nell Gwynn, "bred up to serve strong waters to the gentlemen" (as she humbly said of her tavern life), what a corner has not virtue in its heart to store her memory in, for the vindication of natural goodness, and the rebuke of the uncharitable? She was the only one of Charles's mistresses whose claim of fidelity towards him one can have any faith in. We saw not long ago, in some book, a charge made against that prince, of uttering, as the last sentence on his deathbed, the words "Don't let poor Nelly starve." They were adduced as a triumphant proof of his irreligion and profligacy, and of his being wicked to the last. Why, they were the most Christian words he is ever known to have spoken. They showed, that with all the selfishness induced by his evil breeding, he could muster up heart enough in the agonies of death, and at what might be thought the most fearful of hazards, to think of a fellow-creature with sympathy, and that, too, in the humblest of his circle. But he recognized in her a loving nature—the only one, most likely, he had ever met with.

It is a curious set-off against the supposed inferiority of the St. Albans' descent from Charles the Second, to those of the Richmonds and others, that the chances of Nelly's constancy are greater than can be reckoned upon with the finer ladies, who fancied themselves qualified to despise her. She thought so herself, and so will every one who knows their histories. The Lennoxes and Fitzroys (and Beauclercs too) have since got plenty of royal blood in their veins through other channels, as far as any such channels can be depended on: and, indeed, the swarthy complexion of Charles (derived from the Medici family) is still pointed at as distinguishing his descendants in more than one branch, though we believe the Beauclercs have it most visibly. Charles Fox had it through his mother (a Lennox), but Topham Beauclerc, Dr. Johnson's friend, resembled his lawless ancestors, if we are not mistaken, in features and shape, as well as hue (to say nothing of morals); and happening to reside in the neighbourhood of the late Duke of St. Albans at the time of his marriage, the village barber, who

had been sent for to shave him, told us that the ducal feet, which he had chanced to see in slippers, were as dark-skinned as the face. We must be excused for relating this circumstance, in consideration of our zeal for the better part of poor Nelly's fame.

There was a singular retrospective fitness in the marriage of the Duke of St. Albans with Harriet Mellon. Even the aristocracy must have beheld it with something of a saturnine amusement The public unequivocally enjoyed it. Moralists were perplexed; especially those of the two extremes—the "outrageously virtuous," who gladly thought the worst of it, and the most liberal speculators upon the ordinations of Providence; who (though coming to a conclusion for the best) are struck with wonder to see one system of morals proclaimed from the high places, and another acted upon, and associated with flourishing perpetuities. Charles the Second, who was the most undisguised libertine that ever sat on the British throne, has left hundreds of illegitimate descendants (thousands rather), the chiefs of whose families are still flourishing in the highest rank, and carrying forward the united dignities of a zeal for Church and State, and an unlawful origin. The spectacle, it must be owned, is puzzling. But seen with an eye of charity (the only final reconciler), there is "a preferment in it," better than what it is supposed to include, but which it will be easier to investigate some hundreds of years hence, when loyalty and piety shall have ceased to be embarrassed with stumbling-blocks, which they at once bow down to and are bound to be shocked at.

In speaking as we do, however, of the Duke's marriage, we do not at all assume that Harriet Mellon and Nell Gwynn had led the same kind of life. This, we are aware, is the general assumption, or something like it; but the Duchess was introduced at the late Court, where, in spite of certain retrospective appearances to the contrary, the demands on conventional propriety were understood to be in no lax keeping in the hands of the present Queen-dowager: and Mr. Coutts was very old when he died—upwards of ninety, we believe, and had not been married many years. It has been hinted that the Duchess, when young, was fond of money, and that when she was an actress at seaports, she did not scruple to bustle about

among the officers, in behalf of the tickets for her benefit-nights. But she had been left with a mother to support; and even if she had gone somewhat far for that purpose, no respecter of the filial virtues would be quick to condemn her. The consideration of a mother to support is itself a delicacy, which may reasonably set aside fifty others. Perhaps this was one of the very things that the old banker liked her for. He may have been so disgusted with the doubtful virtues and real shabbiness of many rich people, that the sight of one hearty nature might have been a priceless refreshment to him; and when he found it combined with a face to match, and a pleasant conversation, he might, for aught we know, have realized for the first time a dream of his youth. The will of the Duchess seems to show that he was in one striking respect worthy of her regard, and she of his; for she has left the bulk of his property to his favourite relation, and in so doing, most likely acted up to a principle which he had justly reckoned upon. It is true, she has thus given riches to one that does not seem to have needed them, and who will probably be not a whit the happier for the superabundance, but such considerations are not to be expected of people who live in what is called the world. The Duke, at the same time, has not been forgotten, nor poorly treated: the remains of the Duchess have been gathered into the family vault; and she has left the reputation of a woman not contemptuous of her origin, nay, desirous to encourage her former profession, and charitable to the poor. We thus infer that her conduct was held reasonable and honourable by all parties.

The Duchess of St. Albans had a more refined look in her younger days, at least in her favourite characters, than was observable in her countenance latterly There was never any genius in her acting, nor much sustainment of character in any respect She seemed never to have taken to the boards with thorough goodwill. Yet there was archness and agreeableness—a good deal that looked as if it could be pleasant off the stage She had black hair, fine eyes, a good-humoured mouth, and an expression upon the whole of sensual but not unamiable intelligence. This she retained in after-life, together with the fine eyes and the look of good-humour; but the unlimited power of self-indulgence had not helped to refine it. This, however, was

a deterioration which many a high-born Duchess has shared with her. We used to see her buying flowers at the nursery-grounds, and riding out in her chaise and four, or barouche, often with the Duke. Shortly before her death we repeatedly met her by herself, but always in the chaise and four, with postillions in the ducal livery. She seemed to say, but more innocently than the personage in the play, "I am Duchess of Malfy still." We used to think that with this fondness for air and exercise, and her natural good-humour, she would attain to long life; but there was more air than exercise, and more luxury than either; and poor Duchess Harriet was too rich, and had too many good things, to continue to enjoy any. Had she remained Harriet Mellon, and disposed of benefit-tickets as of old, she would probably have been alive and merry still. However, she had a fine wondering time of it—a romance of real life; and no harm's done, not even to the peerage!

ON DECEASED STATESMEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN VERSES

(*The Monthly Repository*, October and November 1837)

STATESMEN are too often unjustly treated in men's minds, as practisers of mere cunning and expedience, and lovers of power. Much self-love is doubtless among them, and much love of power. Where is it not? But higher aspirations are oftener mingled with the very cunning and expedience than the narrow-minded suppose. Indeed, the very position which statesmen occupy, and the largeness of the interests in which they deal, tend to create such aspirations where they do not very consciously exist; for a man cannot be habitually interested, even on his own account, with the concerns of nations and the welfare of his fellow-creatures, without having his nature expanded. Statesmen learn to feel as "England," and as "France," or at least as the influential portion of the country, and not as mere heads of a party, however the partisanship may otherwise influence them, or be identified with their form of policy. By-and-by we hope they may feel, not as "England" or as "France,"

but as the whole world; and they will so, as the world advances in knowledge and influence. Now poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material; and in proportion as statesmen have a regard for poetry, and for what the highest poetry loves, they "look abroad," as Bacon phrases it, "into universality," and the universe partakes of the benefit.

It is a very curious and agreeable fact, that scarcely any name of eminence can be mentioned in the political world, from Solon and Lycurgus down to the present moment, that has not, at one period of the man's life or another, been connected with some tribute to the spirit of grace and fancy in the shape of verse. Perhaps there is not a single statesman in the annals of Great Britain that will not be found to have written something in verse—some lines to his mistress, compliment to his patron, jest on his opponent, or elegy or epithalamium on a Court occasion. Even Burleigh, in his youth, wrote verses in French and Latin: Bacon versified psalms: and Clarendon, when he was Mr. Hide, and one of the "wits about town," wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets.

Wyatt, Essex, Sackville, Raleigh, Falkland, Marvell, Temple, Somers, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, all wrote verses; many of them late in life. Pope's Lord Oxford wrote some, and very bad they were.

Lord Chatham wrote Latin verses at college. Pitt, his son, wrote English ones in his youth, and assisted his brothers and sisters in composing a play. Even that caricature of an intriguing and servile statesman, Bubb Dodington, had a poetical vein of tender and serious grace

Our first statesman whose verses are worth quoting, is Sir Thomas Wyatt, a diplomatist of exquisite address in the service of Henry the Eighth. He was rather a great man than a great poet, and his most important pieces in verse are imitations from other languages. But he was very fond of the art, and was accounted a rival in his day of his illustrious friend, the Earl of Surrey. The following "Description of such a one as he would love" is in the highest moral taste, and reminds us of some of the sweet quiet faces in the Italian masters:

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
With gladsome chere, all grief for to expell,
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold
With wit, and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

Our next poetical statesman is Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex; and of a truly poetical nature was he. He was more of a lover of poets, it is true, than a poet, but he himself was a poem and a romance. The man who could even think that he could wish to "hold in his heart the sorrows of all his friends" (for such is a beautiful passage in one of his letters) must have had a noble capability in his nature, that makes us bleed for his bleeding, and wish that he had partaken less of the stormier passions. He died on the scaffold for madly attempting to dictate to his Sovereign by force of arms, and Elizabeth, as fierce as he, and fuller of resentment, is thought by some to have broken her heart for the sentence. Here follow some most curious verses, which show the simplicity and love of gentleness in one of the corners of the man's mind. They were the close of a despatch he sent to Elizabeth when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland! Imagine such a winding up of a state paper now!

Happy is he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert most obscure,
From all society, from love and hate,
Of worldly folk, then should he sleep secure,
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,
Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry,
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry,
Who when he dies, his tomb may be a bush
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

Sackville, Lord Dorset (in the time of Elizabeth), who wrote the fine Induction to the "Mirror of Magistrates," as well as the tragedy of "Gorboduc," has been gathered into collections of British poetry. So ought Sir Walter Raleigh, whose poems have been lately republished. Raleigh was a genuine poet, spoilt by what has spoilt so many men otherwise great—his rival Essex included—the ascendency of his will. His will thrust itself before his understanding—the

imperious part of his energy before the rational or the loving; and hence the failure, even in his worldly views, of one of the most accomplished of men The best production of this lawless and wilful genius is the fine sonnet on the "Fairy Queen" of his friend Spenser; which, not content with admiring as its greatness deserved, he violently places at the head of all poems, ancient and modern, sweeping Petrarch into oblivion, and making Homer himself tremble. It is one of the noblest sonnets in the language

But we now come to the great wit and partisan, Andrew Marvell, whose honesty baffled the arts of the Stuarts, and whose pamphlets and verses had no mean hand in helping to put an end to their dynasty. Marvell unites wit with earnestness and depth of sentiment, beyond any miscellaneous writer in the language. His firm partisanship did not hinder him being of the party of all mankind, and doing justice to what was good in the most opposite characters. In a panegyric on Cromwell he has taken high gentlemanly occasion to record the dignity of the end of Charles the First:

thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed

The emphatic cadence of this couplet,

Bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed

is in the best taste of his friend Milton.

Sir William Temple wrote verses with a spirit beyond the fashion of his time. Even miserly Pulteney was a verseman; to say nothing of flighty Hanbury Williams and crawling Dodington.

BOOKBINDING AND "HELIODORUS."

(*The Monthly Repository*, December 1837)

GLORY be to the memory of Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary and Bohemia, son of the great Huniades, and binder of books in vellum and gold. He placed fifty thousand volumes, says Warton, "in a tower which he had erected in the metropolis of Buda; and in this library he established thirty amanuenses, skilled in painting, illuminating, and writing, who under the conduct of Felix Ragusinus, a Dalmatian, consummately learned in the Greek, Chaldaic, and Arabic languages, and an elegant designer and painter of ornaments on vellum, attended incessantly to the business of transcription and decoration."

Methinks we see this tower—doubtless in a garden—the windows overlooking it, together with the vineyards which produced the Tokay that his Majesty drank while reading.

What a fellow! Think of being king of the realms of Tokay, and having a library of fifty thousand volumes in vellum and gold, with thirty people constantly beneath you, copying, painting, and illuminating, and every day sending you up a fresh one to look at!

Dr Dibdin should have existed in those days, and been his Majesty's chaplain, or his confessor. The doctor would have continually absolved the king from the sin of thinking of his next box of books during sermon-time, or looking at the pictures in his missal instead of reading it, and the king would have been always bestowing benefices on the doctor, till the latter began to think he needed absolution himself.

Not being a king of Hungary, nor rich, nor having a confessor to absolve us from sins of expenditure, how lucky is it that we can take delight in books whose outsides are of the homeliest description! How willing are we to waive the grandeur of outlay! how contented to pay for some precious volume a shilling instead of two pounds ten! Bind we would, if we could: there is no doubt of that. We should have liked to challenge the Majesty of Hungary to a bout at bookbinding, and seen which would have ordered

the most intense and ravishing *legatura*, something at which De Seuil, or Grollier himself, should have

Sighed, and looked, and sighed again;

something which would have made him own that there was nothing between it and an angel's wing. Meantime, nothing comes amiss to us but dirt, or tatters, or cold, plain, calf, *school* binding—a thing which we hate for its insipidity and formality, and for its attempting to do the business as cheaply and *usefully* as possible, with no regard to the liberality and picturesqueness befitting the cultivators of the generous infant mind.

Keep from our sight all "Selectæ e Profanis," and "Enfield's Speakers," bound in this manner, and especially all Ovids, and all "Excerpta" from the Greek We would as lief see Ovid come to life in the dress of a Quaker. or Theocritus serving in a stationer's shop. (See the horrid, impossible dreams which such incoherences excite!) Arithmetical books are not so bad in it; and it does very well for the "Gauger's Vade Mecum," or tall thin copies of "Logarithms;" but for anything poetical, or of a handsome universality like the grass or the skies, we would as soon see a flower whitewashed, or an arbour fit for an angel converted into a pew.

But to come to the book before us. See what an advantage the poor reader of modern times possesses over the royal collector of those ages, who doubtless got his manuscript of Heliodorus's romance at a cost and trouble proportionate to the splendour he bestowed on its binding An "argosie" brought it him from Greece or Italy, at a price rated by some Jew of Malta; or else his father got it with battle and murder out of some Greek ransom of a Turk, whereas we bought our copy at a bookstall in Little Chelsea for *tenpence!* To be sure it is not in the original language; nor did we ever read it in that language, neither is the translation, for the most part, a good one, and it is execrably printed. It is "done," half by a "person of quality," and half by Nahum Tate. There are symptoms of its being translated from an Italian version; and perhaps the good bits come out of an older English one, mentioned by Warton.

The "Ethiopics" or "Ethiopian History" of Heliodorus,

otherwise called the "Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea," is a romance written in the decline of the Roman Empire by an Asiatic Greek of that name, who boasted to be descended from the sun (Heliodorus is sun-given), and who afterwards became Christian bishop of Tricca in Thessaly. It is said (but the story is apocryphal) that a synod, thinking the danger of a love romance aggravated by this elevation to the mitre, required of the author that he should give up either his book or his bishopric; and that he chose to do the latter—a story so good that it is a pity one must doubt it.

The impression produced upon our own mind after reading the version before us, was a feeling betwixt confusion and delight, as if we had been witnessing the adventures of a sort of Grecian harlequin and columbine, perpetually running in and out of the stage, accompanied by an old gentleman, and pursued by thieves and murderers The incidents are most gratuitous, but often beautifully described, and so are the persons, and the work has been such a general favourite, that the subsequent Greek romancers copied it; the old French school of romance arose out of it; it has been used by Spenser, Tasso, and Guarini; imitated by Sydney in his "Arcadia"; painted from by Raphael, and succeeding romancers, with Sir Walter Scott for the climax, have adopted from it the striking and picturesque nature of their exordiums.

We must not forg[et] to notice the pleas[ant] ... [h]ad been
pressed by Warton a ... [auth]or. The doctor would
between its author wh[o] prise ex- ... [fr]om the sin of thinking
Amyot, the Frenchma[n] fortune ... [le]ssion-time, or looking at
for translating it A[t] it, and ... [o]f reading it, and the
bishop. We may add abbey ... [best]owing benefices on the
was one of Amyot's [ti]me a ... [thin]k he needed absolution
Second—who gave a bish[op]t it ...
Bandello. Books were b[o]the ... [ver]y, nor rich, nor having a
the baker's dozen, turned o[u]st, ... [of] expenditure, how lucky
of writers were held in ser[v]y ... books whose outsides are
... [h]ow willing are we to waive
... [c]ontented to pay for some
... [he]ad of two pounds ten! Bind
... is no doubt of that. We
... the Majesty of Hungary to a
... which would have ordered

ON THE RARE VICE CALLED LYING.

(*The Monthly Repository*, March 1838)

LYING is the commonest and most conventional of all the vices. It pervades, more or less, every class of the community, and is fancied to be so necessary to the carrying on of human affairs, that the practice is tacitly agreed upon; nay, in other terms, openly avowed. In the monarch, it is *kingcraft*. In the statesman, *expediency*. In the churchman, *mental reservation*. In the lawyer, *the interest of his client*. In the merchant, manufacturer, and shopkeeper, *secrets of trade*. It was the opinion of King James, that without the art of lying a king was not worthy to reign. This was his boasted "kingcraft," which brought his son to the block; for if poor Charles was a "martyr," it was certainly not to the spirit of truth. Lord Bacon was of opinion that lying, like alloy in metals, was a debasement, but good for the working. It worked him, great as he was, into a little and ruined man. Pleasant Sir Henry Wotton (himself an ambassador) defined an ambassador to be "an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." Paley openly defends the "mental reservation" of the churchman—of the subscriber to be Thirty-nine Articles, &c.; and his is the great text-book of the universities. If you go into a shop for any article, you know very well that you cannot be secure of having it genuine; nor do you expect the shopkeeper to tell you the truth. The grocer notoriously sells Jamaica coffee for Mocha, the tobacconist his own snuff for Latakia and Macubau, the linen-draper cotton for thread, and British goods for India.

Yet we are of opinion, that all classes and descriptions of men are modified as they are by circumstances; and instead of lamenting that there is so much vice during their advancement towards a wiser condition, we rejoice that there is so much virtue—so much indelible and hopeful good. Nay, we can see a certain large and gallant healthiness of social constitution in man, in the very circumstance of vice's taking so gay or indifferent an air during what it supposes to be a necessity, or a condition of human nature; and the gayer it is, in some respects, the better; not only because of its having the less uneasy or mean conscience but

because it is the less given to cant and hypocrisy, and is ashamed of putting on a grave face of exaction upon others. The very worst of all vices (cruelty excepted)—that pride which seems to make the rich and prosperous hold their fellow-creatures in such slight regard—is often traceable only to a perverted sense of that identical importance in their eyes which is grounded in a social feeling, and which, under a wiser education, would make them proud of sympathizing with the humblest. Those courtiers—those Whigs and Tories—those lawyers—those tradesmen we have been talking of—how shocked would not many, perhaps most of them be, and what a right would they not have to resent it—if you treated them as liars beyond the pale of their conventional duplicity? Take the grocer or the linen-draper from behind his counter—apply to him in any concern but that of his shop—and most likely he is as great a truth-teller as the rest. There is nothing you may not take his word for. And then see what affections all these people have; what lovers they are of their families; what anxious providers for their children; what "good fellows" as friends and helpers; and what a fool and coxcomb you are to consider yourself, if you dared to set yourself up, and pretend that you were a bit better than any one of them, even though circumstances might enable you to be free from some of their errors—perhaps with greater of your own. Falsehood itself is sometimes almost pure virtue—at least it contemplates anything but the ordinary and unjust results of falsehood; as in the case of a jury, who deliberately tell a lie when, in order to save a man from transportation, or a poor child from the jail, they bring a verdict of Not Guilty on the principal charge, knowing him to be otherwise. Here the law is violated for the sake of justice, and a lie told for the sake of the beautiful truth that we ought to be humane to one another.

COWLEY AND THOMSON.

(*The Monthly Chronicle*, October 1838.)

We always hope to live in the thick of all that we desire, some day, and, meantime, we do live there as well as

imagination can contrive it; which she does in a better manner than is realized by many a possessor of oaks thick as his pericranium. A book, a picture, a memory, puts us, in the twinkling of an eye, in the midst of the most enchanting solitudes, reverend with ages, beautiful with lawns and deer, glancing with the lovely forms of nymphs. And it does not at all baulk us, when we look up and find ourselves sitting in a little room with a fireplace, and, perhaps, with some town-cry coming along the street. Your muffin-crier is a being as full of the romantic mystery of existence, as a Druid or an ancient Tuscan; and what would books or pictures be, or cities themselves, without that *mind of man*, in the circuit of whose world the solitudes of poetry lie, as surely as the last Court Calendar does, or the traffic of Piccadilly. Do the "green" minds of the "knowing" fancy that Nature intended nothing to be made out of trees but coach-wheels, and a park or so? Oh, they of little wit! Nature intended trees to do all that they *do* do; that is, to help to furnish *poetry* for us as well as houses; to exist in the imagination as well as in Buckinghamshire; to

Live in description, and look green in song.

Nature intended that there should be odes and epic poems, quite as much as that men in Bond Street should eat tartlets, or that there should be Howards and Rothschilds. The Earl of Surrey would have told you so, who was himself a Howard, and who perished on the scaffold, while his poems have gone on, living and lasting. Nature's injunction was not only, "Let there be things tangible;" but "Let there be things also imaginable, fanciful, spiritual;" thoughts of fairies and elysiums; Arcadias twofold, one in real Greece, and the other in fabulous; Cowleys and Miltons as well as Cromwells; immortal Shakspeares, as well as customs that would perish but for their notice.

Alas! "your poet," nevertheless, is not exempt from "your weakness," as Falstaff would have phrased it. He occasionally undergoes a double portion, in the process of a sensibility which exists for our benefit; and good, innocent, sequestered Cowley, whose desires in things palpable appear to have been bounded by a walk in a wood, and a book under his arm, must have experienced some strange phases of

suffering. Sprat says of him, that he was the "most amiable of mankind," and yet it is reported that in his latter days he could not endure the sight of a woman! that he would leave the room if one came into it!

Here is a case for the respectful consideration of the philosopher—the *medical*, we suspect.

The supposed reason is, that he had been disappointed in love, perhaps ill-treated. But in so gentle a mind as his, disappointment could hardly have taken the shape of resentment and incivility towards the whole sex. The probability is, that it was some morbid weakness. He should have out-walked and diverted it, instead of getting fat and looking at trees out of a window; he should have gone more to town and the play, or written more plays of his own, instead of relieving his morbidity with a bottle too much in company with his friend the Dean.

We suspect, however, from the portraits of Cowley, that his blood was not very healthy by nature. There is a young as well as an old portrait of him, by good artists, evident likenesses; and both of them have a puffy, unwholesome look; so that his flesh seems to have been an uncongenial habitation for so sweet a soul. The sweeter it, for preserving its dulcitudes as it did.

This morbid temperament is, perhaps, the only difference in their nature between two men, in whom we shall proceed to notice what appears to us a remarkable similarity in every other respect, almost amounting to a sort of identity. It is like a metempsychosis without a form of change; or only with such as would naturally result from a difference of times. Cowley and Thomson were alike in their persons, their dispositions, and their fortunes. They were both fat men, not handsome, very amiable and sociable, no enemies to a bottle, taking interest both in politics and retirement, passionately fond of external Nature, of fields, woods, gardens, &c.; bachelors—in love, and disappointed, faulty in style, yet true poets in *themselves*, if not always the best in their writings—that is to say, seeing everything in its poetical light, childlike in their ways, and, finally, they were both made easy in their circumstances by the party whom they served, both went to live at a little distance from London, and on the banks of the Thames, and both died of a cold and fever, originating in a careless exposure to the

weather, not without more than a suspicion of previous "jollification" with "the Dean" on Cowley's part, and great probability of a like vivacity on that of Thomson, who had been visiting his friends in London. Thomson could push the bottle like a regular *bon vivant:* and Cowley's death is attributed to his having forgotten his proper bed, and slept in a field all night, in company with his reverend and jovial friend Sprat Johnson says that, at Chertsey, the villagers talked of "the drunken Dean."

But in one respect, it may be alleged, Cowley and Thomson were different, and very different, for one was a Tory, and the other a Whig.

True—nominally, and by the accident of education; that is to say, Cowley was brought up on the Tory side, and Thomson on the Whig; and loving their fathers and mothers and friends, and each seeing his cause in its best possible light, they naturally adhered to it, and tried to make others think as well of it as they did themselves. But the truth is, that neither of them was Whig or Tory, in the ordinary sense of the word. Cowley was no fonder of power in the understood Tory sense, than Thomson was of liberty in the restricted, unprospective sense of the partisans of King William. Cowley was for the *beau ideal* of Toryism; that is, for order and restraint, as being the only safeguards of liberty; and Thomson was for a liberty and freedom of service, the eventual realization of which would have satisfied the most romantic of Radicals. See his poems throughout, especially the one entitled "Liberty." Cowley never *vulgarized* about Cromwell, as it was the fashion for his party to do. He thought him a bad man, it is true, but also a great man; he said nobler things about him than any Royalist of his day, except Andrew Marvell, if the latter is to be called a Royalist.

Cowley and Thomson both fancied their own natural language not great enough for their subjects, and Cowley, in the wit which he found in fashion, and Thomson, in the Latin classics which were the favourites of the more sequestered world of his youth, thought he had found a style which, while it endeared him to those whom he most regarded among the living, would, by the help of their sanction, secure him with the ages to come.

Thomson's letters have a little of the higher and more

elaborate tone of his poetry, but only just enough to show how customary the tone was to him in his most serious moments, and therefore an interesting evidence of the sort of complexional nature there was in his very art—something analogous to his big, honest, unwieldy body; "more fat," to use his own words, "than bard beseemed," but with a heart inside it for everything good and graceful.

POPE'S SURROUNDINGS.

(*The Monthly Chronicle*, November 1838.)

THOSE who have been conversant in early life with Pope and the other wits of Queen Anne, together with the Bellendens, Herveys, Lady Suffolks, and other feminities, are never tired of hearing of them afterwards, let their subsequent studies be as lofty as they may in the comparison. We can no more acquire a dislike to them, than we can give up a regard for the goods and chattels to which we have been accustomed in our houses, or for the costume with which we associate the ideas of our uncles and aunts and grandfathers. They are authors who come within our own era of manners and customs—within the period of coats and waistcoats, and snuff-taking, and the same kinds of eating and drinking; they have lived under the same dynasty of the Georges, speak the same unobsolete language, and inhabit the same houses; in short, are *at home* with us. Shakspeare, with all his marvellous power of coming among us, and making us laugh and weep so as none of them can, still comes (so to speak) in a doublet and beard, he is an *ancestor*—"Master Shakspeare"—one who says "yea" and "nay," and never heard of Pall Mall or the Opera. The others are "yes" and "no" men—swearers of last Tuesday's oaths, or payers of its compliments—cousins and aunts, and every-day acquaintances. Pope is "Mr. Pope," and comes to "tea" with us. Nobody, alas! ever drank *tea* with Shakspeare! The sympathies of a slip-slop breakfast are not his, nor of coffee, nor Brussels carpets, nor girandoles and *ormolu;* neither did he ever take snuff, or a sedan, or a "coach" to the theatre, nor behold, poor man!

the coming glories of silver forks. His very localities are no longer ours except in name; whereas the Cork Streets, and St. James's Streets, and Kensingtons, are still almost the identical places—in many respects really such—in which the Arbuthnots lived, and the Steeles lounged, and the Maids of Honour romped in the gardens at night-time to the scandal of such of the sisterhood as had become married.

Another reason why one likes the wits and poets of that age is, that, besides being contemporary with one's common-places, they have associated them with their wit and elegance. We know not how the case may be with others, but this is partly the reason why we like the houses built a century ago, with their old red brick, and their seats in the windows. A portrait of the same period is the next thing to having the people with us; and we rarely see a tea-table at which a graceful woman presides, without its reminding us of "The Rape of the Lock." It hangs her person with sylphs as well as jewellery, and inclines us to use a pair of scissors with the same blissful impudence as my Lord Petre.

There is a third reason, perhaps, lying sometimes underneath our self-love; but it takes a sort of impudence in the very modesty to own it; for who can well dare to say that he ever feels oppressed by the genius of Shakspeare and his contemporaries! As if there could be any possibility of rivalry! Who ventures to measure his utmost vanity with the skies? or to say to all Nature, "You really excel the existing generation"? And yet something of oppressiveness in the shape of wonder and admiration may be allowed to turn us away at times from the contemplation of Shakspeare or the stars, and make us willing to repose in the easy-chairs of Pope and one's grandmother. We confess, for our own parts, that we find ourselves in general quite at our ease in the society of Shakspeare. We are rendered so by the humanity that reconciles us to our defects, and by the wisdom which preferred love before all things. Setting hats and cape aside, and coming to pure flesh and blood, and whatsoever survives fashion and conventionalism, who can jest so heartily as he? who so make you take "your ease at your inn"? who talk and walk with you, feel, fancy, imagine; be in the woods, the clouds, fairyland, among friends (there is no man so fond of drawing friends as he

is), or if you want a charming woman to be in love with and live with for ever, who can so paint her in a line?

Pretty, and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.

All that the Popes and Priors could have conspired with all the Suffolks and Montagues to say of delightful womanhood, could not have outvalued the comprehensiveness of that line. Still, as one is accustomed to think even of the most exquisite women in connection with some costume or other, be it no more than a slipper to her foot, modern dress insists upon clothing them to one's imagination, in preference to dress ancient. We cannot love them so entirely in the dresses of Arcadia, or in the ruffs and top-knots of the time of Elizabeth, as in the tuckers and tresses to which we have been accustomed. As they approach our own times, they partake of the warmness of our homes. "Anne Page" might have been handsomer, but we cannot take to her so heartily as to "Nancy Dawson," or to "Mary Lepell." "Imogen" there seems no matching or dispensing with, and yet Lady Winchelsea when Miss Kingsmill, or Mrs. Brooke, when she was Fanny Moore the clergyman's daughter, dancing under the cherry-trees of the parsonage garden, and "as remarkable for her gentleness and suavity of manners as for her literary talents"—we cannot but feel that the "Miss" and the "Fanny" carries us away with it, in spite of all the realities mixed up with those desuetudes of older times.

As men after all their day-dreams, whether of poetry or of *business* (for it is little suspected how much fancy mingles even with that), are glad to be called to dinner or tea, and see the dear familiar faces about them, so, though the author we admire most be Shakspeare, and the two books we can least dispense with on our shelves are Spenser and the "Arabian Nights," we never quit these to look at our Pope, and our Parnell and Thomson, without a sort of household pleasure in our eyes, and a grasp of the volume as though some Mary Lepell, or Margaret Bellenden, or some Mary or Marianne of our own, had come into the room herself, and held out to us her cordial hand.

Here is a volume of "Pope's Letters," complete in itself, a duodecimo, lettered as just mentioned, bound in calf (plain at the sides, but gilt and flowered at the back), and

possessing a portrait with cap, open shirt-collar, and great black eyes. We are bibliomaniacs enough to like to give these details, and hope that the reader does not despise them.

PHYSICIANS AND LOVE-LETTERS.

(*The Monthly Chronicle*, December 1838.)

WE never cast our eyes towards "Harrow-on-the-Hill" (let us keep these picturesque denominations of places as long as we can) without thinking of an amiable man and most pleasant wit and physician of Queen Anne's time, who lies buried there—Garth, the author of the "Dispensary." He was the Whig physician of the men of letters of that day, as Arbuthnot was the Tory, and never were two better men sent to console the ailments of two witty parties, or show them what a nothing party is, compared with the humanity remaining under the quarrels of both.

We are not going to repeat what has been said of Garth so often before us. Our chief object, as far as regards himself, is to lay before the reader some passages of a Dedication which appears to have escaped notice, and which beautifully enlarges upon that professional generosity which obtained him the love of all parties, and the immortal panegyrics of Dryden and Pope. It is by Sir Richard Steele, and is written to Sir Samuel Garth, M.D., as none but a congenial spirit could write, in love with the same virtues, and accustomed to the consolation derived from them:—

SIR,—

As soon as I thought of making the "Lover" a present to one of my friends, I resolved, without further distracting my choice, to send it *to the Best-natured Man*. You are so universally known for this character, that an epistle so directed would find its way to you without your name; *and I believe nobody but you yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person*.

This propensity is the nearest akin to love; and good-nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as love is the noblest passion of it. While the latter is wholly occupied in endeavouring to make happy one single object, the other diffuses its benevolence to all the world.

The pitiful artifices which empyrics are guilty of to drain cash out of valetudinarians are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with Garth to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physic. . . .

This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversation, to which you are so happily turned, but we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, *while you sit absent to what passes amongst us from your care of such as languish in sickness* We are sensible that their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination, by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health.

But I forget I am writing a dedication.

This picture of a man sitting silent, on account of his sympathies with the absent, in the midst of such conversation as he was famous for excelling in, is very interesting, and comes home to us as if we were in his company. Who will wonder that Pope should write of Garth as he did?

> Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
> On every learned sot;
> *And Garth, the best good Christian he,*
> *Although he knows it not*

This exquisite compliment to Garth has been often noticed, as at once confirming the scepticism attributed to him, and vindicating the Christian spirit with which it was accompanied. But it has not been remarked that Pope, with a further delicacy, highly creditable to all parties, has here celebrated, in one and the same stanza, his Tory and his Whig medical friend. The delicacy is carried to its utmost towards Arbuthnot also, when we consider that that learned wit had the reputation of being as orthodox a Christian in belief as in practice. The modesty of his charity is thus taxed to its height, and therefore as highly complimented, by the excessive praise bestowed on the Christian spirit of the rival wit, Whig, and physician.

The intercourse, in all ages, between men of letters and lettered physicians is one of the most pleasing subjects of contemplation in the history of authorship. The necessity (sometimes of every description) on one side, the balm afforded on the other, the perfect mutual understanding, the wit, the elegance, the genius, the masculine gentleness, the honour mutually done and received, and not seldom the consciousness that friendships so begun will be recognized and loved by posterity—all combine to give it a very peculiar character of tender and elevated humanity, and to make us, the spectators, look on with an interest partaking of the gratitude. If it had not been for Arbuthnot,

posterity might have been deprived of a great deal of Pope.

> Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song,

says he, in his Epistle to the Doctor. And Dryden, in the "Postscript" to his translation of "Virgil," speaks, in a similar way, of his medical friends, and of the whole profession:

> That I have recovered, in some measure, the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me

Pope again, in a letter to his friend Allen, a few weeks before he died, pays the like general compliment:

> There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are, in general, the most amiable companions, and the best friends as well as most learned men I know.

We are sorry we cannot quote a similar testimony from Johnson, in one of his very best passages; but we have not his "Lives of the Poets" at hand, and cannot find it in any similar book. It was to Johnson that Dr. Brocklesby offered not only apartments in his house, but an annuity; and the same amiable man is known to have given a considerable sum of money to his friend Burke. There is not a medical name connected with literature which is not that of a generous man in regard to money matters, and, commonly speaking, in all others. Blackmore himself, however dull as a poet and pedantic as a moralist, enjoyed, we believe, the usual reputation of the faculty for benevolence. The annals of our minor poetry abound in medical names, all of them eminent for kindness. Arbuthnot, as well as Garth, wrote verses, and no feeble ones either, as may be seen by a composition of his in the first volume of "Dodsley's Collection," entitled "Know Thyself." Akenside was a physician; Armstrong, Goldsmith, and Smollett were physicians; Dr. Cotton, poor Cowper's friend, author of the "Visions," was another; and so was Grainger, the translator of "Tibullus," who wrote the thoughtful "Ode on Solitude," and the beautiful ballad entitled "Bryan and Pereene."

Percy (who inserted the ballad with more feeling than propriety in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry") says of Grainger, that he was "*one of the most friendly, generous, and benevolent men he ever knew.*" Goldsmith, even in his own poverty, was known to have given guineas to the poor, by way of prescriptions; and when he died, his staircase in the Temple was beset by a crowd of mourners out of Fleet Street, such as Dives in his prosperity would sooner have laughed at, than Lazarus would, or Mary Magdalen. Smollett had his full portion of generosity in money matters, though he does not appear to have possessed so much of the customary delicacy, otherwise he never would have given "ostentatious" Sunday dinners to poor authors, upon whose heads he took the opportunity of cracking sarcastic jokes! But he was a diseased subject, and probably had a blood as bad as his heart was good. Armstrong and Akenside both had the usual reputation for benevolence, and wrote of it as if they deserved it. Akenside also excited the enthusiastic generosity of a friend; which an ungenerous man is not likely to do, though undoubtedly it is possible he might, considering the warmth of the heart in which it is excited. The debt of scholarship and friendship to the profession was handsomely acknowledged in his instance by the affection of Dyson, who, when Akenside was commencing practice, assisted him with three hundred a year. That was the most magnificent *fee* ever given!

We know not, indeed, who is calculated to excite a liberal enthusiasm, if a liberal physician is not There is not a fine corner in the mind and heart to which he does not appeal; and in relieving the frame, he is too often the only means of making virtue itself comfortable. The physician is well-educated, well-bred, has been accustomed to the infirmities of his fellow-creatures, therefore understands how much there is in them to be excused as well as relieved, his manners are rendered soft by the gentleness required in sick-rooms, he learns a Shakspearean value for a smile and a jest, by knowing how grateful to suffering is the smallest drop of balm; and the whole circle of his feelings and his knowledge (generally of his success too, but that is not necessary) gives him a sort of divine superiority to the mercenary disgracers of his profession. There are pretenders and quacks, and foolish favourites in this as in all profes-

sions, and the world may occasionally be startled by discovering that there is such a phenomenon as a physician at once skilful and mean, eminent and selfish. But the ordinary jests on the profession are never echoed with greater good will than by those who do not deserve them; and to complete the merit of the real physician—of the man whose heart and behaviour do good, as well as his prescriptions—he possesses that humility in his knowledge which candidly owns the limit of it, and which is at once the proudest, most modest, and most engaging proof of his attainments, because it shows that what he does know he knows truly, and that he holds brotherhood with the least instructed of his fellow-creatures

It is a pity that some one, who loves the literature of the age of Queen Anne, and the sprightly fathers of English essay-writing, does not make a selection from the numerous smaller periodical works which were set up by Steele, and which in some instances were carried on but to a few numbers—such as this of the "Lover" above mentioned, the "Spinster," and the "Theatre" We believe a small volume of the kind would contain as good a specimen of the *volatile extract of Steele* (if the reader will allow us what *seems* a pun) as of his finest *second-best* papers out of the *Tatler*.

But there is another volume which has long been suggested to us by the "Lover," and which would surpass in interest whatever might be thus collected out of the whole literature of that day; and that is a "Collection of Genuine Love-Letters." Eloisa's should be there by all means. Those of Lady Temple to Sir William, when she was Miss Osborne, should not be absent. Steele himself would furnish some charming ones of the lighter sort (with heart enough too in them for half a dozen grave people, more, we fear, than "dear Prue" had to give him in return).

We will here give out of the "Lover" itself, and as a sample both of that periodical of Steele's, and of the more tragical matter of what this volume of love-letters might consist of, two most exquisite specimens, which passed between a wife and her husband on the eve of the latter's death on the scaffold. He was one of the victims to sincerity of opinion during the Civil Wars; and the more sincere, doubtless, and public-spirited, in proportion to his domestic

tenderness. Two more truly loving hearts we never met with in book, nor such as to make us more impatiently desire that they had continued to live and bless one another. But there is a triumph in calamity itself, when so beautifully borne. Posterity takes such sufferers to its heart, and crowns them with its tears.

"I never read," says Steele, "anything which, to me, had so much nature and love, as an expression or two in the following letter. The epistle was written by a gentlewoman to her husband, who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whose name was Penruddock, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die, without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies' proceedings, with a spirit worthy his innocence; and the night before his death his lady wrote to him the letter which I so much admire, and is as follows":—

MY DEAR HEART—

My sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since; but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that, were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to live again, and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob Heaven a little longer of a martyr. Oh! my dear, you must now pardon my passion, this being my last (oh, fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the last minute that I can imagine you shall live, I shall sacrifice the prayers of a Christian and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall know), I shall wish my own dissolution with you, that so we may go hand in hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not, done for you; how being turned out of doors because I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge. I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my *devoirs*, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear; and since I must never see you more, take this prayer—May your faith be so strengthened that your constancy may continue; and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

My dear,

Your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

May the 3rd, 1655, eleven o'clock at night. Your children beg your blessing, and present their duties to you.

"I do not know," resumes Steele, "that I ever read anything so affectionate as that line, 'Those dear embraces which I yet feel.' Mr. Penruddock's answer has an equal tenderness, which I shall recite also, that the town may dispute whether the man or the woman expressed themselves the more kindly":

DEAREST BEST OF CREATURES!

I had taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recall my fondness to life, and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you, so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage But fondness breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your husband and the father of our dear babes is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and within a few hours I am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object the shame to my poor children I thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other things. Afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence in this. I desire your prayers in the article of death; for my own will then be offered for you and yours J. PENRUDDOCK

Steele says nothing after this; and it is fit, on every account, to respect his silence.

SOCIAL MORALITY.

(*The Monthly Chronicle*, February 1839.)

It is curious to see the opinion entertained in every successive age respecting the improbability or unalterableness of its prevailing theory of morals, compared with their actual fluctuation A court, a king, the example of a single ruling individual, can affect the virtues of an age far beyond the whole mass of their ordinary practisers—at least, so as to give the moral colour to the period, and throw the bias in favour of this or that tendency. The staid habits of George III, in certain respects, produced a corresponding profession of them throughout the country;

but the case was different in the reigns of the Georges before him, who, dull individuals as they were, kept mistresses like their sprightlier predecessors. Even William III. had a mistress. Our remote ancestors were not the less cannibals because we shudder at the idea of dining upon Jones No longer than a hundred years back, and in the mouth of no less a moralist than Pope, we find the following puzzling bit of information respecting Sir John Suckling:

> Suckling was an immoral man, *as well as* debauched.

Now, where is the distinction, in our present moral system, between immorality and debauchery? All immorality is not debauchery, but all debauchery we hold to be immoral. What could Pope mean?

Why, he meant that Sir John cheated at cards. Neither his drinking nor his gallantry were to be understood as affecting his moral character. It was the use of cards with marks upon them that was to deprive debauchery of its good name! "The story of the French cards," continues Pope, in explanation of his above remark, "was told me by the late Duke of Buckingham; and he had it from old Lady Dorset herself."

But the most curious part of the business remains what it was—to wit, Pope's own discrimination of immorality from debauchery. And as the Rev. Mr. Spence [in his Anecdotes] expresses no amazement at the passage, it will be hardly unfair to conclude that *he* saw nothing in it to surprise him. We believe we have already observed somewhere that Swift, who was a dignitary of the Church, was intimate with the reputed mistresses of two kings—the Countess of Suffolk, George the Second's favourite, and the Countess of Orkney, King William's The latter he pronounced to be "the wisest woman he ever knew," as the former was declared by all her friends to be one of the most amiable. But we may see how little gallantry was thought ill of, in the epistolary correspondences of those times, Pope's included, and in the encouraging banter, for instance, which he gives on the subject to his friend Gay, whose whole life appears to been passed in good-humoured sensualism. See also how Pope and Swift, and others trumped up Lord Bolingbroke for a philosopher!—a man who, besides being

profound in nothing but what may be called the elegant extracts of commonplace, was one of the most debauched of men of the world.

[Referring later on in this essay to Ben Jonson, Leigh Hunt argues that] Justice has hardly been done to the grandeur, which is often to be found in his graver writing, both as to thought and style, sometimes, we think, amounting even to the "sublime." We would instance that answer of Cethegus to Catiline, when the latter says—

Who would not fall, with all the world about him?
CETHEGUS—*Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls.*

Also the passage where it is said of Catiline, advancing with his army,

The day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth;

and the other in which he is described as coming on,

Not with the face
Of *any man*, but of *a public ruin.*

The vindictive quietness of Cicero's direction to the lictors to put Statilius and Gabinius to death, is very like a sublimation above the highest ordinary excitability of human resentment. Marlowe might have written it—

Take them
To your *cold hands*, and let them *feel death* from you.

And the rising of the ghost of Sylla, by way of prologue for this play, uttering, as he rises—

Dost thou not feel me, ROME?

appears to us decidedly sublime—making thus the evil spirit of one man equal to the great city, and to all the horrors that are about to darken it. Nor is the opening of the speech of Envy, as prologue to the "Poetaster," far from something of a like elevation. The accumulated passion, in her shape, thinks herself warranted to insult the light, and her insult is very grand:

Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness.

Milton has been here, and in numerous other places, imitating his learned and lofty-tongued predecessor.

As to the long-disputed question, whether he was arrogant or not, and "swaggerer" (which indeed, as Charles Lamb has intimated, might be shown, after a certain sublimated fashion, in the very characters in which he chiefly excelled—Sir Epicure Mammon, Bobadil, &c, and, it may be added, Catiline and Sejanus too), how anybody, who ever read his plays, could have doubted, or affected to doubt it, is a puzzle that can only be accounted for, upon what accounts for any critical phenomenon—party or personal feeling.

Self-praise was a fashion in ancient poetry, but has never been understood as more allowable to modern imitation than the practice of self-murder, which was also an ancient fashion. Ben says of his muse—in his prologue to "Cynthia's Revels—"

> The garland that she wears their hands must twine,
> Who can both censure, understand, define
> What merit is then cast those piercing rays
> Round as a crown, instead of honoured bays,
> About his poesy, which, *he knows, affords*
> *Words above action, matter above words*

And "Cynthia's Revels" is, upon the whole, a very poor production, with scarcely a beautiful passage in it, except the famous lyric, "Queen and Huntress" Yet in the epilogue to this play (as if conscious that his "will" must serve for the deed), the actor who delivers it is instructed to talk thus:

> To crave your favour with a begging knee
> Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
> To promise better when the next we bring
> Prorogues disgrace, commends not anything
> Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
> The play, might tax the maker of self-love.
> I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
> "*By God! 'tis good, and if you like't you may*"

The critics, naturally enough, thought this not over-modest; so in the prologue to his next play, the "Poetaster" (which was written to ridicule pretension in his adversaries), he makes a prologue "in armour" tread Envy under foot, and requests the audience, that if he should once more

swear his play is good, they would not charge *him* with "arrogance," for he "loathes" it; only he knows "the strength of his own muse," and they who object to such phrases in him are the "common spawn of ignorance," "base detractors," and "illiterate apes" In this play of the "Poetaster," he informs his hearers that he means to write a tragedy ("Sejanus") next time, in which he shall essay

> To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
> As shall, *beside the cunning of their ground,*
> *Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,*
> *And some despair, to imitate the sound.*

In the dedication of "The Fox" to the two Universities, the writer's language, speaking of some "worthier fruits," which he hopes to put forth, is this:—"Wherein, if my hearers be true to me, *I shall raise the despised head of poetry again,* and stripping her out of those *rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form,* restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, *and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master spirits of our world.*" And beautifully is this said. *But Shakspeare had then nearly written all his plays,* AND WAS STILL WRITING! The three preceding years are supposed to have produced "Macbeth, "Lear," and "Othello!" Marston, Decker, Chapman, Drayton, Middleton, Webster; in short, almost all those whom posterity admires or reverences under the title of the Old English Dramatists, were writing also; and it was but nine years before that Spenser had published the second part of the "Fairy Queen," in which the "despised head of poetry" had been set up with the lustre of an everlasting sun, and such as surely had not let darkness in upon the land again, followed as it was by all those dramatic lights, and the double or triple sun of Shakspeare himself! The "master spirits" whom Ben speaks of, must at once have laughed at the vanity, and been sorry for the genius of the man who could so talk in such an age That he strongly felt the passion of envy, *of which he is always accusing others,* we have as little doubt, as that he struggled against and surmounted it at frequent and glorious intervals; and, besides his saying more things in praise (as well as blame of his contemporaries than any man living, partly perhaps in his assumed right of censor, but much also out

of a joviality of goodwill) his lines to the memory of Shakspeare do as much honour to the final goodness of his heart as to the grace and dignity of his style and imagination.

But even his friends as well as enemies thought him immodest and arrogant, and publicly lamented it. See what Randolph and Carew, as well as Owen Feltham, say of him in their responses to his famous ode, beginning,

> Come leave the loathed stage,
> And the more loathsome age!

an invective which he wrote because one of his plays had been damned.

In short, Ben is an anomaly in the list of great poets; and we can only account for him, as for a greater (Dante, who has contrived to make his muse more grandly disagreeable), by supposing that his nature included the contradictions of some ill-matched progenitors, and that, while he had a grace for one parent or ancestor, he had a slut and fury for another.

If asked to give an opinion of Ben Jonson's power in general, we should say that he was a poet of a high order, as far as learning, fancy, and an absolute rage of ambition could conspire to make him one; but that he never touched at the highest, except by violent efforts, and during the greatest felicity of his sense of success. The material so predominated in him over the spiritual—the sensual over the sentimental—that he was more social than loving, and far more wilful and fanciful than imaginative. Desiring the strongest immediate effect rather than the best effect, he subserved by wholesale in his comedies to the grossness and commonplace of the very multitude whom he hectored; and in love with whatsoever he knew or uttered, he set learning above feeling in writing his tragedies, and never knew when to leave off, whether in tragedy or comedy. His style is more clear and correct than impassioned, and only rises above a certain level at remarkable intervals, when he is heated by a sense of luxury or domination. He betrays what was weak in himself, and even a secret misgiving, by incessant attacks upon the weakness and envy of others; and, in his highest moods,

instead of the healthy, serene, and good-natured might of Shakspeare, has something of a puffed and uneasy pomp, a bigness instead of greatness, analogous to his gross habit of body: nor, when you think of him at any time, can you well separate the idea from that of the assuming scholar and the flustered man of taverns. But the wonder after all is that, having such a superfœtation of art in him, he had still so much nature; and that the divine bully of the old English Parnassus could be, whenever he chose it, one of the most elegant of men.

ANACREON.

(*The Seer*, Part I 1840)

To be unaffectedly charmed with the loveliness of a cheek, and the beauty of a flower, are the first steps to a knowledge of Anacreon. Those are the grammar of his Greek, and pretty nearly the dictionary too.

It may be concluded of him, that his existence (so to speak) was passed in a garden; for he lived to be old; which in a man of his sensibility and indolence implies a life pretty free from care It is said that he died at the age of eighty-five, and was then choked with a grape-stone. All the objectionable passages might be taken out of Anacreon, and he would still be Anacreon, and the most virtuous might read him as safely as they read of flowers and butterflies.

Imagine a good-humoured old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with his lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has perhaps brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of milk corked with vine-leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love.

There is generally, in Anacreon's earnest, a touch of something which is not in earnest—which plays with the subject, as a good-humoured old man plays with children. There is a perpetual smile on his face between enthusiasm and levity. He loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, dances, birds, brooks, kind and open natures, everything that can be indolently enjoyed.

When Anacreon describes a beauty or a banquet, or wishes to convey his sense to you of a flower, or a grasshopper, or a head of hair, there it is; as true and as free from everything foreign to it as the thing itself.

Look at a myrtle-tree or a hyacinth, inhale its fragrance, admire its leaves or blossom, then shut your eyes, *and think* how exquisitely the myrtle-tree is what it is, and how beautifully unlike everything else—how pure in simple yet cultivated grace. Such is one of the odes of Anacreon.

GEORGE COLMAN THE ELDER.

(*The Edinburgh Review*, July 1841.)

The only productions of Colman that have attained any stability, and are likely to keep it, are the comedies of the "Jealous Wife" and the "Clandestine Marriage." The former was written before the decease of Lord Bath, to whom it was dedicated; but his lordship knew nothing of its existence, till success gave the author courage to disclose his secret. Colman was still practising at the bar, and he continued to do so, at least ostensibly, till his supposed call from it by General Pulteney; but a compliment to Garrick, in a pamphlet, had brought him acquainted with the sovereign of the stage; and after he had anonymously picked his way upon it, with the help of Garrick's confidence, in the farce of "Polly Honeycomb," the "Jealous Wife" was produced at Drury Lane in the month of February 1761. It is said to have met with greater success than any new play since the "Suspicious Husband." It is at the head of what may be called comedies of negative excellence in style, and unsuperfluous truth in the action. There is no incorrectness of language, no false or forced wit, no violation of propriety of any sort; and the plot flows as naturally onward as possible, carrying along with it a variety of amusing if not original characters, and enlivened occasionally with smart points of situation. It has been objected that the husband is too tame, and the wife too much of a termagant; not delicate enough for the loving passion of jealousy. But jealousy is by no means always a loving passion. It is doubtless often found in connection

with love; but inasmuch as, *per se*, it is nothing but a dread of the loss of power, it has often nothing to do with love, whatever it may pretend. We have seen people who cared nothing whatsoever for their husbands and wives, very jealous of their attention to others, purely out of the fear of the diminution of tyrannical influence; a mixed motive of a similar kind animates perhaps a good half of ordinary jealousies, and Colman did good service against this arrogant and worst form of the passion, by dividing with it the better feelings of his heroine. The husband was also bound over to be a good deal henpecked, in order that he might show the evil to its full extent, as far as comedy allows. In his advertisement to the play, the author confessed his obligations to Fielding, to the *Spectator*, and to the "Adelphi" of Terence; and said that he had received great benefit from the advice of Garrick. The fair Mrs. George Anne Bellarry, somewhere in her Memoirs, calls him the "modern Terence;" and, in truth, he merited a comparison with his favourite classic more than she was aware of, or than he would altogether have liked to be shown. As Julius Cæsar, in his fine great way, going to the heart of the matter at once, called Terence a "half-Menander," so Colman might have been called a half-Terence, and this comedy adduced as the proof of it. There is not the sententiousness of Terence; nothing very quotable, there is certainly no pathos (nor is it wanted), and the style is not eminent for expression. But on the other hand the language is pure and terse; the chief passages and situations are more sketchy than filled up (except in Mrs. Oakley's denouncements of her husband)—leaving a great deal to be done by the performers, and the characters, it must be confessed, are faint copies of their originals. Russet is but a small Squire Western, a dwindled brother of the family, and Lord Trinket is an unacknowledged Lord Foppington, without the vigour even of the other's false calves. Colman was a very little man; diminutive, we mean, in his person; without the bone and muscle common to distinguished aspirants of that class; not one of the liliputian heroes recorded in Clarendon's history, and pleasantly referred to by himself in one of his fugitive papers He was weakly and nervous. A clergyman with whom he had had a dispute (a personage very unworthy of

the gentlemanly cloth of the Church of *England*) once gave him a severe beating; for which Colman very properly exhibited against him articles of the peace. Men's physical, moral, and intellectual faculties all hang together in more subtle connection than is commonly supposed; and as Terence in person was very slender, and probably but "half a Menander" in that respect as well as in comedy, so Colman appears, every way, to have been a sort of Terence cut down.

Of these two plays, the "Jealous Wife" and the "Clandestine Marriage," if we prefer the latter, it is because the author seems to have plucked up a little on the side of animal spirits. And he did so—or rather Garrick did for him; for it was their joint production. The dialogue is fuller, and the comedy stronger. Mrs. Inchbald, it is true, thinks it better "to read than to see," because of the length of the speeches. But it never appeared to us that the audience made this objection. They always listened to the alternate vulgarisms and soft poignances of the high and low life, with as much zest as if they were visiting parties at the house in which they met; and Lord Ogleby was ever delicious. They devoured him like the best sweetmeat of the dulcitudes of the old school. And a delicious personage he is; superior to the very fopperies that master him—a heart, that in the depth of its mortification, when the overweening old man has taken his admiration of beauty for admiration returned, and found his mistake staring him in the face in its worst because loveliest shape, rises above and redeems all, by becoming the friend and father of the poor girl that had humbled him. There is a lurking pathos under the comedy of all this, even in the fantastic shape of Lord Ogleby, that goes strongly to the feelings of half the audience; for age, partly cheated by Nature herself, who is not always so old as she seems, unwillingly takes leave of sympathies that are themselves loth to depart; and the eyes of habit and self-love, growing weaker like the natural ones, discern but indistinctly the wrinkles that have become venerable to others, and that have rendered lovingness unlovely.

Like other intelligent managers, George Colman the Elder had fits of confidence and fright about particular pieces—only to be accounted for by some personal humour,

or the perplexity occasioned by contradictory experiences But he evinced a zeal in favour of the old drama worthy of his classical aspirations; delivered Shakspeare from Tate; showed himself alive to the homely novelty and daring whimsicalities of O'Keefe; and he introduced to the stage the very various merits of Edwin, Henderson, and Miss Farren. Alas! that so pleasant a light should suddenly and frightfully be obscured! He was seized with an illness in 1785, which, apparently by unskilful treatment, and after many fluctuations of better and worse, was finally converted into alienation of mind, and he died in seclusion at Paddington in 1794, at the age of sixty-two. He was an estimable man, a good Latin scholar, and a pleasing dramatist; and when we consider how rare even such a combination is among all the myriads of human beings that pass away, and think how well he bore his disappointments, and what a busy life he led, and what an awful calamity shrouded his little gentle shape at last, and kept him from the fellow-creatures he had enlivened, we almost feel as if we had not done him justice, and shall be glad if anybody can show him to have been more admirable.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

(*The Edinburgh Review*, July 1841.)

We cannot feel an equal liking for his son, George Colman the Younger, as he delighted to call himself. He was proud of his father, and, we dare say, loved him as well as he could; but such was his total want of seriousness, that during his very accounts of the calamity we have just noticed, he cannot help indulging in his usual jests. This is not what Yorick would have done; nor Hamlet, with all his insight into the melancholy of mirth, have loved.

George Colman the Younger was born in the year 1762; educated (a little) at Westminster, Oxford, and Aberdeen (for he contrived to neutralize his father's endeavours at all three places); wrote his first piece in 1784; succeeded to his father's management when the latter fell ill, and to the property of the Haymarket at his death; was fortunate enough to secure the attachment of an amiable

woman and agreeable actress (Mrs. Gibbs), whom he afterwards married; wrote upwards of twenty pieces, chiefly for the Haymarket, in the midst of equal difficulties and jovialties, was the author of some Peter-Pindaric tales, equally merry and indecorous, and died in the year 1836, Examiner of Plays, and denouncer of the most harmless liberties which he himself had practised.

We do not like to find fault with him; for though the pretensions he made to "poetry" and the serious drama were ridiculous, his conduct in the office above mentioned mercenary and provoking, and his character altogether defective as to high and estimable qualities, except gratitude to those who well treated him (which indeed is something), there must have been a good deal of stuff of some sort in a writer who could carry on a theatre, as he did for several years, almost upon the strength of his own productions. Those who remember the Haymarket Theatre in his day, when the performances were confined to the summer-time, and what a joyous little place it was—how merrily oppressive, and how everybody went there to complain of the heat, and to forget it in the laughter—must remember the endless repetitions of the "Mountaineers," and the "Heir at Law," and the "Battle of Hexham," and the "Wags of Windsor," and "Blue Devils," and "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," and many others. Who can ever forget the sweet song and good-natured little dumpiness of Mrs. Bland? or the straw hats and black stuff mittens of Mrs. Gibbs, with her dimpled pastoral face? or the dry humour, covering a rich oil, of Elliston? or the trampling, brazen-fronted onsets, and harsh, merry, grinding voice of Fawcett in Caleb Quotem? Who did not carry away half the farces by heart, and hazard the suffocation of their families with it next morning over the breakfast-table? And all this (let him have his due) was owing to George Colman the Younger, and his unquestioned powers of drollery and entertainment. He was not so interesting a man as his father, for he had not a particle of gravity, and there can be no depth of sympathy where there is no serious feeling.

As to his discharge of the duties of Examiner of Plays, the secret of Colman's face-making about pretended impieties, is to be found in that want of all seriousness of feeling and belief, which turned his dramatic sentiment into cant, and his blank verse into commonplace. He thought

all gravity consisted in words. He could discern none of the different shades of feeling which rendered the use of a questionable word more or less proper; and therefore the word was to be cut out at once, to save him trouble. He was to go counter to his own past, and, in private, existing habit; because he had never made use of such words but in a spirit of levity and pretension, and therefore he thought nobody else could do otherwise. He had also, he thought, a character to sustain—that is to say, an official face to make; and every grimace was to pay for the fees he had extorted in the other part of his capacity, and show how constitutionally he had done it; and his pecuniary difficulties were constant, and his shame nothing; and so concluding that not to practise a "humbug" and get money, would itself be a "humbug," and, unlike what was done by everybody else in the world, he forgot that every new trade requires apprenticeship, and has its principles of decency and honour; and plunged into an extreme of impudent inconsistency, which only exposed him to scorn and laughter. A less licentious writer than Colman could not have pretended to be so afraid of a little liberty, for he does not so confound it with want of innocence. A more pious man could not so violently have objected to all mention of the object of his piety; for he is in the habit of thinking about it in ordinary, and of associating it with his pieties towards nature, and with the affections of his heart. To affect to shudder at the mention, on all occasions but set and formal ones, is in truth to do the very reverse of what is pretended; it is to turn the sentiment itself into a word instead of a feeling, and to hazard the most irreligious of all conclusions, in seeming to think that it could not be maintained but on such a condition! And, after all, Colman himself——but the extravagance is too absurd for more comment. Never surely did clever rogue make so clumsy a mistake.

One thing has been forcibly impressed on us while considering the principal period concerned in these volumes, and the "distinguished personages" that adorned it; and that is, the tendency which the greatest of them had to identify themselves with the age they lived in, in contradistinction to the greatness that tends to live throughout time. It was an active, an important, and a progressive period; and we have reason to be grateful to it; but it promises to leave little to show for the greatness of its individuals, compared with

the tone in which we still mention their names. Burke, with all his very wonderful powers, will have contrived, in a great measure, to neutralize himself with posterity, by "giving up to party what was meant for mankind." Who, even now, is in the habit of reading a tenth part of his works, or any part, except for purposes which must inevitably become obsolete? Johnson is no longer considered the "great moralist," nor is his criticism valued, when it gets above the region of the artificial poets. In wit, there was George Selwyn, and Horace Walpole, and Hanbury Williams—the last the wit-poet, whose poetry is nine parts prose. Also, for wit-essayists, the authors of the "World" and the "Connoisseur." What had they to show equal to the wits of Queen Anne—or half so good? In the prose drama, there were Cumberland, Colman, Murphy, Goldsmith, and Sheridan—all more or less clever; none illustrious. In poetry, there was nothing but bits of what was greatly good. In a word, where are the authors that promise to become everlastingly cherished, not in corners of libraries, but in pocket editions, worn like companions next the pulses of men's hearts, and going about with them everywhere, like the humanities which keep all alive, and were the cause why themselves are immortal? If there are any immortals, they must be looked for among the historians, and in no other class.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

(*The Edinburgh Review*, October 1841.)

It is a good thing for the world, and a relief from those conventional hypocrisies of which most people are ashamed, even when they would be far more ashamed to break through them, that now and then there comes up some autobiographical gentleman who makes the universe his confidant, and carries the *nil humani alienum* down to a confession about his love of preferment, or a veal-pie, or his delight in setting up his coach. We do not mean such only as have written "Lives," but men of autobiographical propensities, in whatever shape indulged. Montaigne was such a man; Boswell was another; and we have a remarkable one in the Diarist before us, who if he does not give us a whole

life, puts into the memorandums of some ten or a dozen years more about himself than whole lives have communicated.

Let such a man tell us what he will—supposing he is not a dolt, or out of his wits—we cannot help having, not only a portion of regard, but something of a respect for him, seeing his total freedom from the most injurious and alienating of vices, insincerity; and, accordingly—though we laugh at Pepys with his cockney revels, and his beatitudes of lace and velvet, and his delight at having his head patted by Lord Clarendon, and his honest uproariousness, and his not knowing "what to think," between his transport with the Court beauties, and the harm he is afraid they will do the State—we feel that he ends in being a thoroughly honest man, and even a very clever one, and that we could have grown serious in his behalf, had his comfort or good name been put in jeopardy.

Till within these few years, indeed, our old friend's name, as far as it was remembered, was altogether of a serious and respectful description. There survived—in corners of the *Gentleman's Magaziné*; of naval antiquarian minds; and other such literary and official quarters—a staid and somewhat solemn notion of a certain Samuel Pepys, Esq., a patronizing gentleman and Admiralty patriot, who condescended to amuse his leisure with collecting curious books and old English ballads, and was the founder of the Pepysian library at Cambridge. Percy recorded him in his "Reliques," Cole and Nichols honoured him; Granger eulogized him; biographers of admirals trumpeted him; Jeremy Collier, in the Supplement to his Dictionary, pronounced him a philosopher of the "severest morality;" and though the "severest morality" was a bold saying, a great deal of the merit attributed to him by these writers was true.

But, in the classical shelves of Maudlin, not far from the story of Midas's barber and his reeds, there lay, ready to burst its cerements—a "Diary!" The ghosts of the chambermaids of those days archly held their fingers upon their lips as they watched it. The great spirit of Clarendon felt a twinge of the conscience to think of it The ancestors of Lord Braybroke and Mr. Upcott were preparing the existence of those gentlemen, on purpose to edit it. And edited it was; and the "staid and solemn," the respectable but jovial

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Pepys, welcomed, with shouts of good-fellowship, to the laughing acquaintance of the world.

Every curious passage in that extraordinary publication came on the reader with double effect, from an intimation given by the Editor that it had been found "absolutely necessary" to make numerous curtailments. He hung out no "lights," as Madame Dacier calls them. There were no stars, or other typographical symbols, indicating the passages omitted. The reader therefore concluded that, rich in suggestion as the publication was, it had "riches fineless" concealed. Every Court anecdote was thought to contain still more than it told; and every female acquaintance of the poor author, unless he expressly said the contrary, was supposed to be no better than she should be. We seemed on the borders of hearing, every instant, that all the maids of honour had sent for the doctor on one and the same evening; or that the Court had had a ball in their nightgowns; or that the beds there had been half burnt (for Lady Castlemaine once threatened to fire Whitehall); or, lastly, that Mr. Pepys himself had been taken to the roundhouse in the dress of a tirewoman, with his wife's maid by his side as a boy from sea The suppressed passages were naturally talked about in bookselling and editorial quarters, and now and then a story transpired. The following conclusion of one of them has been much admired, as indicating the serious reflections which Pepys mixed up with his levities, and the strong sense he entertained of the merits of an absent wife. We cannot say what was the precise occasion, but it was evidently one in which he had carried his merry-meetings to an unusual extent—probably to the disarrangement of all the lady's household economy, for he concludes an account of some pastime in which he had partaken, by a devout expression of penitence, in which he begs pardon of "God and Mrs Pepys."

Welcome, therefore, anything new, however small it may be, from the pen of Samuel Pepys—the most confiding of diarists, the most harmless of turncoats, the most wondering of *quidnuncs*, the fondest and most penitential of faithless husbands, the most admiring, yet grieving, of the beholders of the ladies of Charles II., the Sancho Panza of the most insipid of Quixotes, James II., who did bestow on him (in naval matters) the government of a certain "island," which, to say

the truth, he adminstered to the surprise and edification of all who bantered him! Strange was it, assuredly, that for a space of ten years, and stopped only by a defect of eyesight, our Admiralty clerk had the spirit—after the labours, and the jests, and the news-tellings, and the eatings and drinkings, and the gallantries of each day—to write his voluminous diary every night before he went to bed, not seldom after midnight. And hardly less strange was it, nay stranger, that considering what he disclosed, both respecting himself and others, he ran, in the first place, the perpetual risk of its transpiration, especially in those searching times; and, in the second, bequeathed it to the reverend keeper of a college, to be dug up at any future day, to the wonder, the amusement, and not very probable respect, of the coming generations.

Three things have struck us in going through the old volumes again, before we digested the new ones; first, what a truly hard-working, and, latterly, thoroughly conscientious man our hero was, in spite of all his playgoings and his courtliness; second, what multitudes of "respectable" men might write just such a diary if they had but one virtue more, in addition to the virtues they exhibit and the faults they secrete, and, third (for it is impossible to be serious any long time together when considering Pepys), what curious little circumstances conspired to give a look even of fabulous and novel-like interest to his adventures—not excepting the characteristical names of many of his acquaintances, good as those in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or the pages of Fielding and Smollett Thus we have "Muddiman the arch rogue," and "Pin the tailor," and "Tripp, who dances well," and Truelock the gunsmith, and Drumbleby the pipe-maker, who makes flageolets "to go low and soft," and Mr. Talents the chaplain, and Mr. Gold the merchant, and Surgeon Pierce, and "that jade" Mrs. Knipp the actress, and "Cousin Gumbleton" the "good-humoured, fat young gentleman," and Creed, who prepares himself for the return of the old religion. Considering what sort of man Pepys was, especially at the time of his intimacy with these people, it would not be difficult to fancy Tripp, and Knipp, and Pierce, and Pin (unless indeed the tailor had too reverent a sense of his "orders"), plotting to mystify him with a night-revel, as the fairies did Falstaff, and startling his fleshly

conscience with retributive pinches. His own name, pronounced as it was in those days, is not the least amusing of these coincidences. It was singularly appropriate. The modern pronunciation, we believe, is Pepps—with a variation of Peppis. His contemporaries called him *Peeps!*

It may be as well, by way of keeping before us an entire impression of the man, while closing our accounts with him, to devote a few sentences to the briefest possible summary of the events of his life. He was born in 1632, of a highly respectable family, the eldest branch of which has become ennobled in the person of the admirable lawyer, who lately obtained the esteem of all parties in his discharge of the office of Lord Chancellor. His father, however, being the youngest son of the youngest brother of a numerous race, was bred a tailor (the supposed origin of our hero's beatific notion of a suit of clothes); yet Samuel received a good education, first at St. Paul's School, and then at Cambridge. At twenty-three he married a girl of fifteen. He appears to have been a trooper (probably a City volunteer) under the Commonwealth, gradually quitted that side in concert with his cousin and protector, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich; found himself aboard the English fleet with him one fine morning, going to Holland, to fetch home the royal family; nearly knocked out his own right eye in helping to fire a salute, put on his new silk suit, July the 10th, and his black camlet cloak with silver buttons, July the 13th; obtained a place in the Admiralty, from which he rose higher and higher, till he did almost the whole real business in that quarter during the reigns of Charles and James; was sent to Tangier when that possession was destroyed, to advise with the commander of the squadron, and estimate the compensations to the householders, was arrested on a preposterous charge of treason, on the change in the government; retired, childless and a widower, to the house of a *protégé* at Clapham, full of those luxuries of books and *vertù* which he had always patronized; and died there of the consequences of luxurious and sedentary living, though at a good age, on the 26th of May 1703. He was for many years in Parliament (we wish he was there now, taking notes of his own party); was fond of dining, playgoing, fine clothes, fair ladies, practical jokes, old ballads, books of science, executions, and coaches; composed music, and

played on the flageolet; was a Fellow, nay President, of the Royal Society (one reason, perhaps, in conjunction with his original Puritanism, why he could never take heartily to the author of "Hudibras"); and last, not least, was Master of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers; to whom he presented "a richly chased silver loving-cup," which his noble Editor informs us is still constantly used at "all their public festivals;" doubtless with no mean justice to the memory of the draughts he took out of it. If we picture to ourselves Pepys practising his song of "Beauty, retire," the first thing in the morning; then breakfasting and going to his duties, working hard at them, fretting at corruptions, yet once and away helping to patch up one himself; then taking a turn in the Park, to see and be seen in his new camlet; loving the very impudence of Lady Castlemaine, yet shaking his head about her; talking with some gossip of the last doings at Court: cheapening an old book on a stall, or giving his money away; then dining and going to the theatre, or to the house of some jovial friend, and playing "high jinks" till supper; then supping considerably, and again going to work, perhaps till one or two in the morning, and, finally, saying his prayers, and thinking his wife positively half as pretty as Miss Mercer, or my lady herself,—if we take, we say, a dioramic view of him after this fashion, by way of specimen of his waking hours, we shall have a tolerably accurate sample of the stuff his life was made of during its best period, and till infirmity and his public consequence rendered him more thoughtful and dignified. The true entire man (to make a grand simile for our old acquaintance) is like the neighbouring planet, to be estimated neither when he waxes nor wanes, but when he is in mid career or the full development of his faculties, and shows his whole honest face to the world.

In the new volumes, Pepys, considered as a humorist and an original, is altogether in his decline. He is older, more learned, perhaps more respectable—certainly duller, and the Tangier *Diary will no more do to be compared with the old* one, than a rainy day in autumn with a merry summer. However, as there is really some curious matter, and as traits of him still break out, the book is not unworthy of notice. A letter in the first volume clears up a question respecting a posthumous work of Milton; and the Journal

at Tangier contains some highly characteristic accounts of an adventurer, who afterwards obtained an infamous reputation in the service of James the Second. A new head of Pepys, as if to suit the graver reputation of his advancing life, supplies a frontispiece from the portrait belonging to the Royal Society. It is seemingly a likeness; but not at all the festive-looking good fellow in the *morning-gown*, who invited us, like a host, to "fall to" upon our good fare in the quartos. Years and the Royal Society have taught him reserve and dignity He does not wear so rakish a wig; nor is his face half-snoozing and half-chuckling with the recollections of last night's snap-dragon and blindman's-buff. His eye looks as if it knew what belonged to a man of his condition; his whole countenance is a challenge to scrutiny. It seems to say, "I am not at all the man I was, and you are not to expect it. I shall commit myself no further. I have not merely 'two cloaks' now about me, and 'everything that is handsome,' I have thoughts and dignities—and am a personage not to be looked at in a spirit of lightness. My companions are no longer Tripp and Knipp, but Fellows of the Royal Society, and the great Dr Wallis."

There are some curious passages among the correspondence here given, and the Editor has not been idle in increasing their relish from other sources. A letter to the Duke of York, as Lord High Admiral, has an extract appended to it from the Harleian manuscripts, in which Pepys writes thus to a parliamentary commission:

> Let me add, that in my endeavour after a full performance of my duty, I have neither made distinction of days between those of rest and others, nor of hours between day and night, *being less acquainted, during the whole war, with the closing my day's work before midnight, than after it* And that your lordships may not conceive this to arise from any vain assumption of what may be grounded more upon the inability of others to disprove, than my own capacity to justify, such have ever been my apprehensions both of the duty and importance of my just attendance on his Majesty's service, that among the many thousands under whose observation my employment must have placed me, *I challenge any man to assign one day from my first admission to this service in July* 1660, *to the determination of the war, August* 1667 (*being a complete apprenticeship*), *of which I am not, at this day, able upon oath to give an account of my particular manner of employing the same*

Here he alludes to the famous Journal. Suppose that

one of Pepys's enemies (and he had them) had taken him at his word, and called for it! Suppose his friend, Dr. Wallis, called on to decipher it; and the memoranda, one after another, disclosing themselves, to the delight or terror of the committee! Suppose—besides the tailorings, and the turkey pies, and the gallantries, and the roaring suppers, with "faces smutted like devils," and Miss Mercer dancing a jig in boy's clothes—their ears all opened wide to the information, that Monk was a "thick-skulled fool," his duchess a "dirty drab," Lady Castlemaine "abominable," divers of the commissioners themselves "ninnies" and corruptionists, and Clarendon not exempt from the latter charge, nor the Duke himself; he, and the King his brother, and all the Court, "debauched and mad," the Duke and King getting "maudlin drunk," the King a silly speaker, the flatteries of him "beastly," and Cromwell remembered more and more with respect! Charles Lamb—in one of those humours of tragical fancy with which he refreshed his ultra-humanity—expresses a regret that Guy Fawkes did not *succeed* in blowing up the House of Lords, the sensation was such a loss to history! The reading of Pepys's Journal would have been a blowing-up of the Court, hardly less tremendous; only we fear that the poor journalist would have gone up alone in his glory. The Court would have contrived to quash the business in silence and rage.

With this we close our accounts with the amusing sage of the Admiralty. Many official patriots have, doubtless, existed since his time, and thousands, nay millions of respectable men of all sorts gone to their long account, more or less grave in public, and frail to their consciences; but when shall we meet with such another as he was; pleased, like a child, with his new coach, and candid about his hat? Who will own, as he did, that, having made a present, by way of douceur, he is glad, considering no harm is done, of having it back? Who will acknowledge his superstitions, his "frights," his ignorances, his not liking to be seen in public with men out of favour? or who so honestly divide his thoughts about the public good, and even his relations of the most tragical events, with mentions of a new coat from the tailor, and fond records of the beauty-spots on his wife's face?

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

(*The Edinburgh Review*, October 1842.)

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, in her combined and inseparable character as writer and woman, enjoys the singular and delightful reputation of having united, beyond all others of her class, the rare with the familiar, and the lively with the correct The moment her name is mentioned, we think of the mother who loved her daughter; of the most charming of letter-writers; of the ornament of an age of licence, who incurred none of its ill-repute; of the female who has become one of the classics of her language, without effort and without intention.

The sight of a name so attractive, in the title-page of the volumes before us, has made us renew an intercourse, never entirely broken, with her own. We have lived over again with her and her friends from her first letter to her last, including the new matter in the latest Paris edition. We have seen her writing in her cabinet, dancing at Court, being the life of the company in her parlour, nursing her old uncle the Abbé; bantering Mademoiselle du Plessis; lecturing and then jesting with her son; devouring the romances of Calprenede, and responding to the wit of Pascal and La Fontaine; walking in her own green alleys by moonlight, enchanting cardinals, politicians, philosophers, beauties, poets, devotees, haymakers; ready to "die with laughter" fifty times a day; and idolizing her daughter for ever.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Baroness de Chantal and Bourbilly, afterwards Marchioness de Sévigné, was born, in all probability, in Burgundy, in the old ancestral *château* of Bourbilly, between Semur and Epoisses, on the 5th of February 1627 Her father, Celse Bénigne de Rabutin, Baron as above mentioned, was of the elder branch of his name, and cousin to the famous Count Bussy-Rabutin; her mother, Marie de Coulanges, daughter of a Secretary of State, was also of a family whose name afterwards became celebrated for wit; and her paternal grandmother, Jeanne Françoise Fremyot, afterwards known by the title of the Blessed Mother of Chantal, was a *saint*. The nuns of the Order of the Visitation, which was founded by the help

of St. Francis de Sales, beatified her, with the subsequent approbation of Benedict XIV.; and she was canonized by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) in 1767. There was a relationship between the families of Rabutin and De Sales, names which it would be still stranger than it is to see in conjunction, had not the good St. Francis been the liveliest and most tolerant of his class We notice these matters, because it is interesting to discover links between people of celebrity, and because it would be but a sorry philosophy which should deny the probable effects produced in the minds and dispositions of a distinguished race by intermixtures of blood and associations of ideas. Madame de Sévigné's father, for instance, gave a rough foretaste of her wit and sincerity, by a raillery amounting to the *brusque*, sometimes to the insolent. He wrote the following congratulatory epistle to a Minister of finance, whom the King (Louis XIII.) had transformed into a marshal.—"My Lord—Birth; black beard; intimacy.—CHANTAL." Meaning, that his new fortune had been owing to his quality, to his position near the royal person, and to his having a black beard like his master. Both the Chantals and the Fremyots, a race remarkable for their integrity, had been among the warmest adherents of Henry IV.; and, indeed, the whole united stock may be said to have been distinguished equally for worth, spirit, and ability, till it took a twist of intrigue and worldliness in the solitary instance of the scapegrace Bussy. We may discern, in the wit and integrity of Madame de Sévigné—in her natural piety, in her cordial partisanship, and at the same time in that tact for universality which distinguished her in spite of it—a portion of what was best in all her kindred, not excepting a spice of the satire of her supercilious cousin, but without his malignity. She was truly the flower of the family tree; and laughed at the top of it with a brilliancy as well as a softness, compared with which Bussy was but a thorn.

Young ladies at that time were taught little more than to read, write, dance, and embroider, with greater or less attention to books of religion. If the training was conventual, religion was predominant, unless it was rivalled by comfit and flower making, great pastimes of the good nuns.

To these fortunate accidents of birth and breeding were joined health, animal spirits, a natural flow of wit, and a

face and shape which, if not perfectly handsome, were allowed by everybody to produce a most agreeable impression. She was somewhat tall for a woman; had a good shape, a pleasing voice, a fine complexion, brilliant eyes, and a profusion of light hair; but her eyes, though brilliant, were small, and, together with the eyelashes, were of different tints; her lips, though well-coloured, were too flat; and the end of her nose too "square." The jawbone, according to Bussy, had the same fault. He says that she had more shape than grace, yet danced well; and she had a taste for singing He makes the coxcombical objection to her at that time of life, that she was too playful "for a woman of quality," as if the liveliest genius and the staidest conventionalities could be reasonably expected to go together; or, as if she could have written her unique letters, had she resembled everybody else. Let us call to mind the playfulness of those letters, which have charmed all the world; let us add the most cordial manners, a face full of expression, in which the blood came and went, and a general sensibility, which, if too quick perhaps to shed tears, was no less ready to "die with laughter" at every sally of pleasantry, —and we shall see before us the not beautiful but still engaging and ever-lively creature, in whose countenance, if it contained nothing else, the power to write those letters must have been visible; for though people do not always seem what they are, it is seldom they do not look what they can do.

The good uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, doubtless thought he had made a happy match of it, and joined like with like, when, at the age of eighteen, his charming niece married a man of as joyous a character as herself, and one of the first houses in Brittany. The Marquis de Sévigné was related to the Duguesclins and the Rohans, and also to Cardinal de Retz. But joyousness, unfortunately, was the sum-total of his character. He had none of the reflection of his bride. He was a mere laugher and jester, fond of expense and gallantry; and, though he became the father of two children, seems to have given his wife but little of his attention. He fell in a duel about some female, seven years after his marriage.

The young widow devoted herself to her children, and would never again hear of marriage. She had already

become celebrated for her letters; continued to go occasionally to Court; and frequented the reigning literary circles, then famous for their pedantry, without being carried away by it. Several wits and men of fashion made love to her, besides Bussy. Among them were the learned Menage, who courted her in madrigals compiled from the Italian; the superintendent of the finances, Fouquet; and the Prince of Conti, brother of the great Condé, who, with the self-sufficient airs of a royal lover, declared that he found her charming. Even the great Turenne is said to have loved her. On none of them did she take pity but the superintendent; and not on his heart, poor man, but on his neck; when he was threatened with the axe for his doing as his predecessors had done, and squandering the public money.

It was probably from this time that she began to visit the Court less frequently, and to confine herself to those domestic and accomplished circles, in which, without suspecting it she cultivated an immortal reputation for letter-writing. She always manifested great respect for the King; and Louis was a man of too genuine a gallantry not to be courteous to the lady whenever they met, and address to her a few gracious words. On one occasion she gazed upon the magnificent gaming-tables at Court, and curtseyed to his Majesty, "after the fashion which her daughter," she says, "had taught her;" upon which the monarch was pleased to bow, and look very acknowledging. And, another time, when Madame de Maintenon, the Pamela of royalty, then queen in secret, presided over the religious amusements of the King, she went to see Racine's play of "Esther" performed by the young ladies of St. Cyr; when Louis politely expressed his hope that she was satisfied, and interchanged a word with her in honour of the poet and the performers. The proper idea of her, for the greater part of her life, is that of a sequestered domestic woman, the delight of her friends, the constant reader, talker, laugher, and writer, and the passionate admirer of the daughter to whom she addressed the chief part of her correspondence. Sometimes she resided in Brittany, at an estate on the sea-coast, called the Rocks, which had belonged to her husband; sometimes she was at Livry, near Paris, where the good uncle possessed his abbey; sometimes at her own estate of Bourbilly, in

Burgundy; and at others in her house in town, where the Hôtel Carnavalet (now a school) has become celebrated as her latest and best known residence. In all these abodes, not excepting the town-house, she made a point of having the enjoyment of a garden, delighting to be as much in the open air as possible, haunting her green alleys and her orangeries with a book in her hand or a song upon her lips (for she sang as she went about, like a child), and walking out late by moonlight in all seasons, to the hazard of colds and rheumatisms, from which she ultimately suffered severely. She was a most kind mistress to her tenants. She planted trees, made labyrinths, built chapels (inscribing them "to God"), watched the peasants dancing, sometimes played at chess (she did not like cards), and at almost all other times, when not talking with her friends, she was reading or hearing others read, or writing letters. Sometimes her household get up a little surprise or masquerade; at others, her cousin Coulanges brings his "song-book," and they are "the happiest people in the world;" that is to say, provided her daughter is with her. Otherwise, the tears rush into her eyes at the thought of her absence, and she is always making "dragons" or "cooking"—viz., having the blue-devils and fretting. But, when they all are comfortable, what they are most addicted to is "dying with laughter." They die with laughter if seeing a grimace; if told a bon-mot; if witnessing a rustic dance; if listening to Monsieur de Pomenars, who has always "some criminal affair on his hands," if getting drenched with rain; if having a sore finger pinched instead of relieved. Here lounges the young marquis on the sofa with his book; there sits the old Abbé in his armchair, fed with something nice, the ladies chat, and embroider, and banter Mademoiselle du Plessis, in comes Monsieur de Pomenars, with the news of some forgery that is charged against him, or livelier offence, but always so perilous to his neck that he and they "die with laughter." Enter, with his friend Madame de la Fayette, the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, gouty, but still graceful, and he and the lady "die with laughter," enter the learned Corbinelli, and he dies, enter Madame de Coulanges, the sprightly mixture of airiness and witty malice, and she dies of course, and the happy mortality is completed by her husband, the singing cousin aforesaid—

"a little round fat oily man," who was always "in" with some duke or cardinal, admiring his fine house and feasting at his table. These were among the most prominent friends or associates of Madame de Sévigné; but there were also great lords and ladies, and neighbours in abundance, sometimes coming in when they were not wanted, but always welcomed with true French politeness, except when they had been heard to say anything against the "daughter;" and then Madame told them roundly to their faces that she was "not at home." There was Segrais, and Saint Pavin, and Corneille, and Bossuet; and Treville, who talked like a book; and the great Turenne, and the Duke de Vivonne (brother of Montespan), who called her "darling mamma;" and Madame Scarron, till she was Maintenon; and Madame de Fiesque, who did not know how to be afflicted; and D'Hacqueville, whose good offices it was impossible to tire; and fat Barillon, who said good things though he was a bad ambassador, and the Abbé Têtu, thin and lively; and Benserade, who was the life of the company wherever he went; and Brancas, who liked to choose his own rivals, and Cardinal de Retz in retirement, feeding his trout, and talking metaphysics. She had known the Cardinal for thirty years; and, during his last illness, used to get Corneille, Boileau, and Moilière to come and read to him their new pieces. Perhaps there is no man of whom she speaks with such undeviating respect and regard as this once turbulent statesman, unless it be Rochefoucauld, who, to judge from most of her accounts of him, was a pattern of all that was the reverse of his "Maxims."

With her son the marquis, who was "a man of wit and pleasure about town," till he settled into sobriety with a wife who is said to have made him devout, Madame de Sévigné lived in a state of confidence and unreserve, to an excess that would not be deemed very delicate in these days, and of which, indeed, she herself sometimes expresses her dislike. There is a well-known collection of letters, professing to have passed between him and Ninon de l'Enclos, which is spurious; but we gather some remarkable particulars of their intimacy from the letters of the mother to her daughter; and, among others, Ninon's sayings of him, that he had "a soul of pap," and the "heart of a cucumber fried in snow."

the most striking, though not the most engaging, in the collection. It was written nearly four-and-twenty years after the letter we have just given; which we mention to show how she had retained her animal spirits. The person to whom it is addressed is her jovial cousin, De Coulanges. The apparent tautologies in the exordium are not really such. They only represent a continued astonishment, wanting words to express itself, and fetching its breath at every comma:—

I am going to tell you a thing [she says on 15th December 1670], which of all things in the world is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most exalting, the most humbling, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private (till this moment), the most brilliant, the most enviable—in short, a thing of which no example is to be found in past times, at least, nothing quite like it,—a thing which we know not how to believe in Paris: how then are you to believe it at Lyons? a thing which makes all the world cry out, "Lord have mercy on us!" a thing which has transported Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their own eyes; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, and yet perhaps will not be finished till Monday. I cannot expect you to guess it at once. I give you a trial of three times; *do you give it up?* Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to marry, next Sunday, at the Louvre, guess whom. I give you four times to guess it in. I give you six: I give you a hundred. "Truly," cries Madame de Coulanges, "it must be a very difficult thing to guess; 'tis Madame de la Vallière." No, it isn't, Madame. "'Tis Mademoiselle de Retz then?" No, it isn't, Madame: you are terribly provincial. "Oh, we are very stupid, no doubt!" say you. "'tis Mademoiselle Colbert." Further off than ever. "Well, then, it must be Mademoiselle Créqui?" You are not a bit nearer. Come, I see I must tell you at last. Well, M. de Lauzun marries next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the King's permission, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de —— Mademoiselle —— guess the name,—he marries "MADEMOISELLE"—the *great* Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late MONSIEUR; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the King, Mademoiselle destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only woman in France fit to marry Monsieur. Here's pretty news for your coteries. Exclaim about it as much as you will,—let it turn your heads; say we "lie" if you please; that it's a pretty joke, that it's "tiresome", that we are a "parcel of ninnies." We give you leave; we have done just the same to others. Adieu! The letters that come by the post will show whether we have been speaking truth or not.

Never was French vivacity more gay, more spirited, more triumphant, than in this letter. There is a regular siege laid to the reader's astonishment; and the titles of the bride come like the pomp of victory. Or, to use a humbler image, the reader is thrown into the state of the child, who is told to open his mouth and shut his eyes, and wait for what God will send him. The holder of the secret hovers in front of the expectant, touching his lips and giving him nothing; and all is a merry flutter of laughter, guessing, and final transport.

To say the truth, except when she chose to be in the humour for it, great part of Madame de Sévigné's enjoyment, wherever she was, looked as little to the *morale* of the thing as need be. It arose from her powers of discernment and description. No matter what kind of scene she beheld, whether exalted or humble, brilliant or gloomy, crowded or solitary, her sensibility turned all to account. She saw well for herself; and she knew that what she saw she should enjoy over again, in telling it to her daughter.

In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is a reference by the great and gloomy moralist to a passage in Madame de Sévigné, in which she speaks of existence having been imposed upon her without her consent; but the momentary effusion of spleen is contradicted by the whole correspondence. She occasionally vents her dissatisfaction at a rainy day, or the perplexity produced in her mind by a sermon; and when her tears begin flowing for a pain in her daughter's little finger, it is certainly no easy matter to stop them; but there was a luxury at the heart of this woe. Her ordinary notions of life were no more like Johnsons, than rose-colour is like black, or health like disease. She repeatedly proclaims, and almost always shows, her delight in existence.

The two English writers who have shown the greatest admiration of Madame de Sévigné, are Horace Walpole and Sir James Mackintosh. The enthusiasm of Walpole, who was himself a distinguished letter-writer and wit, is [illegible] up with a good deal of self-love. He bows to his own image in the mirror beside her.

Sir James Mackintosh, who became intimate with the letters of Madame de Sévigné during his voyage to India, says of her .

She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, perhaps an immortal writer, without expecting it: she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame.

The great charm of Madame de Sévigné is *truth* Truth, wit, and animal spirits compose the secret of her delightfulness; but truth above all, for it is that which shows all the rest to be true. If she had not more natural virtues than most other good people, she had more natural *manners;* and the universality of her taste, and the vivacity of her spirits, giving her the widest range of enjoyment, she expressed herself naturally on all subjects, and did not disdain the simplest and most familiar phraseology, when the truth required it. Familiarities of style, taken by themselves, have been common more or less to all wits, from the days of Aristophanes to those of Byron; and, in general, so have animal spirits. What distinguishes Madame de Sévigné is, first, that she was a woman so writing, which till her time had been a thing unknown, and has not been since witnessed in any such charming degree, and second, and above all, that she writes "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" never giving us falsehood of any kind, not even a single false metaphor, or only half-true simile or description; nor writing for any purpose on earth but to say what she felt, and please those who could feel with her. All her lightest and most fanciful images, all her most daring expressions, have the strictest propriety, the most genuine feeling, a home in the heart of truth; as when, for example, she says, amidst continual feasting, that she is "famished for want of hunger," that there were no "interlineations" in the conversation of a lady, who spoke from the heart; that she went to vespers one evening out of pure opposition, which taught her to comprehend the "sacred obstinacy of martyrdom," that she did not keep a "philosopher's shop," that it is difficult for people in trouble to "bear thunderclaps of bliss in others." She loved nature and truth without misgiving; and nature and truth loved her in return, and have crowned her with glory and honour.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

(*Ainsworth's Magazine*, January to December 1844.)

A FETCHING RELISH.

In one of the volumes of that celebrated French publication, the "Almanach des Gourmands," which sounds the depths of the merit of soups, and decides on the distracting claims of the most affinitive relishes, there is a frontispiece presenting to the respectful eyes of the reader a "Jury of Tasters." They form a board of elderly gentlemen with the most thoughtful faces, and are in the act of chewing each his mouthful, and profoundly ruminating on its pretensions. Having seen but this single volume of the work, and that only for a short time (which we mention with becoming regret), we are not qualified to report its verdict; but one of them made an impression on us not to be forgotten. It ran as follows:—"With this sauce a man might eat his father."

THE ELEVEN COMMANDMENTS.

A certain bishop who lived some hundred years ago, and who was very unlike what is reported of her Majesty's new almoner, also very unlike the Christian bishops of old, before titles were invented for them, very unlike Fenelon too, who nevertheless had plenty of titles; very unlike St Francis de Sales, who was for talking nothing but "roses," very unlike St Vincent de Paul, who founded the Sisterhood of Charity, very unlike Rundle, who "had a heart," and Berkeley, who had "every virtue under heaven;" and that other exquisite bishop (we blush to have forgotten his name), who was grieved to find that he had a hundred pounds at his banker's when the season had been so bad for the poor, this highly unresembling bishop, who, nevertheless, was like too many of his brethren—that is to say, in times past (for there is no bishop now, at least in any quarter of England, who is not remarkable for meekness, and does not make a point of turning his right cheek to be smitten, the moment you have smitten his left); this unepiscopal, and yet not impossible bishop, we say, was once accosted, during a severe Christmas, by a Parson Adams kind of inferior clergyman, and told a long story of

the wants of certain poor people, of whose cases his lordship was unaware. What the dialogue was, which led to the remark we are about to mention, the reporters of the circumstance do not appear to have ascertained; but it seems that, the representations growing stronger and stronger on one side, and the determination to pay no attention to them acquiring proportionate vigour on the other, the clergyman was moved to tell the bishop that his lordship did not understand his "eleven commandments."

"Eleven commandments!" cried the bishop; "why, fellow, you are drunk. Who ever heard of an eleventh commandment? Depart, or you shall be put in the stocks."

"Put thine own pride and cruelty in the stocks," retorted the good priest, angered beyond his Christian patience, and preparing to return to the sufferers for whom he had pleaded in vain. "I say there are *eleven* commandments, *not* ten, and that it were well for such flocks as you govern, it it were added, as it ought to be, to the others over the tables in church. Does your lordship remember—do you in fact know anything at all of Him who came on earth to do good to the poor and woeful, and who said, 'Behold, I give unto you a *new commandment*, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.'"

THE EARLIEST RACING CALENDAR.

Hiero the First, of Syracuse, [was] a bad prince, but a possessor of good horses and charioteers; for whose victories in the Olympic games his name has become celebrated by means of Pindar. Hiero is the great name in the Racing Calendar of antiquity.

DAMOCLES.

Damocles [was] the courtly gentleman who pronounced Dionysius the happiest man on earth He was treated by his master to a "proof of the pudding" which tyrants eat He sat crowned at the head of a luxurious banquet, in the midst of odours, music, and homage; and saw, suspended by a hair over his head, a naked sword. This, it must be confessed, was a happy thought of the royal poet—a practical epigram of the very finest point.

A GENTLE WARRIOR.

Marcellus [was] the Roman general [at the taking of Syracuse]. His eyes are said to have filled with tears at the thought of all that was going to happen to the conquered city. He was the first successful opposer of Hannibal. When reproached for carrying off paintings and other works of art from Sicily, he said he did it to refine the minds of his countrymen. His tears render every anecdote of him precious to posterity.

GELLIAS.

This individual we have kept to the last, though he was little more than a private person, and is not at all famous. But we have a special regard for him, far more, indeed, than for most of those that have been mentioned; and we think that such of our readers as are not already acquainted with him, will have one too; for he was of that tip-top class of human beings called "good fellows," and a very prince of the race. What renders him a still better fellow than he might otherwise have been, and doubles his heroical qualities in discerning eyes, is, that he was but an insignificant little body to look at, and not very well shaped, a mannikin, in short, that Sir Godfrey Kneller's nephew, the slave-trader, who rated the painter and his friend Pope at less than "ten guineas'" worth "the pair," would probably not have valued at more than two pounds five

The name of this great unknown was Gellias, and you must search into by-corners, even of Sicilian history, to find anything about him; but he was just the man for our Jar; sweet as the honey that Samson found in the jaws of the lion.

Gellias was the richest man in the rich city of Agrigentum. The Agrigentines, according to a saying of their countryman Empedocles, were famous for "building as if they were to live for ever, and feasting as if they were to die next day But they were as good-natured and hospitable as they were festive; and Gellias, in accordance with the superiority of his circumstances, was the most good-natured and hospitable of them all. His magnificence resembled that of a Barmecide. Slaves were stationed at the gates of his noble mansion to invite strangers to enter. His cellar had three hundred

reservoirs cut in the solid rock, each containing seven hundred gallons of wine at their service. One day five hundred horsemen halted at his door, who had been overtaken by a storm. He lodged and entertained them all; and, by way of dry clothes, made each man a present of a new tunic and robe.

His wit appears to have been as ready as it was pungent. He was sent ambassador on some occasion to the people of Centauripa, a place at the foot of Mount Ætna. When he rose in the assembly to address them, his poor little figure made so ridiculous a contrast with his mission, that they burst into fits of laughter. Gellias waited his time, and then requested them not to be astonished; "for," said he, "it is the custom with Agrigentum to suit the ambassador to his locality—to send noble-looking persons to great cities, and insignificant ones to the insignificant."

The combined magnanimity and address of this sarcasm are not to be surpassed. Ambassadors are privileged people; but they have not always been spared by irritated multitudes, yet our hero did not hesitate to turn the ridicule of the Centauripans on themselves. He "showed up" the smallness of their pretensions, both as a community and as observers. He did not blink the fact of his own bodily insignificance—too sore a point with little people in general, notwithstanding that many of the greatest spirits of the world have resided in frames as petty. He made it the very ground for exposing the still smaller pretensions of the souls and understandings of his deriders Or, supposing that he said it with a good-humoured smile—with an air of rebuke to their better sense—still the address was as great, and the magnanimity as candid. He not only took the "bull by the horns," but turned it with his mighty little hands into a weapon of triumph. Such a man, insignificant as his general exterior may have been, must, after all, have had something fine in some part of it—something great in some part of its expression; probably fine eyes, and a smile full of benignity.

Gellias proved that his soul was of the noblest order, not only by a princely life, but by the heroical nature of his death. Agrigentum lay on the coast opposite Carthage. It had been a flourishing place, partly by reason of its commerce with that city, but was at last insulted by it and

subdued. Most of the inhabitants fled. Among those who remained was Gellias. He fancied that his great wealth, and his renown for hospitality, would procure him decent treatment. Finding, however, that the least to be expected of the enemy was captivity, he set fire to a temple into which he had conveyed his wealth, and perished with it in the flames, thus, says Stolberg, at once preventing "the profanation of the place, the enriching of the foe, and the disgrace of slavery."

There ought to be a book devoted to the history of those whose reputations have not received their due. It would make a curious volume. It would be old in the materials, novel in the interest, and of equal delight and use. It is a startling reflection, that while men such as this Gellias must be dug up from the byways of history, its high-road is three-parts full of people who would never have been heard of but for accidents of time and place. Take, for instance, the majority of the Roman emperors, of those of Germany, of the turbulent old French noblesse, and indeed of three-fourths, perhaps nine-tenths, of historical names all over the world.

THEOCRITUS.

Theocritus [the great master of pastoral poetry] arose during a period of refinement; and being a man of a universal genius, with a particular regard for the country, perfected this homelier kind of pastoral, and at the same time anticipated all the others. His single scenes are the germ of the pastoral drama. He is as clownish as Gay, as domestic as Allan Ramsay, as elegant as Virgil and Tasso, and (with the allowance for the difference between ancient and modern imagination) as poetical as Fletcher, and in passion he beats them all. In no other pastoral poetry is there anything to equal his "Polyphemus."

The world has long been sensible of this superiority. But, in one respect, even the world has not yet done justice to Theocritus. The world, indeed, takes a long time, or must have a twofold blow given it as manifest and sustained as Shakspeare's, to entertain two ideas at once respecting anybody. It has been said of wit, that it indisposes people to admit a serious claim on the part of its possessor; and pastoral poetry subjects a man to the like injustice, by

reason of its humble modes of life, and its gentle scenery. People suppose that he can handle nothing stronger than a crook They should read Theocritus's account of Hercules slaying the lion, or of the "stand-up fight," the regular and tremendous "set-to," between Pollux and Amycus. The best Moulsey-Hurst business was a feather to it. Theocritus was a son of Ætna—all peace and luxuriance in ordinary, all fire and wasting fury when he chose it. He was a genius equally potent and universal; and it is a thousand pities that unknown circumstances in his life hindered him from completing the gigantic fragments which seem to have been portions of some intended great work on the deeds of Hercules, perhaps on the Argonautic Expedition. He has given us Hercules and the Serpents, Hercules and Hylas, Hercules and the Lion, and the pugilistical contest of the demigod's kinsman with a barbarian, and the epithalamium of their relation Helen may have been designed as a portion of the same multifarious poem—an anticipation of the romance of modern times, and of the glory of Ariosto. What a loss!

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Allan Ramsay is the prince of the homely pastoral drama. Burns wrote in this class of poetry at no such length as Ramsay; but he was pastoral poetry itself, in the shape of an actual, glorious peasant, vigorous as if Homer had written him, and tender as generous strength, or as memories of the grave Ramsay and he have helped Scotland for ever to take pride in its heather, and its braes, and its bonny rivers, and be ashamed of no beauty or honest truth, in high estate or in low—an incalculable blessing. Ramsay, to be sure, with all his genius, and though he wrote an entire and excellent dramatic pastoral, in five legitimate acts, is but a small part of Burns—is but a field in a corner compared with the whole Scots pastoral region, He has none of Burns's pathos; none of his grandeur; none of his burning energy, none of his craving after universal good. How universal is Burns! What mirth in his cups! What softness in his tears! What sympathy in his very satire! What manhood in everything! If Theocritus, the inventor of a loving and affecting Poly-

phemus, could have foreseen the verses on the "Mouse" and the "Daisy" turned up with plough, the "Tam o' Shanter," "O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," &c. (not to mention a hundred others, which have less to do with our subject), tears of admiration would have rushed into his eyes.

THE "GENTLE SHEPHERD."

We think the "Gentle Shepherd," "in some respects," the best pastoral that ever was written, not because it has anything, in a poetical point of view, to compare with Fletcher and Milton, but because there is, upon the whole, more faith and more love in it, and because the kind of idealized truth which it undertakes to represent is delivered in a more corresponding and satisfactory form than in any other entire pastoral drama.

Allan Ramsay's poem is not only a probable and pleasing story, containing charming pictures, much knowledge of life, and a good deal of quiet humour, but in some respects it may be called classical, if by classical is meant ease, precision, and unsuperfluousness of style. The "Gentle Shepherd" is not a forest, nor a mountain-side. nor Arcady; but it is a field full of daisies, with a brook in it, and a cottage "at the sunny end;" and this we take to be no mean thing, either in the real or the ideal world.

LOVERS OF ARCADY.

How many other great and good men have there not been, with whom the humblest lover of Arcady may, in this respect, claim fellowship?—men, nevertheless, fond of town also, and of the most active and busy life, when it was their duty to enter it. The most universal genius must of necessity include the green districts of the world in his circle, otherwise he would not run it a third part round. Shakspeare himself, prosperous manager as he was, retired to his native place before he was old. Do we think that, with all his sociality, his chief companions there were such as a country town afforded? Depend upon it, they were the trees and the fields, and his daughter Susanna Be assured that no gentleman of the place was seen so often pacing the banks of the Avon, sitting on the stiles in

the meadows, looking with the thrush at the sunset, or finding

Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Cervantes, the Shakspeare of Spain (for if his poetry answered but to one small portion of Shakspeare, his prose made up the rest), proclaims his truly pastoral heart, notwithstanding his satire, not only in his "Galatea," but in a hundred passages of "Don Quixote," particularly the episodes. He delighted equally in knowledge of the world and the most ideal poetic life It is easy to see, by the stories of "Marcella" and "Leandra," that this great writer wanted little to have become a Quixote himself, in the Arcadian line! Nothing but the extremest good sense supplied him a proper balance in this respect for his extreme romance.

Boccaccio was another of these great childlike minds, whose knowledge of the world is ignorantly confounded with a devotion to it. See, in his "Admetus," and "Theseid," and "Genealogia Deorum," &c., and in the "Decameron" itself, how he revels in groves and gardens; and how, when he begins making a list of trees, he cannot leave off. Doubtless, he had been of a more sensual temperament than Cervantes; but his faith remained unshaken in the highest things. His veins might have contained an excess of the genial; but so did his heart. When the priest threatened him in advanced life with the displeasure of Heaven, he was shocked and alarmed, and obliged to go to Petrarch for comfort.

Chaucer was a courtier, and a companion of princes; nay, a reformer also, and a stirrer out in the world. He understood that world, too, thoroughly, in the ordinary sense of such understanding, yet, as he was a true great poet in everything, so in nothing more was he so than in loving the country, and the trees and fields. It is as hard to get him out of a grove as his friend Boccaccio, and he tells us that, in May, he would often go out into the meadows to "abide" there, solely in order to "look upon the daisy." Milton seems to have made a point of never living in a house that had not a garden to it.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS."

Thomson's whole poetry may be said to be pastoral, and everybody knows what a good fellow he was, how beloved

by his friends; how social, and yet how sequestered; and (follow he preferred a house but *a floor high at* Richmond floor ~~that which is now shown as his, was then a ground-~~ ly), to one of more imposing dimensions amidst

Whic. The smoke and stir of this dim spot,
men call *London.*

THE BEE.

The bee, like the ... beautiful creatures, is an ...htingale and the dove, and other of the mountain help to p... ...bitant of Ætna. The fires thyme. The energetic little, warmth-loving of his sweetest armed, threatening, murmuring, bitter-sweet, ...ney-making, creature, seems like one of the particles of the ...d useful gifted with wings. mountain,

MOUNT ÆTNA.

Everybody knows that Ætna is the greatest and pl Europe, some twenty miles in ascent from wled volcano in with a circumference for its base of betwee ...atania, and ninety. All the climates of the world are ...en eighty and those of the African desert. At the foot a... ... there, except aloes of the tropics, with the corn, wine, a ... the palms and The latter continue for fourteen or fifteen ... and oil of Italy. Then come the chestnuts of Spain, then ... miles of ascent. England, then the firs of Norway—the wh... the beeches of being five or six miles in ascent, interspersed w... ole forest-belt scenery, and the most magnificent pastures. Sing... th park-like and *flocks* and herds are there, with abundance ...ing-birds, The remainder, a thousand feet high, is a naked ... game. covered for the greater part of the year with sno... peak, often hot to the feet in the midst of it, toilsome to ...now, but and terminating in the great crater, miles in circumf... ...scend, fuming and blind with smoke—the largest of sev... ...ence, others. The whole mountain, with an enormous chasm ...ral its side four or five miles broad, stands in the midst of si... in and-thirty subject mountains, "each a Vesuvius," generate... by its awful parent. Horror and lovelin... we ... out it, alternately, or together. Yo... ...ons ...ess prevail throug to mountain, over tremendous de... ...und ... look from mounta woody scenery. The lowest r... de...ths, to the most beautif black grounds of lava and b... th... ...gion is a paradise, be... ...ravying Avo... ...eds of ashes, which ...

to what it is liable. The top is a ghastly white peak, shivering with cold, though it is a mouth for fire, but lovely at a distance in the light of the moon at night, and presenting a view from it by day, especially at sunrise, which baffles description with ecstasy.

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

Smoke and earthquake commence the agonizing days that precede it The days are darkened; the nights are sleepless and horrible, and seem ten times as long as usual. People rush to the churches in prayer, or crowd the doorways (which are thought the safest places), or remain out of doors in boats or carriages. Religions processions move in terror through the streets Sometimes the air is blackened with a powder, sometimes with ashes, which fall and gather everywhere, such as Pompeii was buried with. Lightnings play about Ætna, the sea rises against the dark atmosphere, in ghastly white billows; dreadful noises succeed; accompanied with thunder, like batteries of artillery, the earth rocks, landslips take place down the hill-sides, carrying whole fields and homesteads into other men's grounds, cities are overthrown, burying shrieking thousands. At length the mountain bursts out in flame and lava, perhaps in forty or fifty places at once, the principal crater throwing out hot glowing stones, which have been known to be carried eighteen miles, and the frightful mineral torrent running forth in streams of fiery red, pouring down into the plains, climbing over walls, effacing estates, and rushing into and usurping part of the bed of the sea. A river of lava has been known to be fifty feet deep, and four miles broad. Fancy such a stream coming down towards London, as wide as from Marylebone to Mile End! By degrees, the lava thickens into a black and rustling semi-liquid, rather pushed along than flowing, though its heat has been found lingering after a lapse of eight years. When the survivors of all these horrors gather breath, and look back upon time and place, they find houses and families abolished, and have to begin, as it were, their stunned existence anew

Possibly there may be something of a gambling excitement—of the stimulus of a mixture of hope and fear—in thus living on the borders of life and death—of this great snap-dragon bowl of Europe.

in the morning, we find him in his dressing-gown, playing with his dog Raton. At twelve we walk down arm-in-arm to White's, where Selwyn's arrival is hailed with a joyous laugh, and Topham Beauclerk hastens to initiate us into the newest bit of scandal. The day is warm, and a stroll to Betty's fruit-shop (St. James's Street) is proposed Lord March is already there, settling his famous bet with young Mr Pigot, that old Mr. Pigot would die before Sir William Codrington. Just as this grave affair is settled a cry is raised of "the Gunnings are coming," and out we all tumble to gaze and criticize. At Brookes's, our next house of call, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams is easily persuaded to entertain the party by reading his verses, not yet printed, on the marriage of Mr. Hussey (an Irish gentleman) with the Duchess of Manchester (the best match in the kingdom), and is made happy by our compliments; but looks rather blank on Rigby's hinting that the author will be obliged to fight half the Irishmen in town, which, considering the turn of the verses, seemed probable enough. To change at once the subject and the scene, we accompany him and Rigby to the House of Commons, where we find "the Great Commoner" making a furious attack on the Attorney-General (Murray), who (as Walpole phrases it) suffered for an hour. After hearing an animated reply from Fox (the first Lord Holland), we rouse Selwyn, who is dozing behind the Treasury Bench, and, wishing to look in upon the Lords, make him introduce us. We find Lord Chesterfield speaking, the Chancellor (Hardwicke) expected to speak next, the Duke of Cumberland just come in, and the Duke of Newcastle shuffling about in a ludicrous state of perturbation, betokening a crisis, but Selwyn grows impatient, and we hurry off to Strawberry Hill, to join the rest of the celebrated *partie quarrée*, or "out of town" party, who are long ago assembled. The *petit souper* appears on the instant, and as the champagne circulates, there circulates along with it a refined, fastidious, fashionable, anecdotic, gossiping kind of pleasantry, as exhilarating as its sparkle, and as volatile as its froth. We return too late to see Garrick, but time enough for the house-warming fête at Chesterfield House, where the Duke of Hamilton loses a thousand pounds at faro, because he chooses to ogle Elizabeth Gunning instead of attending to his cards.

George Augustus Selwyn entered the world with every advantage of birth and connection; to which that of fortune was added in good time. His father, Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson in Gloucestershire, where the family ranked as one of the best in the county, had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, commanded a regiment, sat many years in Parliament, and filled various situations about the Court. His mother, a daughter of General Farrington, was a woman of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and enjoyed a high reputation for social humour. As his father was a plain, straightforward, commonplace sort of man, it is fair to presume that he inherited his peculiar talent from her; thus adding another to the many instances of gifted men formed by mothers, or endowed by them with the best and brightest of their qualities.

Selwyn was born on the 11th August 1719. He was educated at Eton, and on leaving it entered at Hertford College, Oxford. After a short stay at the university, he started on the grand tour, and on his return, though a second son with an elder brother living, made London and Paris his headquarters, became a member of the clubs, and associated with the wits and men of fashion. Before he had completed his twenty-first year, he was appointed Clerk of the Irons and Surveyor of the Meltings at the Mint—offices usually performed by deputy. At all events, occasional attendance at the weekly dinner formerly provided for this department of the public service, was the only duty they imposed on Selwyn; the very man to act on Colonel Hanger's principle, who, when a friend in power suggested that a particular office, not being a sinecure, would hardly suit him, replied, "Get me the place, and leave me alone for making it a sinecure." The salary must have been small, for in a letter from Paris (September 1742) he says that his entire income, including the allowance made him by his father, was only £220 a year; and he appears to have been constantly in distress for money.

In 1744 Selwyn returned to Hertford College, and resumed the life of a college student; unaccountably enough, for he was then a formed man of the world, and twenty-five. Probably he had thoughts of pursuing a profession, or, to please his father, pretended that he had.

His father died in 1751 without tying up the property,

which brought with it the power of nominating two members for Ludgershall, and interest enough at Gloucester to ensure his own return for that city. The change of circumstances made little change in his course of life. He had sat in Parliament for the family borough since 1747 He generally sided with the Court party, and was well rewarded for his constancy; being at the same time Clerk of the Irons and Surveyor of the Meltings at the Mint, Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Barbadoes (where he had an estate), and Paymaster of the Works—described as a very lucrative appointment.

It is currently related that Selwyn did his best to keep Sheridan out of Brookes's, and was only prevented from blackballing him for the third or fourth time by a trick. According to one version, the Prince of Wales kept Selwyn in conversation at the door till the ballot was over. According to Wraxall's, he was suddenly called away by a pretended message from his adopted daughter. Some attribute his dislike to aristocratic prejudice, others to party feeling. His mode of life is exhibited in a droll sketch, in a letter to himself written by Lord Carlisle at Spa, in 1768 "I rise at six; am on horseback till breakfast; play at cricket till dinner; and dance in the evening till I can scarce crawl to bed at eleven There is a life for you! You get up at nine, play with Raton till twelve in your nightgown, then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshawe, are five hours at table; sleep till you can escape your supper reckoning, then make two wretches carry you, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling."

Wits are seldom given to ruralities Jekyll used to say that, if compelled to live in the country, he would have the road before his door paved like a street, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down all day long Selwyn partook largely of this feeling.

There is no ground for disputing the applicability of the remark with which Mr. Jesse introduces the topic of his wit:—"Perhaps no individual has ever acquired so general a reputation for mere wit as George Selwyn. Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Lords Dorset, Rochester, Chesterfield, and Hervey, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Bubb Doddington, Sheridan, and (perhaps the most brilliant luminary in this galaxy of wit) the late Theodore Hook,

were men who had one and all distinguished themselves in following the paths of literature, while more than one of them had rendered himself eminent in the senate. Thus, the character which each maintained for wit was supported by the adventitious aid of a reputation for literary or oratorical talents, while the fame of George Selwyn stands exclusively on his character for social pleasantry and conversational wit." Not quite It stood also on his three seats in Parliament, and his family connections These, at the very outset, procured him that vantage ground, to which Sheridan and Hook were obliged to win their way at the risk of fretting a thousand vanities

The best stories regarding his taste for executions are related by Walpole, and well known. Innumerable are the jokes levelled at him for this peculiarity. The best is the first Lord Holland's, who was dying "The next time Mr Selwyn calls, show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me."

According to Walpole, it was Selwyn's habit to turn up the whites of his eyes, and assume an expression of demureness, when giving utterance to a droll thought, and Wraxall says that the effect of his witticisms was greatly enhanced by his listless, drowsy manner. Nor is this all. What makes a man like Selwyn the delight of his contemporaries, is that lightness, richness, and elasticity of mind, which invests the commonest incidents with amusing or inspiriting associations—lights intuitively on the most attractive topics, grasps them one moment, lets them go the next, and, in a word, never suffers companionship to become tiresome, or conversation to grow dull.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

(1844)

SPENSER.

SPENSER's great characteristic is poetic luxury. If you go to him for a story, you will be disappointed, if for a style, classical or concise, the point against him is conceded, if

for pathos, you must weep for personages half-real and too beautiful; if for mirth, you must laugh out of good breeding, and because it pleaseth the great, sequestered man to be facetious. But if you love poetry well enough to enjoy it for its own sake, let no evil reports of his "allegory" deter you from his acquaintance, for great will be your loss. His allegory itself is but one part allegory, and nine parts beauty and enjoyment; sometimes an excess of flesh and blood. His forced rhymes, and his sentences written to fill up, which in a less poet would be intolerable, are accompanied with such endless grace and dreaming pleasure, fit to

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony,

that although it is to be no more expected of anybody to read him through at once, than to wander days and nights in a forest, thinking of nothing else, yet any true lover of poetry, when he comes to know him, would as soon quarrel with repose on the summer grass. You may get up and go away, but will return next day at noon to listen to his waterfalls, and to see, "with half-shut eye," his visions of knights and nymphs, his gods and goddesses, whom he brought down again to earth in immortal beauty.

Spenser, in some respects, is more southern than the south itself. Dante, but for the covered heat which occasionally concentrates the utmost sweetness as well as venom, would be quite northern compared with him. He is more luxurious than Ariosto or Tasso, more haunted with the presence of beauty. His wholesale poetical belief, mixing up all creeds and mythologies, but with less violence, resembles that of Dante and Boccaccio; and it gives the compound the better warrant in the more agreeable impression. Then his versification is almost perpetual honey.

Spenser is the farthest removed from the ordinary cares and haunts of the world of all the poets that ever wrote, except perhaps Ovid; and this, which is the reason why mere men of business and the world do not like him, constitutes his most bewitching charm with the poetical. He is not so great a poet as Shakspeare or Dante; he has less imagination, though more fancy, than Milton He does

CHAUCER.

Chaucer's comic genius is so perfect, that it may be said to include prophetic intimations of all that followed it. The liberal-thinking joviality of Rabelais is there; the portraiture of Cervantes, moral and external; the poetry of Shakspeare; the learning of Ben Jonson; the manners of the wits of Charles the Second; the *bonhomie* of Sterne; and the insidiousness, without the malice, of Voltaire. One of its characteristics is a certain tranquil detection of particulars, expressive of generals. Thus the Prioress speaks French; but it is "after the school of Stratford at Bow." Her education was altogether more showy than substantial. The Lawyer was the busiest man in the world, and yet he "seemed busier than he was." He made something out of nothing, even in appearances.

Another characteristic is his fondness for seeing the spiritual in the material; the mind in the man's aspect. He is as studious of physiognomy as Lavater, and far truer. Observe, too, the poetry that accompanies it—the imaginative sympathy in the matter of fact. His Yeoman, who is a forester, has a head "like a nut." His Miller is as brisk and healthy as the air of the hill on which he lives, and as hardy and as cross-grained as his conscience. We know, as well as if we had ridden with them, his oily-faced Monk, his lisping Friar; his carbuncled Summoner or Church-Bailiff; and his irritable money-getting Reve or Steward, with his cropped head and calfless legs, who shaves his beard as closely as he reckons with his master's tenants.

The third great quality of Chaucer's humour is its fair-play—the truth and humanity which induces him to see justice done to good and bad, to the circumstances which make men what they are, and the mixture of right and wrong, of wisdom and of folly, which they consequently exhibit. His worst characters have some little saving grace of good-nature, or at least of joviality and candour. Even the Pardoner, however impudently, acknowledges himself to be a "vicious man." His best people, with one exception, betray some infirmity. The good Clerk of Oxford, for all his simplicity and singleness of heart, has not escaped the pedantry and pretension of the college. The only character in Chaucer which seems faultless, is that of the Knight,

and he is a man who has been all over the world, and bought experience with hard blows. The poet does not spare his own person. He describes himself as a fat, heavy man, with an "elvish" (wildish?) countenance, shy, and always "staring on the ground." Perhaps he paid for his genius and knowledge with the consequences of habits too sedentary, and a vein, in his otherwise cheerful wisdom, of hypochondriacal wonder.

This self-knowledge is a part of Chaucer's greatness; and these modest proofs of it distinguish him from every other poet in the language. Shakspeare may have had as much, or more. It is difficult to suppose otherwise. And yet there is no knowing what qualities, less desirable, might have hindered even his mighty insight into his fellow-creatures from choosing to look so closely into himself. His sonnets are not without intimations of personal and other defects; but they contain no such candid talking as Chaucer.

The father of English poetry was essentially a modest man. He sits quietly in a corner, looking down for the most part, and meditating; at other times eyeing everything that passes, and sympathizing with everything; chuckling heartily at a jest, feeling his eyes fill with tears at sorrow, reverencing virtue, and not out of charity with vice. When he ventures to tell a story himself, it is as much under correction of the host as the humblest man in the company; and it is no sooner objected to, than he drops it for one of a different description.

[Speaking of him elsewhere, Leigh Hunt says:—] Chaucer (with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton) is one of the Four Great English Poets; and it is with double justice that he is called the Father of English Poetry, for, as Dante did with Italian, he helped to form its very language. Nay, it burst into luxuriance in his hands, like a sudden month of May. Instead of giving you the idea of an "old" poet, in the sense which the word vulgarly acquires, there is no one, upon acquaintance, who seems so young, consistently with maturity of mind. His poetry rises in the land like a clear morning, in which you see everything with a rare and crystal distinctness, from the mountain to the minutest flower—towns, solitudes, human beings—open doors, showing you the interior of cottages and of palaces—fancies in the clouds, fairy-rings in the grass; and in the midst of all

sits the mild poet, alone, his eyes on the ground, yet with his heart full of everything round him, beating, perhaps, with the bosoms of a whole city, whose multitudes are sharing his thoughts with the daisy. His nature is the greatest poet's nature, omitting nothing in its sympathy (in which respect he is nearer to Shakspeare than either of their two illustrious brethren); and he combines an epic power of grand, comprehensive, and primitive imagery, with that of being contented with the smallest matter of fact near him, and of luxuriating in pure, vague, animal spirits, like a dozer in a field. His gaiety is equal to his gravity, and his sincerity to both. You could as little think of doubting his word as the point of the pen that wrote it. It cuts as clear and sharp into you as the pen on the paper. His belief in the good and beautiful is childlike; as Shakspeare's is that of everlasting and manly youth. Spenser's and Milton's are more scholarly and formal. Chaucer excels in pathos, in humour, in satire, character, and description. His graphic faculty and healthy sense of the material strongly ally him to the painter; and perhaps a better idea could not be given of his universality than by saying, that he was at once the Italian and the Flemish painter of his time, and exhibited the pure expression of Raphael, the devotional intensity of Domenichino, the colour and corporeal fire of Titian, the manners of Hogarth, and the homely domesticities of Ostade and Teniers!

MARLOWE.

If ever there was a born poet, Marlowe was one. He perceived things in their spiritual as well as material relations, and impressed them with a corresponding felicity. Rather, he struck them as with something sweet and glowing that rushes by; perfumes from a censer—glances of love and beauty. And he could accumulate images into as deliberate and lofty a grandeur.

He was the head of a set of young men from the university, the Peeles, Greens, and others, all more or less possessed of a true poetical vein, who, bringing scholarship to the theatre, were intoxicated with the new graces they threw on the old bombast, carried to their height the vices as well as wit of the town, and were destined to see, with indignation and astonishment, their work taken out of their

hands, and done better, by the uneducated interloper from Stratford-upon-Avon.

Besides the weighty and dignified, though monotonous, tone of his versification in many places (what Ben Jonson, very exactly as well as finely, calls "Marlowe's mighty *line*"), there are passages in it of force and feeling, of which I doubt whether any of his contemporaries were capable in so sustained a degree, though Greene and Peele had felicitous single lines, and occasionally a refined sweetness.

Marlowe, like Spenser, is to be looked upon as a poet who had no native precursors. He got nothing from them; he prepared the way for the versification, the dignity, and the pathos of his successors, who have nothing finer of the kind to show than the death of Edward the Second—not Shakspeare himself; and his imagination, like Spenser's, haunted those purely poetic regions of ancient fabling and modern rapture, of beautiful forms and passionate expressions, which they were the first to render the common property of inspiration, and whence their language drew "empyreal air." Marlowe and Spenser are the first of our poets who perceived the beauty of words; not as apart from their significance, nor upon occasion only, as Chaucer did (more marvellous in that than themselves, or than the originals from whom he drew), but as a habit of the poetic mood, and as receiving and reflecting beauty through the feeling of the ideas.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare is here in his purely poetical creations, apart (as much as it is possible for such a thinker and humanist to be) from thought and humanity. There is nothing wanting either to the imagination or fancy of Shakspeare. The one is lofty, rich, affecting, palpable, subtle; the other full of grace, playfulness, and variety. He is equal to the greatest poets in grandeur of imagination; to all in diversity of it, to all in fancy; to all in everything else, except in a certain primeval intensity, such as Dante's and Chaucer's; and in narrative poetry, which (to judge from "Venus and Adonis," and the "Rape of Lucrece") he certainly does not appear to have had a call to write. He over informed it with reflection. It has been supposed that when Milton spoke of Shakspeare as

Fancy's child
Warbling his native wood-notes wild,

the genealogy did him injustice. But the critical distinction between Fancy and Imagination was hardly determined till of late. Collins himself, in his "Ode on the Poetical Character," uses the word Fancy to imply both, even when speaking of Milton; and so did Milton, I conceive, when speaking of Shakspeare. The propriety of the words, "native wood-notes wild," is not so clear. I take them to have been hastily said by a learned man of an unlearned. But Shakspeare, though he had not a college education, was as learned as any man, in the highest sense of the word, by a scholarly intuition. He had the spirit of learning. He was aware of the education he wanted, and by some means or other supplied it. He could anticipate Milton's own Greek and Latin:

Tortive and errant from his course of growth—

The multitudinous seas incarnadine—

A pudency so rosy, &c.

In fact, if Shakspeare's poetry has any fault, it is that of being too learned; too over-informed with thought and allusion. His wood-notes wild surpass Haydn and Bach. His wild roses were all twenty times double. He thinks twenty times to another man's once, and makes all his serious characters talk as well as he could himself—with a superabundance of wit and intelligence. He knew, however, that fairies must have a language of their own; and hence, perhaps, his poetry never runs in a more purely poetical vein than when he is speaking in their persons—I mean it is less mixed up with those heaps of comments and reflections which, however the wilful or metaphysical critic may think them suitable on all occasions, or succeed in persuading us not to wish them absent, by reason of their stimulancy to one's mental activity, are assuredly neither always proper to dramatic, still less to narrative poetry; nor yet so opposed to all idiosyncrasy on the writer's part as Mr. Coleridge would have us believe. It is pretty manifest, on the contrary, that the over-informing intellect which Shakspeare thus carried into all his writings, must have been a

personal as well as literary peculiarity; and as the events he speaks of are sometimes more interesting in their nature than even a superabundance of his comments can make them, readers may be pardoned in sometimes wishing that he had let them speak a little more briefly for themselves Most people would prefer Ariosto's and Chaucer's narrative poetry to his; the "Griselda," for instance, and the story of "Isabel" —to the "Rape of Lucrece." The intense passion is enough. The misery is enough. We do not want even the divinest talk about what Nature herself tends to petrify into silence. *Curæ ingentes stupent.* Our divine poet had not quite outlived the times when it was thought proper for a writer to say everything that came into his head. He was a student of Chaucer; he beheld the living fame of Spenser, and his fellow-dramatists did not help to restrain him. The players told Ben Jonson that Shakspeare never blotted a line; and Ben says he was thought invidious for observing that he wished he had blotted a thousand. He sometimes, he says, required stopping. (*Aliquando sufflaminandus erat.*) Was this meant to apply to his conversation as well as writing? Did he manifest a like exuberance in company? Perhaps he would have done so, but for modesty and self-knowledge. To keep his eloquence altogether within bounds was hardly possible; and who could have wished it had been? Would that he had had a Boswell a hundred times as voluminous as Dr. Johnson's to take all down! Bacon's "Essays" would have seemed like a drop out of his ocean. He would have swallowed dozens of Hobbeses by anticipation, like larks for his supper.

If Shakspeare, instead of proving himself the greatest poet in the world, had written nothing but the fanciful scenes in this volume, he would still have obtained a high and singular reputation—that of Poet of the Fairies. For he may be said to have invented the Fairies; that is to say, he was the first that turned them to poetical account—that bore them from clownish neighbourhoods to the richest soils of fancy and imagination

MILTON.

Milton was a very great poet, second only (if second) to the very greatest, such as Dante and Shakspeare, and, like all great poets, equal to them in particular instances. He

had no pretensions to Shakspeare's universality; his wit is dreary; and (in general) he had not the faith in things that Homer and Dante had, apart from the intervention of words. He could not let them speak for themselves without helping them with his learning. In all he did, after a certain period of youth (not to speak it irreverently), something of the schoolmaster is visible, and a gloomy religious creed removes him still farther from the universal gratitude and delight of mankind. He is understood, however, to have given this up before he died. He had then run the circle of his knowledge, and probably come round to the wiser, more cheerful, and more poetical beliefs of his childhood.

In this respect, "Allegro" and "Penseroso" are the happiest of his productions: and in none is the poetical habit of mind more abundantly visible. They ought to precede the "Lycidas" (not unhurt with theology) in the modern editions of his works, as they did in the collection of minor poems made by himself. "Paradise Lost" is a study for imagination and elaborate musical structure. Take almost any passage, and a lecture might be read from it on contrasts and pauses, and other parts of metrical harmony; while almost every word has its higher poetical meaning and intensity, but all is accompanied with a certain oppressiveness of ambitious and conscious power. In the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," he is in better spirits with all about him, his eyes had not grown dim, nor his soul been forced inwards by disappointment into a proud self-esteem, which he narrowly escaped erecting into self-worship. He loves Nature, not for the power he can get out of it, but for the pleasure it affords him; he is at peace with town as well as country, with courts and cathedral-windows; goes to the play and laughs; to the village-green and dances, and his study is placed, not in the Old Jewry, but in an airy tower, from whence he good-naturedly hopes that his candle—I beg pardon, his "lamp" (for he was a scholar from the first, though not a Puritan)—may be "seen" by others. His mirth, it is true, is not excessively merry. It is, as Warton says, the "dignity of mirth;" but it is happy, and that is all that is to be desired. The mode is not to be dictated by the mode of others; nor would it be so interesting if it were. The more a man is himself the better, provided he

add a variation to the stock of comfort, and not of sullenness. Milton was born in a time of great changes; he was bred to be one of the changers; and in the order of events, and the working of good out of ill, we are bound to be grateful to what was of a mixed nature in himself, without arrogating for him that exemption from the mixture which belongs to no man. *But upon the same principle on which Nature* herself loves joy better than grief, health than disease, and a general amount of welfare than the reverse, so Milton's great poem never has been, and never can be, popular compared with his minor ones; nor does it, in the very highest sense of *popularity, deserve to be. It does not work out* the very piety it proposes; and the piety which it does propose wants the highest piety of an intelligible charity and reliance. Hence a secret preference for his minor poems among many of the truest and selectest admirers of "Paradise Lost,"—perhaps with all who do not admire power in any shape above truth in the best; hence Warton's fond edition of them, delightful for its luxurious heap of notes and parallel passages

COLERIDGE.

Coleridge lived in the most extraordinary and agitated period of modern history; and to a certain extent he was so mixed up with its controversies, that he was at one time taken for nothing but an apostate republican, and at another for a dreaming theosophist. The truth is, that both his politics and theosophy were at the mercy of a discursive genius, intellectually bold but educationally timid, which, anxious, or rather willing, to bring conviction and speculation together, mooting all points as it went, and throwing the subtlest-glancing lights on many, ended in satisfying nobody, and concluding nothing. Charles Lamb said of him, that he had "the art of making the unintelligible appear intelligible." He was the finest dreamer, the most eloquent talker, and the most original thinker of his day.

His poetry is another matter. It is so beautiful, and was so quietly content with its beauty, making no call on the critics, and receiving hardly any notice, that people are but now beginning to awake to a full sense of its merits. Of pure poetry, strictly so called, that is to say, consisting of nothing but its essential self, without conventional and

perishing helps, he was the greatest master of his time. If you could see it in a phial, like a distillation of roses (taking it, I mean, at its best), it would be found without a speck. The poet is happy with so good a gift, and the reader is "happy in his happiness." Yet so little, sometimes, are a man's contemporaries and personal acquaintances able or disposed to estimate him properly, that while Coleridge, unlike Shakspeare, lavished praises on his poetic friends, he had all the merit of the generosity to himself; and even Hazlitt, owing perhaps to causes of political alienation, could see nothing to admire in the exquisite poem of "Christabel" but the description of the quarrel between the friends!

Coleridge, though a born poet, was in his style and general musical feeling the disciple partly of Spenser, and partly of the fine old English ballad-writers in the collection of Bishop Percy. But if he could not improve on them in some things, how he did in others, especially in the art of being thoroughly musical! Of all our writers of the briefer narrative poetry, Coleridge is the finest since Chaucer; and assuredly he is the sweetest of all our poets. Waller's music is but a Court flourish in comparison; and though Beaumont and Fletcher, Collins, Gray, Keats, Shelley, and others, have several as sweet passages, and Spenser is in a certain sense musical throughout, yet no man has written whole poems, of equal length, so perfect in the sentiment of music, so varied with it, and yet leaving on the ear so unbroken and single an effect.

A damsel with a dulcimer
  In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
  Singing of Mount Abora

That is but one note of a music ever sweet, yet never cloying.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
  A pleasant noise till noon—
A noise like of a hidden brook
  In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
  Singeth a quiet tune.

The stanzas of the poem from which this extract is made ("The Ancient Mariner") generally consist of four lines

only; but see how the "brook" has carried him on with it through the silence of the night.

I must add, that I do not think Coleridge's earlier poems at all equal to the rest. Many, indeed, I do not care to read a second time; but there are some ten or a dozen, of which I never tire, and which will one day make a small and precious volume to put in the pockets of all enthusiasts in poetry, and endure with the language. Five of these are "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," "Genevieve," and "Youth and Age." Some, that more personally relate to the poet, will be added for the love of him, not omitting the "Visit of the Gods," from Schiller, and the famous passage on the Heathen Mythology, also from Schiller. A short life, a portrait, and some other engravings perhaps, will complete the book, after the good old fashion of Cooke's and Bell's editions of the Poets; and then, like the contents of the Jew of Malta's casket, there will be

Infinite riches in a little room.

SHELLEY.

Among the many reasons which his friends had to deplore the premature death of this splendid poet and noble-hearted man, the greatest was his not being able to repeat, to a more attentive public, his own protest, not only against some of his earlier effusions (which he did in the newspapers), but against all which he had written in a wailing and angry, instead of an invariably calm, loving, and therefore thoroughly helping spirit.

Had he lived, he would have done away all mistake on these points, and made everybody know him for what he was—a man idolized by his friends—studious, temperate, of the gentlest life and conversation, and willing to have died to do the world a service. For my part, I never can mention his name without a transport of love and gratitude. I rejoice to have partaken of his cares, and to be both suffering and benefiting from him at this moment; and whenever I think of a future state, and of the great and good Spirit that must pervade it, one of the first faces I humbly hope to see there, is that of the kind and impassioned man, whose intercourse conferred on me the title of the Friend of Shelley.

The finest poetry of Shelley is mixed up with moral and political speculation. Of the poetry of reflection and tragic pathos, he has abundance; but even such fanciful productions as the "Sensitive Plant" and the "Witch of Atlas" are full of metaphysics, and would require a commentary of explanation. The short pieces and passages, however, are so beautiful that they may well stand as the representatives of the whole power of his mind in the region of pure poetry. In sweetness (and not even there in passages) the "Ode to the Skylark" is inferior only to Coleridge—in rapturous passion to no man. It is like the bird it sings—enthusiastic, enchanting, profuse, continuous, and alone; small, but filling the heavens. One of the triumphs of poetry is to associate its remembrance with the beauties of Nature. There are probably no lovers of Homer and Shakspeare who, when looking at the moon, do not often call to mind the descriptions in the eighth book of the "Iliad" and the fifth act of the "Merchant of Venice" The nightingale (in England) may be said to have belonged exclusively to Milton till a dying young poet of our own day partook of the honour by the production of his exquisite ode: and notwithstanding Shakspeare's lark singing "at heaven's gate," the longer effusion of Shelley will be identified with thoughts of the bird hereafter, in the minds of all who are susceptible of its beauty.

In general, if Coleridge is the sweetest of our poets, Shelley is at once the most ethereal and most gorgeous, the one who has clothed his thoughts in draperies of the most evanescent and most magnificent words and imagery. Not Milton himself is more learned in Grecisms, or nicer in etymological propriety; and nobody, throughout, has a style so Orphic and primeval. His poetry is as full of mountains, seas, and skies, of light, and darkness, and the seasons, and all the elements of our being, as if Nature herself had written it, with the creation and its hopes newly cast around her; not, it must be confessed, without too indiscriminate a mixture of great and small, and a want of sufficient shade—a certain chaotic brilliancy, "dark with excess of light." Shelley (in the verses to a Lady with a Guitar) might well call himself Ariel. All the more enjoying part of his poetry is Ariel—the "delicate" yet powerful "spirit," jealous of restraint, yet able to serve; living in the elements

and the flowers; treading the "ooze of the salt deep," and running "on the sharp wind of the north;" feeling for creatures unlike himself; "flaming amazement" on them too, and singing exquisitest songs. Alas! and he suffered for years, as Ariel did in the cloven pine; but now he is out of it, and serving the purposes of Beneficence with a calmness befitting his knowledge and his love.

KEATS.

Keats was born a poet of the most poetical kind. All his feelings came to him through a poetical medium, or were speedily coloured by it. It might be said of him that he never beheld an oak-tree without seeing the Dryad. His fame may now forgive the critics who disliked his politics, and did not understand his poetry. Repeated editions of him in England, France, and America, attest its triumphant survival of all obloquy; and there can be no doubt that he has taken a permanent station among the British Poets, of a very high, if not thoroughly mature, description.

Keats's early poetry, indeed, partook plentifully of the exuberance of youth; and even in most of his later, his sensibility, sharpened by mortal illness, tended to a morbid excess His region is "a wilderness of sweets"—flowers of all hue, and "weeds of glorious feature"—where, as he says, the luxuriant soil brings

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth.

But there also is the "rain-scented eglantine," and bushes of May-flowers, with bees, and myrtle, and bay—and endless paths into forests haunted with the loveliest as well as gentlest beings; and the gods live in the distance, amid notes of majestic thunder. I do not say that no "surfeit" is ever there; but I do, that there is no end of the "nectared sweets." In what other English poet (however superior to him in other respects) are you so *certain* of never opening a page without lighting upon the loveliest imagery and the most eloquent expressions? Name one. Compare any succession of their pages at random, and see if the young poet is not sure to present his stock of beauty; crude it may be, in many instances; too indiscriminate in general; never, perhaps, thoroughly perfect in cultivation;

but there it is, exquisite of its kind, and filling envy with despair. He died at five-and-twenty; he had not revised his earlier works, nor given his genius its last pruning. His "Endymion," in resolving to be free from all critical trammels, had no versification; and his last noble fragment, "Hyperion," is not faultless—but it is nearly so. The "Eve of St. Agnes" betrays morbidity only in one instance. Even in his earliest productions, which are to be considered as those of youth just emerging from boyhood, are to be found passages of as masculine a beauty as ever were written. Witness the "Sonnet on reading Chapman's Homer"—epical in the splendour and dignity of its images, and terminating with the noblest Greek simplicity. Among his finished productions, however, of any length, the "Eve of St. Agnes" still appears to me the most delightful and complete specimen of his genius. It stands midway between his most sensitive ones (which, though of rare beauty, occasionally sink into feebleness) and the less generally characteristic majesty of the fragment of "Hyperion." Doubtless his greatest poetry is to be found in "Hyperion;" and had he lived, there is as little doubt he would have written chiefly in that strain; rising superior to those languishments of love which made the critics so angry, and which they might so easily have pardoned at his time of life. But the "Eve of St. Agnes" had already bid most of them adieu, exquisitely loving as it is. It is young, but full-grown poetry of the rarest description; graceful as the beardless Apollo; glowing and gorgeous with the colours of romance. Melancholy, it is true, will "break in" when the reader thinks of the early death of such a writer; but it is one of the benevolent provisions of nature, that all good things tend to pleasure in the recollection, when the bitterness of their loss is past, their own sweetness embalms them.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

While writing this paragraph, a hand-organ out of doors has been playing one of the mournfullest and loveliest of the airs of Bellini—another genius who died young. The sound of music always gives a feeling either of triumph or tenderness to the state of mind in which it is heard. in this instance it seemed like one departed spirit come to bear

testimony to another, and to say how true indeed may be the union of sorrowful and sweet recollections.

Keats knew the youthful faults of his poetry as well as any man, as the reader may see by the preface to "Endymion," and its touching though manly acknowledgment of them to critical candour. I have this moment read it again, after a lapse of years, and have been astonished to think how anybody could answer such an appeal to the mercy of strength with the cruelty of weakness. All the good for which Mr. Gifford pretended to be zealous he might have effected with pain to no one, and glory to himself; and therefore all the evil he mixed with it was of his own making. But the secret at the bottom of such unprovoked censure is exasperated inferiority. Young poets, upon the whole—at least very young poets—had better not publish at all. They are pretty sure to have faults; and jealousy and envy are as sure to find them out, and wreak upon them their own disappointments. The critic is often an unsuccessful author,* almost always an inferior one to a man of genius, and possesses his sensibility neither to beauty nor to pain. If he does—if by any chance he is a man of genius himself (and such things have been), sure and certain will be his regret, some day, for having given pains which he might have turned into noble pleasures; and nothing will console him but that very charity towards himself, the gr[illegible] of which can only be secured to us by our having denied [illegible] to no one.

Let the student of poetry observe, that in all the luxury of the "Eve of Saint Agnes" there is nothing of the conventional craft of artificial writers; no heaping up of words or similes for their own sakes or the rhyme's sake; no gaudy commonplaces; no borrowed airs of earnestness; no tricks of inversion; no substitution of reading or of ingenious thoughts for feeling or spontaneity; no irrelevancy or unfitness of any sort. All flows out of sincerity and passion The writer is as much in love with the heroine as his hero is; his description of the painted window, however gorgeous, has not an untrue or superfluous word; and the only speck of a fault in the whole poem arises from an excess of emotion.

* [Leigh Hunt, it will be seen, was the original author of this phrase, which has so often, in error, been fathered on Lord Beaconsfield.—Ed.]

TABLE TALK.

(*The Atlas*, March 14, 1846.)

TABLE-TALK, to be perfect, should be sincere without bigotry, differing without discord, sometimes grave, always agreeable, touching on deep points, dwelling most on seasonable ones, and letting everybody speak and be heard. During the wine after dinner, if the door of the room be opened, there sometimes comes bursting up the drawing-room stairs a noise like that of a tap-room. Everybody is shouting in order to make himself audible; argument is tempted to confound itself with loudness, and there is not one conversation going forward, but six,-or a score. This is better than formality and want of spirits; but it is no more the right thing, than a scramble is a dance, or the tap-room chorus a quintette of Rossini The perfection of conversational intercourse is when the breeding of high life is animated by the fervour of genius.

LISTON

(*The Atlas*, March 28, 1846.)

LISTON'S "face was his fortune" He was an actor, though truly comic and original, yet of no great variety; and often got credit given him for more humour than he intended, by reason of that irresistible compound of plainness and pretension, of chubbiness and challenge, of born, baggy, desponding heaviness, and the most ineffable airs and graces, which seemed at once to sport with and be superior to the permission which it gave itself to be laughed at. When Liston expressed a peremptory opinion, it was the most incredible thing in the world, it was so refuted by some accompanying glance, gesture, or posture of incompetency. When he smiled, his face simmered all over with a fondness of self-complacency amounting to dotage. Never had there been the owning of such a soft impeachment.

Liston was aware of his plainness, and allowed himself to turn it to account; but not, I suspect, without a supposed understanding between him and the audience as to the

superiority of his intellectual pretensions; for, like many comedians, he was a grave man underneath his mirth, thought himself qualified to be a tragedian, and did, in fact, now and then act in tragedy for his benefit, with a lamentable sort of respectability that disappointed the laughers. I have seen him act in this way in "Octavian," in the "Mountaineers."

WILD-FLOWERS FURZE, AND WIMBLEDON.

(*The Atlas*, April 25, 1846)

THOSE flowers on the table are all wild-flowers, brought out of ditches, and woodsides, and the common; daises, and buttercups, ground-ivy, hyacinths, violets, *furze:* they are nothing better. Will all the wit of man make anything like them?

Here is the hyacinth, as fresh as when it was first created. Here is Burns's

> Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,

as new as if the great peasant had just turned it up with his plough.

Poetry seems as if it would last as long as flowers; and it has no need of renewal.

Unless you would have everything there lilies and roses, can you conceive any covering fitter for the hills of the sun itself than this magnificent furze, as it now appears here in England, robing our heaths and commons all over the country? Wimbledon Park is a golden undulation; a foreground, and from some points of view, a middle distance, fit to make the richest painter despair; a veritable Field of Cloth of Gold. Morning (Aurora, the golden goddess), when the dawn is of a fineness to match, must look beauty for beauty on it. Sunset is divine. The gold goes stretching away in the distance towards the dark trees, like the rich evening of a poetic life No wonder Linnæus, when he came to England and first beheld this glorious shrub in bloom, fell down on his knees, and thanked God that he had lived to see it. No wonder statesmen and politicians go forth to lodge about the place

for a little while, to procure air and refreshment; perhaps to get a new lease of existence; perhaps to die where they may still find something beautiful on earth. As to figures in the landscape, they are not many, nor discordant: sometimes the peasant is aged, but hale; or sturdy, though but a child; signs both of good air, and prosperity, and a true country spot. I hardly know which is the more picturesque sight—a fine ruddy-cheeked, little peasant-boy, not beyond childhood, coming along with a wheelbarrow full of this golden furze, his face looking like a bud a-top of it; or a bent, hearty, old man (bent with age, not with his perquisite) carrying off a bunch of it on his back, as if he triumphed over time and youth.

ECLIPSES, HUMAN BEINGS, AND THE LOWER CREATION.

(*The Atlas*, May 2, 1846.)

I ONCE noticed a circumstance during an eclipse of the sun, which afforded a striking instance of the difference between humankind and the lower animal creation. The eclipse was so great (it was in the year 1820) that night-time seemed coming on, birds went to roost, and on its clearing away, the cocks crew as if it was morning. At the height of the darkness, while all the people in the neighbourhood were looking at the sun, I cast my eyes on some cattle in a meadow, and they were all as intently bent with their faces to the earth, feeding They knew no more of the sun than if there had been no such thing in existence

Two reflections struck me on this occasion. First, what a comment it was on the remarks of Sallust and Ovid, as to the prone appetites of brutes (*obedientia ventri*); and the heavenward privilege of the eyes of man (*cælum tueri*); and second (as a corrective to the pride of that reflection), how probable it was that there were things within the sphere of our own world, of which humankind were as unaware as the cattle, for want of still finer perceptions, things, too, that might settle worlds of mistake at a glance, and undo some of our gravest, perhaps absurdest, conclusions.

This second reflection comes to nothing, except as a lesson of modesty. Not so the fine lines of the poet, which are an endless pleasure. How grand they are!

> Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
> Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
> Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Even Dryden's translation falls short, except in one epithet suggested by his creed:—

> Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
> Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
> Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
> Beholds his own hereditary skies.

This is good; and the last line is noble, both in structure and idea.

MALICE OF FORTUNE.

(*The Atlas*, May 10, 1846.)

The greatest trick of this sort ever played by Fortune was the end of Bruce the traveller, who, after all his perils by flood and by field, from wars, from wild beasts, from deserts, from savage nations, broke his neck down his own staircase at home! It was owing to a slip of the foot, while seeing some visitors out whom he had been entertaining.

This was the very anti-climax of adventure.

THE MONTHLY NURSE.

(*Heads of the People*, First Series, p. 105, 1846.)

The Monthly Nurse—taking the class in the lump—is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossiping, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-slop kind of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness into the world, nor brought up

with too much good sense during the first month of its existence. All grown people with her (excepting her own family) consist of wives who are brought to bed, and husbands who are bound to be extremely sensible of the supremacy of that event, and all the rising generation are infants in laced caps, not five weeks old, with incessant thirst, screaming faces, thumpable backs, and red little minnikin hands tipped with hints of nails. She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drams advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a crick in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink—provided it is what somebody else would like to have. But she drinks rather than eats. She has not the relish for a "bit o' dinner" that the servant-maid has; though nobody but the washerwoman beats her at "a dish o' tea," or at that which "keeps cold out of the stomach," and puts weakness into it. If she is thin, she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat, she is one of the fubsiest of the cosy; though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good-nature to settle the irritabilities of her position, and turn the balance in favour of comfort or hope. She is the victim of watching; the arbitress of her superiors; the servant, yet rival, of doctors; the opposer of innovations; the regretter of all household religions as to pap-boats, cradles, and swathes; the inhabitant of a hundred bed-rooms; the Juno Lucina of the ancients, or goddess of child-birth, in the likeness of a cook-maid. Her greatest pleasure in life is, when lady and baby are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a pinch of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits—then puts the water in the tea-pot—then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a "counteraction")—then smoothes down her apron, adjusts herself in her arm-chair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl—perhaps not without something of his snore, between wheeze and snuff-box.

"Holding the baby" is a science, which she reckons to

belong to herself; she makes it the greatest favour to visitor or servant to let them venture upon a trial of it; and affable intimations are given to the oldest mothers of families, who come to see her mistress, how they will do well to receive a little instruction on that head, and not venture to substitute their fine-spun theories for her solid practice; for your Monthly Nurse (next to a positive grandson) is the greatest teacher of your grandmother how to suck eggs, in the world; and you may have been forty years in the habit of sticking a pin, and find your competency come to nothing before the explanatory pity of her information.

Respecting the "doctor," her thoughts cannot be so bold or even so patronizing. She is confessedly second to him, while he is present; and when he has left the room, a spell remains upon her from his superior knowledge. Yet she has her hearty likes or dislikes of him too, and on the same grounds of self-reference. If she likes him, there "never *was* such a beautiful doctor," except perhaps Sir William. or Doctor Butterworth (both dead), and always excepting the one that recommended herself. He is a "fine man"—so patient—so without pride—and yet "so firm, like,"—nobody comes near him for a difficult case—for a fever case—for the management of a "violent lady." If she dislikes him, he is "queer"—"odd"—"stubborn"—has the "new ways"—very proper, she has no doubt, but not what she has been used to, or seen practised by the doctors about court. And whether she likes him or not, she has always a saving grace for herself, of superiority to all other nurses, in point of experience and good luck. She has always seen a case of more difficulty than the one in hand, and knows what was done for it; and Doctor Gripps, who is "always" called in to such cases, and who is a very pleasant though rough sort of gentleman, calls her his "other right hand," and "the *jewel* that rhymes to *gruel*"

Armed with these potential notions in general, and the strongest possible sense of her vice-royalty over master and mistress for the time being, she takes possession of the new room and the new faces; and the motto of her reign—the *Dieu et Mon Droit* of her escutcheon—is "During the month." This phrase she has always at hand, like a sceptre, wherewith to assert her privileges, and put down objection. "During the month," the lady is not to read a book.

"During the month," nobody is to lay a finger on the bed for the purpose of making it, till her decree goes forth. "During the month" the muffle of the knocker is at her disposal. And "During the month," the husband is to be nobody, except as far as she thinks, fit not even (for the first week or so) to his putting his head in at the door You would take him to be the last man who had had anything to do with the business. However, for her own sake, she generally contrives to condescend to become friends with him, and he is then received into high favour—is invited to tea with his wife, at some "unusually early period;" and Nurse makes a bit of buttered toast for "master" with her own hand, and not only repeats that "baby is as like him as two peas" (which it always is, the moment it is born, if the lady's inclination is supposed to set that way)

Accordingly as there lies the future lord or lady of the creation, prostrate across the Nurse's knees, a lump in a laced cap and interminable clothes, getting redder and redder in the face, ejaculating such agonies between grunt and shout as each simultaneous thump will permit, the whole catechism of nursery interrogation is gone through, from the past tenses of the amenities of "Was it a poppet?" then and "Did it break its pretty heart?" up to the future glories of "Shall it be a King then? "Shall it be a King Pepin?" "Shall it be a Princy-wincy!" a "Countess," a "Duchess?" "Shall it break the fine gentlemen's hearts with those beautiful blue eyes?" In the midst of tragi-comic burlesque of this sort, have risen upon the world its future Apollos, its Napoleons, its Platos, and its Shakspeares.

The Monthly Nurse as you ascend in society, is not seldom a highly respectable woman, who is nearly all that she should be—mild, firm, and well-meaning; and we have known instances—or rather we should say, as far as our personal knowledge is concerned, one rare instance—in which the requisite qualifications were completed, and the precious individual (for when can a mother's luck be greater?) was an intelligent gentlewoman! This is what the assistant-moulder of the first month of the existence of a human being ought always to be, and what she always *would be*, if the world itself were older, and every the humblest and earliest form of education regarded as the important and sacred thing which it is.

alehouse doors,—that is, knocks their hats off into the mud, and picks up his own with no more oaths than become him; has not had a black eye since last Bartlemy-tide; has a regard for the good woman that gets his hot supper ready every night, and only wishes she wouldn't talk such nonsense about Fan Summers; spends half his time in getting health with air and exercise, and half in undoing it with beer and gin; longs for a fine morning and a wet evening, because the former tempts people out, and the latter "nabs 'em in;" has no sabbaths, no holydays (think of this when you want an excuse for him); ingeniously throws the responsibility of unlawfulness upon his passengers, for choosing, of their "own free will," to admit two more "ladies" beyond the number (two market-girls of his acquaintance), thinks every other Conductor in the wrong for trying to get before him or lure away his fares, but himself not at all so; wont keep your promised seat a minute if a last fare presents itself; and can't procure a candle any how if you have dropped a shilling in the straw; yet will detain you all half-an-hour to battle with some sneaking fellow that rates the fare at half what it is; and if he has dropped a sixpence himself, has a light forthcoming immediately: gives "a ride" to some favourite crony, or young woman, or "young gentleman," *i e*, little boy, of the neighbourhood, who chats with him, and proclaims his merits to the family, gets into the omnibus on bad nights, if there is room; pretends sometimes that you call him when you do not, and will stop the vehicle, and come running to you, in order to aggregate the chance of your getting in; and conducts it as slowly as possible if he has few passengers, and as fast as Bill Vickers will tempt him to race, if otherwise the driver and he being generally of one accord in these matters Gentlemen as well as conductors, it should be observed, are sometimes "very aggravating," conductors witnessing a great deal of bad example and selfishness on the part of those whom they conduct: as, *imprimis*, in—

Swearing gentlemen (for we observe it is always accounted a very bad thing, if conductors swear).

Drinking gentlemen (very frequent in omnibuses of a night-time).

"Gentlemen" who drop sovereigns they never had, in the straw.

Gentlemen who "never dreamt that the fare was a shilling," and will stand lying about it, and haggling, for half-an-hour.

Insolent and ill-tempered gentlemen, who sit with their feet thrust out before the door, to the stumbling of those that enter it.

Impatient and astonished gentlemen, who are no sooner seated than they complain of the shameful delay of omnibuses, and threaten to get out (themselves having kept it waiting a hundred times).

Gentlemen, who have had a "ride" from the place of setting out to the first place of stopping, and then avail themselves of the first minute past the time, to get out; and so have their ride for nothing

Fat gentlemen, who take up three "rooms," and grudge their sixpence from Mile End to Paddington.

Thin gentlemen who authoritatively call the omnibus in full career, and then decline entering it because of three fat ones.

Gentlemen, who hate passion and vulgarity to such a degree in Conductors, that they storm and rave at the least show of impertinence in a man who is tired to death, and lavish upon him the highly ameliorating information that he is a "damned blackguard."

Gentlemen, who are indignant if other gentlemen—nay, gentlewomen—are suffered to come into the omnibus when it is full, though the night be ever so frightful; justice and the "regulations" being superior to all consideration of cold-catching, fevers, fatigues, childhoods, womanhoods, and every other *hood* but their own delightful manhood, which, perhaps, was accommodated with the very piece of illegality to which they object in the case of others. We have seen it

Gentlemen (and gentlewomen analagous to those gentlemen) who, having come all the way from Blowbladder Lane for sixpence, wonder "what the man means" by taking them ten doors beyond their own, and not setting them down at the identical spot, right opposite the knocker, and elegantly shaving the curbstone.

We know few objects more respectable, considering what temptations he must surmount in the way of little sixpences and long scores, than a good, civil, reasonably honest, intel-

ligent, ungrammatical, father-of-a-family sort of Omnibus-Conductor, who wears dirty brown gloves, or worsted, and has a worsted handkerchief round his neck in bad weather (put by his wife), and so stands placidly on his step,

Collected in himself, and whole,

alternately intimating Bank and Mile End to foot-passengers, and discussing some point of life and manners with the gentlemen next the door. We have no disrespect for his badge; we are grave with his aspirations, whether in morals or on the letter *a*; our eyes are willing, as he there stands, to grow intensely intimate with his waistcoat, and rejoice to see how well his wife has mended the buttons. He has had all those experiences of right and wrong, both in himself and others, which, where there is no innate disposition to petty larcency or a mere absorption in "number one," produce, as the poet phrases it, "the philosophic mind;" and provided you treat him with a decent civility (which the "indignant" and "Police!-shouting" may depend upon it is a pretty sure way of getting civility from all his tribe), "nothing can touch him further," but the gentleman who has left his sixpence in his "other waistcoat."

WIT AND HUMOUR.

(1846)

THIS laughing jade of a topic, with her endless whims and face-makings, and the legions of indefinable shapes that she brought about me, seemed to do nothing but scatter my faculties, or bear them off deridingly into pastime. I felt as if I was undergoing a Saint Anthony's Temptation reversed—a laughable instead of a frightful one. Thousands of merry devils poured in upon me from all sides—doubles of Similes, buffooneries of Burlesques, stalkings of Mock-heroics, stings in the tails of Epigrams, glances of Inuendos, dry looks of Ironies, corpulences of Exaggerations, ticklings of mad Fancies, claps on the back of Horse-plays, complacencies of "Unawarenesses," flounderings of Absurdities,

irresistibilities of Iterations, significancies of Jargons, wailings of Pretended Woes, roarings of Laughters, and hubbubs of Animal Spirits, all so general yet particular, so demanding distinct recognition, and yet so baffling the attempt with their numbers and their confusion, that a thousand masquerades in one would have seemed to threaten less torment to the pen of a reporter.

THE CAUSE OF LAUGHTER.

We are so constituted that the mind is willingly put into any state of movement not actually painful; perhaps because we are then made potentially alive to our existence, and feel ourselves a match for the challenge. Hobbes refers all laughter to a sense of triumph and "glory;" and upon the principle here expressed, his opinion seems to be justifiable; though I cannot think it entirely so on the scornful ground implied by him. "The passion of laughter," he says, "is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some *eminency in ourselves* by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the *follies* of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour." His limitation of the cause of laughter looks like a saturnine self-sufficiency. There are numerous occasions, undoubtedly, when we laugh out of a contemptuous sense of superiority, or at least when we think we do so. But on occasions of pure mirth and fancy, we only feel superior to the pleasant defiance which is given to our wit and comprehension; we triumph, not insolently but congenially; not to any one's disadvantage, but simply to our own joy and reassurance. The reason indeed is partly physical as well as mental. In proportion to the vivacity of the surprise, a check is given to the breath, different in degree, but not in nature, from that which is occasioned by dashing against some pleasant friend round a corner. The breath recedes, only to re-issue with double force, and the happy convulsion which it undergoes in the process is Laughter. Do I triumph over my friend in the laughter? Surely not. I only triumph over the strange and sudden jar, which seemed to put us for the moment in the condition of antagonists,

DEFINITION OF WIT.

Now this apparent antagonism is the cause *per se*, of the laughter occasioned by Wit. Our surprise is the consequence of a sudden and agreeable perception of the incongruous; sudden, because even when we laugh at the recollection of it, we undergo, in imagination, a return of the suddenness, or the liveliness of the first impression (which is the reason why we say of a good thing that it is always "new"), and agreeable, because the jar against us is not so violent as to hinder us from recurring to that habitual idea of fitness, or adjustment, by which the shock of the surprise is made easy. It is in these reconcilements of jars, these creations and re-adjustments of disparities, that the delightful faculty of the wit and humorist is made manifest. He at once rouses our minds to action; suggests, and saves us the trouble of a difficulty; and turns the help into a compliment, by implying our participation in the process. It does not follow that everything witty or humorous excites laughter. It may be accompanied with a sense of too many other things to do so; with too much thought, with too great a perfection even, or with pathos and sorrow. All extremes meet; excess of laughter runs into tears, and mirth becomes heaviness. Mirth itself is too often but melancholy in disguise The jests of the fool in "Lear" are the sighs of knowledge. But as far as Wit and Humour affect us on their own accounts, or unmodified by graver considerations, laughter is their usual result and happy ratification. Wit may be defined to be the Arbitrary Juxtaposition of Dissimilar Ideas, for some lively purpose of Assimilation or Contrast, generally of both It is fancy in its most wilful, and, strictly speaking, its least poetical state, that is to say, Wit does not contemplate its ideas for their own sakes in any light apart from their ordinary prosaical one, but solely for the purpose of producing an effect by their combination. Poetry may take up the combination and improve it, but it then divests it of its arbitrary character, and converts it into something better. Wit is the clash and reconcilement of incongruities; the meeting of extremes round a corner; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resemblance or connection.

It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or of the extreme points of antipathies themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their introduction. The mode, or form, is comparatively of no consequence, provided it give no trouble to the apprehension; and you may bring as many ideas together as can pleasantly assemble. But a single one is nothing. Two ideas are as necessary to Wit, as couples are to marriages; and the union is happy in proportion to the agreeableness of the offspring.

DEFINITION OF HUMOUR.

Humour, considered as the object treated of by the humorous writer, and not as the power of treating it, derives its name from the prevailing quality of moisture in the bodily temperament; and is a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable; at least in the opinion of society. It is, therefore, either in reality or appearance, a thing inconsistent. It deals in incongruities of character and circumstance, as Wit does in those of arbitrary ideas. The more the incongruities the better, provided they are all in nature; but two, at any rate, are as necessary to Humour, as the two ideas are to Wit, and the more strikingly they differ yet harmonize, the more amusing the result Such is the melting together of the propensities to love and war in the person of exquisite Uncle Toby, of the gullible and the manly in Parson Adams; of the professional and the individual, or the accidental and the permanent, in the Canterbury Pilgrims; of the objectionable and the agreeable, the fat and the sharp-witted, in Falstaff, of honesty and knavery in Gil Blas; of pretension and non-performance in the Bullies of the dramatic poets, of folly and wisdom in Don Quixote; of shrewdness and doltishness in Sancho Panza; and, it may be added, in the discordant yet harmonious co-operation of Don Quixote and his attendant, considered as a pair; for those two characters, by presenting themselves to the mind in combination, insensibly conspire to give us one compound idea of the whole abstract human being; divided indeed by its extreme contradictions of body and soul, but at the same time made one and indivisible by community of error and the necessities of companionship. Sancho is the flesh, looking after its homely needs; his master, who is also his dupe,

is the spirit, starving on sentiment. Sancho himself, being a compound of sense and absurdity, thus heaps duality on duality, contradiction on contradiction; and the inimitable associates contrast and reflect one another.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare had as great a comic genius as tragic; and everybody would think so, were it possible for comedy to impress the mind as tragedy does. It is true, the times he lived in, as Hazlitt has remarked, were not so foppish and ridiculous as those of our prose comic dramatists, and therefore he had not so much to laugh at, and it is observed by the same critic, with equal truth, that his genius was of too large and magnanimous a description to delight in satire. But who doubts that had Shakspeare lived in those inferior times, the author of the character of Mercutio could have written that of Dorimant? of Benedick and Beatrice, the dialogues of Congreve? or of "Twelfth Night" and the "Taming of the Shrew," the most uproarious farce? I certainly cannot think with Dr Johnson that he wrote comedy better than tragedy; that "his tragedy seems to be skill, and his comedy instinct." I could as soon believe that the instinct of Nature was confined to laughter, and that her tears were shed upon principles of criticism. Such may have been the Doctor's recipe for writing tragedy; but "Irene" is not "King Lear." Laughter and tears are alike born with us, and so was the power of exciting them with Shakspeare; because it pleased Nature to make him a complete human being.

Shakspeare had wit and humour in perfection; and like every possessor of powers so happy, he rioted in their enjoyment. Molière was not fonder of running down a joke: Rabelais could not give loose to a more "admirable fooling" His mirth is commensurate with his melancholy; it is founded on the same knowledge and feeling, and it furnished him with a set-off to their oppression. When he had been too thoughtful with Hamlet, he "took it out" with Falstaff and Sir Toby Not that he was habitually melancholy. He had too healthy a brain for that, and too great animal spirits; but in running the whole circle of thought, he must of necessity have gone through its darkest as well as brightest phases; and the sunshine was welcome in propor-

tion Shakspeare is the inventor of the phrase, "setting the table in a roar;" of the memory of Yorick; of the stomach of Falstaff, stuffed as full of wit as of sack. He "wakes the night-owl with a catch;" draws "three souls out of one weaver;" passes the "equinoctial of Queubus" (some glorious torrid zone, lying beyond three o'clock in the morning), and reminds the "unco righteous" for ever, that virtue, false or true, is not incompatible with the recreations of "cakes and ale." Shakspeare is said to have died of getting out of a sick-bed to entertain his friends Drayton and Ben Jonson, visitors from London. He might have died a later and a graver death, but he could not well have had one more genial, and therefore more poetical. Far was it from dishonouring the eulogizer of "good men's feasts;" the recorder of the noble friends Antonio and Bassanio; the great thorough-going humanist, who did equal justice to the gravest and the gayest moments of life.

It is a remarkable proof of the geniality of Shakspeare's jesting, that even its abundance of ideas does not spoil it; for, in comedy as well as tragedy, he is the most reflective of writers. I know but of one that comes near him in this respect; and very near him (I dare to affirm) he does come, though he has none of his poetry, properly so called. It is Sterne, in whose "Tristram Shandy" there is not a word without meaning—often of the profoundest as well as kindliest sort. The professed fools of Shakspeare are among the wisest of men They talk Æsop and Solomon in every jest. Yet they amuse as much as they instruct us The braggart Parolles, whose name signifies *words*, as though he spoke nothing else, scarcely utters a sentence that is not rich with ideas, yet his weakness and self-committals hang over them all like a sneaking infection, and hinder our laughter from becoming respectful. The scene in which he is taken blindfold among his old acquaintances, and so led to vilify their characters, under the impression that he is gratifying their enemies, is almost as good as the screen-scene in the "School for Scandal."

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson's famous humour is as pampered, jovial, and dictatorial as he was in his own person. He always gives one the idea of a man sitting at the head of a table and a

coterie. He carves up a subject as he would a dish; talks all the while to show off both the dish and himself; and woe betide difference of opinion, or his "favourite aversion," envy. He was not an envious man himself, provided you allowed him his claims. He praised his contemporaries all round, chiefly in return for praises. He had too much hearty blood in his veins to withhold eulogy where it was not denied him; but he was somewhat too willing to cancel it on offence. He complains that he had given heaps of praises undeserved; tells Drayton that it had been doubted whether he was a friend to anybody.

It has been objected to Ben Jonson's humours, and with truth, that they are too exclusive of other qualities; that the characters are too much absorbed in the peculiarity, so as to become personifications of an abstraction. They have also, I think, an amount of turbulence which hurts their entire reality; gives them an air of conscious falsehood and pretension, as if they were rather acting the thing than being it. But this, as before intimated, arose from the character of the author, and his own wilful and flustered temperament. If they are not thoroughly what they might be, or such as Shakspeare would have made them, they are admirable Jonsonian presentations, and overflowing with wit, fancy, and scholarship.

BUTLER.

Butler is the wittiest of English poets, and at the same time he is one of the most learned, and, what is more, one of the wisest. His "Hudibras," though naturally the most popular of his works from its size, subject, and witty excess, was an accident of birth and party compared with his Miscellaneous Poems; yet both abound in thoughts as great and deep as the surface is sparkling; and his genius altogether, having the additional recommendation of verse, might have given him a fame greater than Rabelais, had his animal spirits been equal to the rest of his qualifications for a universalist.

Butler has little humour. His two heroes, Hudibras and Ralph, are not so much humorists as pedants. They are as little like their prototypes, Don Quixote and Sancho, as two dreary puppets are unlike excesses of humanity. They

are not even consistent with their other prototypes, the Puritans, or with themselves, for they are dull fellows unaccountably gifted with the author's wit. In this respect, and as a narrative, the poem is a failure. Nobody ever thinks of the story, except to wonder at its inefficiency; or of Hudibras himself, except as described at his outset. He is nothing but a ludicrous figure. But considered as a banter issuing from the author's own lips, on the wrong side of Puritanism, and indeed on all the pedantic and hypocritical abuses of human reason, the whole production is a marvellous compound of wit, learning, and felicitous execution. The wit is pure and incessant; the learning as quaint and out-of-the-way as the subject; the very rhymes are echoing scourges, made of the peremptory and the incongruous. This is one of the reasons why the rhymes have been so much admired. They are laughable, not merely in themselves, but from the masterly will and violence with which they are made to correspond to the absurdities they lash. The most extraordinary license is assumed as a matter of course; the accentuation jerked out of its place with all the indifference and effrontery of a reason "sufficing unto itself." The poem is peculiar in this respect, the laughing delight of the reader well founded, and the passages sure to be accompanied with a full measure of wit and knowledge.

DRYDEN.

If Dryden had been cast in a somewhat finer mould, and added sentiment to his other qualifications, he would have been almost as great a poet in the world of nature as he was in that of art and the town. He had force, expression, scholarship, geniality, admirable good sense, musical enthusiasm. The rhymed heroic couplet in his hands continues still to be the finest in the language. But his perceptions were more acute than subtle; more sensual, by far, than spiritual. The delicacy of them had no proportion to the strength. He prized the flower, but had little sense of the fragrance; was gross as well as generous in his intellectual diet; and if it had not been genuine and hearty, would have shown an almost impudent delight in doing justice to the least refined of Nature's impressions. His Venus was

not the Celestial. He would as soon have described the coarsest flower, as a rose; sooner, if it was large and luxuriant. His very repentance has more relish of sin than regret; though, indeed, he was too honest a man to have reason to regret anything very strongly; for his faults were those of temperament and an easy disposition Even his enmities, powerfully as he could word them, were but those of the poet and partisan, not of the human being. They required a public cause or repeated private offence to provoke them. He had all the good-nature and placability of a child of nature.

Agreeably to this character of his genius, Dryden's wit is less airy than masculine; less quick to move than eloquent when roused, less productive of pleasure and love than admiration and a sense of his mastery. His satire, if not so learned and universal as Butler's, is aimed more at the individual and his public standing, and therefore comes more home to us. The titled wits of the day, who affected alternately to patronize and to correct him, he generally submitted to with his natural modesty, and with the policy of a poor man; but when the humour or party necessity came upon him, he seized the unlucky individual, as Gulliver might have done a lord of Liliput, and gripping him, and holding him up by the ribs, exposed his pretensions, limb by limb, to the spectator. Still it was rather in vindication of a power derided, or of a sense of justice provoked, than from an ungenerous desire to give pain. He could bestow commendation on the offender, and was always ready to break off into some enthusiastic strain of verse or reflection.

POPE.

Besides being an admirable wit and satirist, and a man of the most exquisite good sense, Pope was a true poet. He had more sensibility, thought, and fancy than was necessary for the purposes of his school; and he led a sequestered life with his books and his grotto, caring little for the manners he drew, and capable of higher impulses than had been given him by the wits of the time of Charles the Second.

Pope, though a genius of a less masculine order than

Dryden, and not possessed of his numbers or his impulsiveness, had more delicacy and fancy, has left more passages that have become proverbial, and was less confined to the region of matter of fact. Dryden never soared above earth, however nobly he walked it. The little fragile creature had wings; and he could expand them at will, and ascend, if to no great imaginative height, yet to charming fairy circles just above those of the world about him, disclosing enchanting visions at the top of drawing-rooms, and enabling us to see the spirits that wait on coffee-cups and hoop-petticoats.

SWIFT.

For the qualities of sheer wit and humour, Swift had no superior, ancient or modern. He had not the poetry of Aristophanes, or the animal spirits of Rabelais: he was not so incessantly witty as Butler; nor did he possess the delicacy of Addison, or the good-nature of Steele or Fielding, or the pathos and depth of Sterne; but his wit was perfect, as such; a sheer meeting of the extremes of difference and likeness; and his knowledge of character was unbounded. He knew the humour of great and small, from the king down to the cook-maid. Unfortunately, he was not a healthy man; his entrance into the Church put him into a false position; mysterious circumstances in his personal history conspired with worldly disappointment to aggravate it; and that hypochondriacal insight into things, which might have taught him a doubt of his conclusions and the wisdom of patience, ended in making him the victim of a diseased blood and angry passions. Probably there was something morbid even in his excessive coarseness. Most of his contemporaries were coarse, but not so outrageously as he.

When Swift, however, was at his best, who was so lively, so entertaining, so original? He has been said to be indebted to this and that classic, and this and that Frenchman; to Lucian, to Rabelais, and to Cyrano de Bergerac; but though he was acquainted with all these writers, their thoughts had been evidently thought by himself; their quaint fancies of things had passed through his own mind; and they ended in results quite masterly, and his own. A great fanciful wit like his wanted no helps to

the discovery of Brobdingnag and Laputa. The Big and Little Endians were close to him every day, at Court and at church.

Swift took his principal measure from Butler, and he emulated his rhymes; yet his manner is his own. There is a mixture of care and precision in it, announcing at once power and fastidiousness, like Mr. Dean going with his verger before him, in flowing gown and five-times washed face, with his nails pared to the quick. His long irregular prose verses, with rhymes at the end, are an invention of his own; and a similar mixture is discernible even in those, not excepting a feeling of musical proportion. Swift had more music in him than he loved to let "fiddlers" suppose; and throughout all his writings there may be observed a jealous sense of power, modifying the most familiar of his impulses.

After all, however, Swift's verse, compared with Pope's or with Butler's, is but a kind of smart prose. It wants their pregnancy of expression. His greatest works are "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Tale of a Tub."

GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith is so delightful a writer, that the general impression on his readers is that of his having been a perfect sort of man, at least for amiableness and *bonhomie*, and the consequence is, that when they come to be thoroughly acquainted with his life and works, especially the critical portion, they are startled to find him partaking of the frailties of his species and the jealousies of his profession. So much good, however, and honesty and simplicity, and such an abundance of personal kindness, still remain, and it seems likely that so much of what was weak in him originated in a painful sense of his want of personal address and attractiveness, that all harsh conclusions appear as ungracious as they are uncomfortable, we feel even wanting in gratitude to one who has so much instructed and entertained us; and hasten, for the sake of what is weak as well as strong in ourselves, to give all the old praise and honour to the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Deserted Village." We are obliged to confess that the Vicar, artless and delightful as he is, is

an inferior brother of Parson Adams; and that there are great improbabilities in the story. But the family manners, and the Flamboroughs, and Moses, are all delicious; and the style of writing perfect. Again, we are forced to admit, that the "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village" are not of the highest or subtlest order of poetry; yet they are charming of their kind, and as perfect in style as his prose. They are cabinets of exquisite workmanship, which will outlast hundreds of oracular shrines of oak ill put together. Goldsmith's most thoroughly original productions are his comedies and minor poems, particularly "She Stoops to Conquer," [and his two masterpieces of wit and humour "The Haunch of Venison" and "Retaliation"]. His comic writing is of the class which is perhaps as much preferred to that of a starder sort by people in general, as it is by the writer of these pages—comedy running into farce, that is to say, truth richly coloured and overflowing with animal spirits. It is that of the prince of comic writers, Molière (always bearing in mind that Molière beats every one of them in expression, and is a great verse-writer to boot). The English have no dramatists to compare in this respect with the Irish. Farquhar, Goldsmith, and Sheridan surpass them all; and O'Keefe, as a farce-writer, stands alone.

THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS.

(*Men, Women, and Books*, 1847.)

By the invention of the omnibus, all the world keeps its coach! And with what cheapness! And to how much social advantage! No "plague with servants;" no expense for liveries; no coach-makers' and horse-doctors' bills, no keeping one's fellow-creatures waiting for us in the cold night-time and rain, while the dance is going down the room, or another hour is spent in bidding good-bye, and lingering over the comfortable fire. We have no occasion to think of it at all till we want it; and then it either comes to one's door, or you go forth, and in a few minutes see it *hulling* up the street—the man-of-war among coaches—the whale's back in the metropolitan flood—while the driver is

beheld sitting, super-eminent, like the guide of the elephant on his neck.

We cannot say much for the beauty of the omnibus, but there is a certain might of utility in its very bulk, which supersedes the necessity of beauty, as in the case of the whale itself, or in the idea that we entertain of Dr. Johnson, who shouldered porters as he went, and "laughed like a rhinoceros."

Enter the omnibus in its own proper person. If a morning omnibus, it is full of clerks and merchants; if a noon, of chance fares; if a night, of returning citizens and fathers of families; if a midnight, of playgoers, and gentlemen lax with stiff glasses of brandy-and-water.

Being one of the chance fares we enter an omnibus which has yet no other inside passenger.

Enter a precise personage, probably a Methodist, certainly "well off," who seats himself right in the midway of his side of the omnibus; that is to say, at equal distances between the two extremities, because it is the spot in which you least feel the inconvenience of the motion. He is a man who seldom makes a remark, or takes notice of what is going forward, unless a payment is to be resisted, or the entrance of a passenger beyond the lawful number. Now and then he hems, and adjusts a glove; or wipes a little dust off one of the cuffs of his coat.

In leaps a youngster, and seats himself close at the door, in order to be ready to leap out again.

Item, a maid-servant, flustered with the fear of being too late, and reddening furthermore betwixt awkwardness and the resentment of it, at not being quite sure where to seat herself. A jerk of the omnibus pitches her against the precisian, and makes both her and the youngster laugh.

Enter a young lady, in colours and big earrings, and excessively flounced and ringleted, and seats herself opposite the maidservant, who beholds her with admiration, but secretly thinks herself handsomer, and what a pity it is she was not a lady herself, to become the ringlets and flounces better.

Enter two more young ladies, in white, who pass to the other end in order to be out of the way of the knees and boots of those who quit. They whisper and giggle much, and are quizzing the young lady in the reds and ringlets,

who, for her part (though she knows it, and could squeeze all their bonnets together for rage), looks as firm and unconcerned as a statue.

Enter a dandy, too handsome to be quizzed; and then a man with a bundle, who is agreeably surprised with the gentlemanly toleration of the dandy, and unaware of the secret disgust of the Methodist.

Item, an old gentleman, then, a very fat man; then, two fat elderly women, one of whom is very angry at the incommodious presence of her counterparts, while the other, full of good-humour, is comforted by it. The youngster has in the meantime gone to sit on the coach-top, in order to make room; and we set off to the place of our destination.

What an intense intimacy we get with the face, neckcloth, waistcoat, and watch-chain of the man who sits opposite us! Who is he? What is his name? Is his care a great care—an affliction? Is his look of cheerfulness real? At length he looks at ourselves, asking himself, no doubt, similar questions; and, as it is less pleasant to be scrutinized than to scrutinize, we now set him the example of turning the eyes another way. How unpleasant it must be to the very fat man to be so gazed at! Think, if he sat as close to us in a private room, in a chair! How he would get up, and walk away! But here, sit he must, and have his portrait taken by our memories. We sigh for his plethora, with a breath almost as piteous as his wheezing. And he has a sensible face withal, and has, perhaps, acquired a painful amount of intellectual as well as physical knowledge, from the melancholy that has succeeded to his joviality. Fat men always appear to be "good fellows," unless there is some manifest proof to the contrary; so we wish, for his sake, that everybody in this world could do just as he pleased, and die of a very dropsy of delight.

Exeunt our fat friend, and the more ill-humoured of the two fat women; and enter, in their places, two young mothers—one with a good-humoured child, a female; the other with a great, handsome, red-cheeked wilful boy, all flounce and hat and feathers, and red legs, who is eating a bun.

Enter an affable man; who, having protested it is very cold, and lamented a stoppage, and vented the original remark that you gain nothing by an omnibus in point of

time, subsides into an elegant silence; but he is fastened upon by the man with the bundle, who, encouraged by his apparent good-nature, tells him, in an undertone, some anecdotes relative to his own experience of omnibuses; which the affable gentleman endures with a variety of assenting exclamations, intended quite as much to stop as to encourage, not one of which succeeds; such as "Ah!" "Oh!" "Indeed!" "Precisely;" "I daresay;" "I see;" "Really?" "Very likely;" jerking the top of his stick occasionally against his mouth as he speaks, and nobody pitying him.

Meantime the good-humoured fat woman having expressed a wish to have a window closed which the ill-humoured one had taken upon her to open, and the two young ladies in the corner giving their assent, but none of the three being able to pull it up, the elderly gentleman, in an ardour of gallantry, anxious to show his pleasing combination of strength and tenderness, exclaims, "Permit me;" and jumping up, cannot do it at all. The window cruelly sticks fast. It only brings up all the blood into his face with the mingled shame and incompetence of the endeavour. He is a conscientious kind of incapable, however, is the elderly gentleman; so he calls in the conductor, who does it in an instant. "He knows the trick," says the elderly gentleman. "It's only a little bit new," says the conductor, who hates to be called in.

Exeunt elderly and the maid-servant, and enter an unreflecting young gentleman who has bought an orange and must eat it immediately. He accordingly begins by peeling it, and is first made aware of the delicacy of his position by the gigglement of the two young ladies, and his doubt where he shall throw the peel. "He is in for it," however, and must proceed; so being unable to divide the orange into its segments, he ventures upon a great liquid bite, which resounds through the omnibus, and covers the whole of the lower part of his face with pip and drip. The young lady with the ringlets is right before him. The two other young ladies stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and he into his own mouth the whole of the rest of the fruit, "sloshy" and too big, with desperation in his heart, and the tears in his eyes. Never will he eat an orange again in an omnibus. He doubts whether he shall even venture

upon one at all in the presence of his friends, the Miss Wilkinsons.

Enter, at various times, an irascible gentleman, who is constantly threatening to go out; a long-legged dragoon, at whose advent the young ladies are smit with sudden gravity and apparent objection; a young sailor, with a face innocent of everything but a pride in his slops, who says his mother does not like his going to sea; a gentleman with a book, which we long to ask him to let us look at; a man with a dog, which embitters the feet and ankles of a sharp-visaged old lady, and completes her horror by getting on the empty seat next her, and looking out of the window; divers bankers' clerks and tradesmen, who think of nothing but the bills in their pockets; two estranged friends, *ignoring* each other; a pompous fellow, who suddenly looks modest and bewitched, having detected a baronet in the corner; a botanist with his tin herbarium; a young married couple, assuming a right to be fond in public; another from the country, who exalt all the rest of the passengers in self-opinion by betraying the amazing fact, that they have never before seen Piccadilly; a footman, intensely clean in his habiliments, and very respectful, for his hat subdues him, as well as the strange feeling of sitting inside; four boys going to school, very pudding-faced, and not knowing how to behave (one pulls a string and top halfway out of his pocket, and all reply to questions in monosyllables); a person with a constant smile on his face, having just cheated another in a bargain; close to him a very melancholy person, going to see a daughter on her deathbed, and not hearing a single one of the cheater's happy remarks; a French lady looking at once amiable and worldly—hard, as it were, in the midst of her softness, or soft in the midst of her hardness—which you will—probably an actress, or a teacher; two immense-whiskered Italians, uttering their delicious language with a precision which shows that they are singers; a man in a smock-frock, who, by his sitting on the edge of the seat, and perpetually watching his time to go out, seems to make a constant apology for his presence; in short, every description of age, rank, temper, occupation, appearance, life, character, and behaviour, from the thorough gentleman who quietly gives himself a lift out of the rain, secure in his easy unaffected manner and his accommodating good-breed-

ing, down to the blackguard who attempts to thrust his opinion down the throat of his neighbour, or keeps his legs thrust out across the doorway, or lets his umbrella drip against a sick child.

There are certain things which almost all omnibus passengers do; such as help ladies to and fro; gradually get nearer to the door whenever a vacant seat occurs, so as to force the new-comer farther up than he likes; and all people stumble, forward or sideways, when they first come in, and the coach sets off before they are seated. Among the pleasures, are seeing the highly satisfied faces of persons suddenly relieved from a long walk; being able to read a book; and, occasionally, observing one of a congenial sort in the hands of a fellow-passenger. Among the evils, are dirty boots and wetting umbrellas; broken panes of glass in bad weather, afflicting the napes of the necks of invalids; and fellows who endeavour to convenience themselves at everybody's expense, by taking up as much room as possible, and who pretend to alter their oblique position when remonstrated with, without really doing it. Item, cramps in the leg, when thrusting it excessively backwards underneath the seat, in making way for a new-comer—the patient thrusting it forth again with an agonized vivacity that sets the man opposite him laughing. Item, cruel treadings upon corns, the whole being of the old lady or gentleman seeming to be mashed into the burning foot, and the sufferer looking in an ecstasy of tormented doubt whether to be decently quiet or murderously vociferous—the inflicter, meanwhile, thinking it sufficient to say, "Very sorry," in an indifferent tone of voice, and taking his seat with an air of luxurious complacency. Among the pleasures also, particularly in going home at night, must not be forgotten the having the omnibus finally to yourself, readjusting yourself in a corner betwixt slumbering and waking, and throwing up your feet on the seat opposite; though, as the will becomes piqued in proportion to its luxuries, you always regret that the seats are not wider, and that you cannot treat your hat, on cold nights, as freely as if it were a night-cap.

OVERRUN BY A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

("Carfington Blundell's Disasters," in *Men, Women, and Books*, 1847.)

TURNING a corner, Carfington Blundell had the pleasure of seeing a hackney-coach slowly moving in the distance, and the man holding forth his whip to the pedestrians, evidently disengaged. The back of it, to be sure, was towards him, and the street long and narrow, and very muddy. But no matter. An object's an object; a little more mud could not signify; our light-footed sufferer began running.

Now runners, unfortunately, are not always prepared for corners; especially when their anxiety has an object right before it, and the haste is in proportion. Mr. Blundell, almost before he was aware of it, found himself in the middle of a flock of sheep. There was a hackney-coach also in the way, the dog was yelping, and leaping hither and thither; and the drover, in a very loud state of mind, hooting, whistling, swearing, and tossing up his arms.

Mr. Blundell, it is certain, could not have got into a position less congenial to his self-possession, or more calculated to commit his graces in the eyes of the unpropitiated. And the sheep, instead of sympathizing with him, as in their own distress they might (poetically) be supposed to do, positively seemed in the league to distress his stockings, and not at all to consider even his higher garment. They ran against him; they bolted at him: they leaped at him; or if they seemed to avoid him, it was only to brush him with muddier sides, and to let in upon his weakened forces the frightful earnestness of the dog, and the inconsiderate, if not somewhat suspicious, circumambiences of the coachman's whip

Mr Blundell suddenly disappeared.

He fell down, and the sheep began jumping over him! The spectators, I am sorry to say, were in an ecstasy.

You know, observant reader, the way in which sheep carry themselves on abrupt and saltatory occasions, how they follow one another with a sort of spurious and involuntary energy; what a pretended air of determination they have; how they really have it, as far as example induces, and fear propels them; with what a heavy kind of lightness they take the leap; how brittle in the legs, lumpish

in the body, and insignificant in the face; how they seem to quiver with apprehension, while they are bold in act; and with what a provoking and massy springiness they brush by you, if you happen to be in the way, as though they wouldn't avoid the terrors of your presence, if possible—or rather, as if they would avoid it with all their hearts, but insulted you out of a desperation of inability. *Baas* intermix their pensive objections with the hurry, and a sound of feet as of water. Then, ever and anon, come the fiercer leaps, the conglomerating circuits, the dorsal visitations, the yelps and tongue-lollings of the dog, lean and earnest minister of compulsion; and loud, and dominant over all, exult the no less yelping orders of the drover—indefinite, it is true, but expressive—rustical cogencies of *oo* and *ou*, the intelligible jargon of the Corydon or Thyrsis of Chalk Ditch, who cometh, final and humane, with a bit of candle in his hat, a spike at the end of his stick, and a hoarseness full of pastoral catarrh and juniper.

Thrice (as the poets say) did Carfington Blundell, Esquire, raise his unhappy head out of the *mêlée*, hatless and mudded; thrice did the spectators shout; and thrice did he sink back from the shout and the sheep, in calamitous acquiescence.

"Lie still, you fool!" said the hackney-coachman, "and they'll jump easy."

"JUMP EASY!" Heavens! how strange are the vicissitudes of human affairs. To think of Mr. Blundell only but yesterday, or this evening rather—nay, not an hour ago—his day fine, his hopes immense, his whole life lapped up, as it were, in cotton and lavender, his success elegant, his evening about to be spent in a room full of admirers; and NOW, his very prosperity is to consist in lying still in the mud, and letting sheep jump over him!

Then to be called a "fool":—"Lie still, *you fool!*"

Mr. Blundell could not stand it any longer (as the Irishman said); so he rose up just in time to secure a kick from the last sheep, and emerged amidst a roar of congratulation.

—"inhabits;" for of all goods and chattels, this surely contracts a kind of humanity from the warmth so often given to it by the comfortable soul within. Its pillows—as a philosophic punster might observe—have something in them "next to the human cheek."

"Home is home," says the good proverb, "however homely." Equally certain are we, that bed is bed, however *bedly*. (We have a regard for this bit of parody on the old saying, because we made Charles Lamb laugh one night with it, when we were coming away with him out of a friend's house.) Bed is the home of home; the innermost part of the content. It is sweet within sweet; a nut in the nut, within the snuggest nest, a snugger nest; my retreat from the publicity of my privacy; my room within my room, walled (if I please) with curtains; a box, a separation, a snug corner, such as children love when they play at "house;" the place where I draw a direct line between me and my cares; where I enter upon a new existence, free, yet well invested; reposing, but full of power; where the act of lying down, and pulling the clothes over one's head, seems to exclude matters that have to do with us when dressed and on our legs, where, though in repose, one is never more conscious of one's activity, divested of those hampering weeds; where a leg is not a lump of boot and stocking, but a real leg, clear, natural, fleshy, delighting to thrust itself, hither and thither, and lo! so recreating itself, it comes in contact with another; to wit, one's own. One should hardly guess as much, did it remain eternally divorced from its companion—alienated and altered into leather and prunella. Of more legs we speak not. The bed we are at this moment presenting to our imagination, is a bachelor's; for we must be cautious how we touch upon others. A married man may, to be sure, condescend, if he pleases, for the trifle's sake, to taste of the poor bachelor's satisfaction. He has only to go to bed an hour before his wife. Or the lady may do as much *vice versâ*. One gratification, beyond what a bachelor or spinster can often be presumed to realize, is the pleasure of being in bed at your ease, united with the highest kind of advantage *over the person that is up*. You do not enjoy yourself because others are in misery; but, because your pleasure at the moment being very much in your bed, and it not being the other's pleasure to

come to bed so soon (which you rather wonder at), you are at liberty to make what conclusions you please as to the superior nature of your condition. And there is this consideration besides, that you being in bed, and others up, all cares and attentions naturally fall to the portions of those individuals; so that you are at once the master of your own repose and of their activity. A bachelor, however, may enjoy a good deal of this. He may have kindred in the house, or servants, or the man and woman that keep the lodging; and from his reflections on all or either of these persons, he may derive no little satisfaction. It is a lordly thing to consider, that others are sitting up, and nobly doing some duty or other, with sleepy eyes, while ourselves are exquisitely shutting ours; they being also ready to answer one's bell, bring us our white wine whey, or lamp, or what not, or even to go out in spite of the rain for some fruit, should we fancy it, or for a doctor in case we should be ill, or to answer some question for the mere pleasure of answering it.

"Who's there?"

"Me, sir; Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jones; I merely rang to know if you were up"

"Dear me, yes, sir, and likely to be this hour."

(*Aside and happy*)—"Poor soul!"

"It's Mr. Jones's club-night, sir."

("Poor woman! Capital pillow this!")

"And it's a full hour's walk from the Jolly Gardeners."

("Poor Jones! Very easy mattress.") *Aloud*—"Bless me, that's a bad business; and it rains, doesn't it, Mrs. Jones?'

"A vile rain, sir, with an east wind."

("Poor Jones! Delicious curtains these!) Couldn't the servant sit up, and let Mr. Jones in?"

"Lord, sir, we're both of us sitting up; for I'm frighted out of my wits, sitting alone; and Mr. Jones wouldn't be pleased if I didn't see him in myself."

("Poor woman!) Good-night, Mrs. Jones; pray don't stand any longer at that cold door."

"Do you want anything, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you. I am very comfortable. What o'clock is it?"

"Just going one, sir."

"Poor creature!—Poor Susan!—Poor Jones!") *Whew* goes the wind; *patter* go the windows; *rumble* goes a coach; to sleep go I.

This is pretty;—but a wife, instead of the woman of the house—a wife up, and going about like one's guardian-angel; we also loving her well, and having entreated her not to sit up, only she is forced to do so for this half hour—either we know nothing of bliss itself, or the variety—merely *as a* variety—the having a whole bed for half an hour, merely as a *change* from that other superhuman elysian state—the seeing even a little pain borne so beautifully by the "partner of one's existence," whom, of course, we love the better for it, and cannot but rejoice in seeing gifted with such an opportunity of showing herself to advantage—all this, if we mistake not (owing to our present bachelor hallucination), must be a sublimation of satisfaction unknown to sojourners at large, who are but too often accused, with justice, of having more room than they know what to do with

A bed, to be perfectly comfortable, should be warm, clean, well made, and of a reasonable softness. People differ as to the amount of the softness. The general opinion seems to be in favour of feather-beds. To ourselves (if the fact *must* be publicly torn out of us by a candour trying to the sense of our nothingness), a feather-bed is a Slough of Despond. When we are in the depths of it, we long to be on the heights. When we get on the heights, down they go with us, and turn into depths. The feathers hamper us, obstruct, irritate, suffocate We lose the sense of repose and independence, and feel ourselves in the hands of a soft lubberly giant.

Warmth, cleanliness, and ease being secured, it is of minor importance what sort of a bed we lie in, whether it has curtains, or a canopy, or even legs. We can lie on the floor for that matter, provided the palliasse be of decent thickness. The *floor* itself then becomes a part of the great field of rest in which we expatiate There is nothing to bound our right of incumbency; we can gather the clothes about us, and roll on the floor if we please.

Commend us (for a climate like ours) to a bedchamber of the middle order, such as it was set out about a hundred years back, and may still be seen in the houses of some old

families: the *room of moderate size*; the four-post bedstead neatly and plentifully, but not richly, draperied; the chairs draperied also, down to the ground; a drapery over the toilet; the carpet, a good old Turkey or Brussels, not covering the floor, and easily to be taken up and shaken; the wardrobe and drawers of old shining oak, walnut, or mahogany, a few cabinet pictures, as exquisite as you please; the windows with seats, and looking upon some green place; two or three small shelves of books; and the drawers, when they are opened, redolent of lavender and clean linen. We should be heartily ashamed of ourselves if we could not sleep happily in any bed (down and *mud* always excepted), provided only it had enough clothes to keep us warm, and were as clean and decent as honest poverty could make it. We talk of fine chambers, and luxurious contrasts of sitters-up; but our secret passion is for a homely room in a cottage, with perfect quiet, a book or two, and a sprig of rosemary in the window; not the book or two for the purpose of reading in bed—(having once received a startling lesson that way, and not choosing to burn down the village)—but in order that we may see them in the window the first thing in the morning, together with the trees of which they discourse. Add to this, a watch-dog at a distance, and a moaning wind, no matter how "melancholy," provided it does not blow a tempest (for though Nature does nothing but for good, the particular suffering sometimes presses upon the imagination), and we drop to sleep in a transport of comfort. Compare such a bed as this with one we have seen during a storm of fifty-six hours' duration at sea, the occupant (the mate of the vessel) with his hands wet, black, blistered, and smarting with the cold, and the very bed (a hole in a corner) as wet as his hands! And the common sailors had worse! And yet the worst of all, shut out from wet and cold as they were, but not having work like the seamen to occupy the mind, were the cribs of a parcel of children tossing about in all this tempest, and the bed of their parents on the cabin floor. With these recollections (as the whole vessel got safe), we sometimes think we could find it in our hearts to relish even a feather-bed.

A very large bedroom in an old country-house is not pleasant, where the candle shows you the darkness at the

other end of it, and you begin to think it possible for houses to be haunted. And as little comfortable is the bed with a great dusty canopy, such as they say the Highland laird mistook for the bed itself, and mounted at top of, while he put his servant into the sheets, thinking that the loftier stratum was the place of grandeur. Sometimes these canopies are domed, and adorned with plumes, which gives them a funereal look; and a nervous gentleman, who, while getting into bed, is hardly sure that a hand will not thrust itself out beneath the vallance and catch him by the ankle, does not feel quite so bold in it as the French general, who, when threatened by some sheeted ghosts, told them to make the best of their way off, or he would give them a sound thrashing. On the other hand, unless warranted by necessity and good-humour, which can reconcile anything, it is very disagreeable to see sofa-bedsteads and press-bedsteads in "stived-up" little rooms, half sitting-room and half chamber They look as if they never could be aired For a similar reason, an Englishman cannot like the French beds that shut up into alcoves in the wall. We do not object to a custom merely because it is foreign; nor is it unreasonable, or indeed otherwise than agreeable, that a bedroom of good dimensions should include a partial bit of a sitting-room or boudoir; but in that case, and indeed in all cases, it should be kept scrupulously neat and clean. Order in a house first manifests itself in the room which the housewife inhabits; and every sentiment of the heart, as well as of the external graces, demands that a very reverence and religion of neatness should be there exhibited, not formality—not a want of snugness—but all which evidences that the esteem of a life is preferred to the slatternliness of the moment, and that two hearts are always reigning together in that apartment, though one person alone should be visible.

It is very proper that bedrooms, which can afford it, should be adorned with pictures, with flowers by daytime (they are not wholesome at night), and, if possible, with sculpture. We are among those who believe, with the old romance of Heliodorus, that under circumstances which affect the earliest periods of existence, familiar objects are not without their influence upon the imagination. Besides, it is wholesome to live in the kindly and tranquil atmosphere of the arts; and few, even of the right-minded, turn

to half the account they might do the innumerable beauties which Heaven has lavished upon the world, both in art and nature. Better hang a wild rose over the toilet than nothing. The eye that looks in the glass will see there something besides itself; and it will acquire something of a religious right to respect itself, in thinking by how many objects in the creation the bloom of beauty is shared.

The most sordidly ridiculous anecdote we remember of a bedchamber, is one in the life of Elwes, the rich miser, who, asking a visitor one morning how he had rested, and being told that he could not escape from the rain which came through the roof of the apartment, till he had found out one particular corner in which to stow the truckle-bed, said laughingly, and without any sense of shame, "Ah! what! you found it out, did you? Ah! that's a nice corner, isn't it?" This, however, is surpassed in dramatic effect, by the story of two ministers of state, in the last century, who were seen one day, by a sudden visitor, furiously discussing some great question out of two separate beds in one room by daytime, their arms and bodies thrust forward towards each other out of the clothes, and the gesticulation going on accordingly. If our memory does not deceive us, one of them was Lord Chatham. He had the gout, and his colleague coming in to see him, and the weather being very cold, and no fire in the room, the noble earl had persuaded his visitor to get into the other bed. The most ghastly bedchamber story, in real life (next to some actually mortal ones), is that of a lady who dreamt that her servant-maid was coming into the room to murder her. She rose in the bed with the horror of the dream in her face; and sitting up thus appalled, encountered, in the opening door, the sight of the no less horrified face of the maid-servant, coming in with a light to do what her mistress apprehended.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

(*Men, Women, and Books*, 1847.)

It would puzzle a wise man, though not a fool, to prove to himself that I was not, in some spiritual measure, in any

place where I chose to pitch my imagination. I notice this metaphysical subtlety, the better to impress a conviction which I have—that I know Scotland very well, and have been there many times.

Whether we go to another country on these occasions, in the manner of a thing spiritual, our souls being pitched out of ourselves like rockets or meteors; or whether the country comes to us, and our large souls are inhabited by it for the time being, upon the principle of the greater including the less,—the mind of man being a far more capacious thing than any set of square miles,—I shall leave the curious to determine; but if I am not intimate with the very best parts of Scotland, and have not seen them a thousand times, then do I know nothing of Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Walter Scott, or Smollett, or Ossian, or James the First or Fifth, or snoods, or cockernonies, or gloamin', or birks and burnies, or plaids, bonnets, or phillabegs, or John Knox, or Queen Mary, or the Canongate, or the Calton Hill, or Hume and Robertson, or Tweedside, or a haggis, or cakes, or heather, or reels and strathspeys, or Glengarry, or all the clans, or Auld Robin Gray, or a mist, or rappee, or second sight, or the kirk, or the cutty-stool, or golf and hurling, or the Border, or Bruce and Wallace, or bagpipes, or bonnie lassies.

"A lover's plaid and a bed of heath," says the right poetical Allan Cunningham, "are favourite topics with the northern muse. When the heather is in bloom, it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. A sea of brown blossom, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild bees, is a fine sight." Sir, I have seen it a million times, though I never set eyes on it.

Who that has ever read it, is not put into visual possession of the following scene in the "Gentle Shepherd?"

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses used to wash and spread their claes;
A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round,
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear.

Or this?—

The open field—A cottage in a glen;
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.

Or this other, a perfect domestic picture?—

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by a morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty through the reek:
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then a joke maun intervene.

The globe we inhabit is divisible into two worlds; one hardly less tangible, and far more known than the other,—the common geographical world, and the world of books; and the latter may be as geographically set forth. A man of letters, conversant with poetry and romance, might draw out a very curious map, in which this world of books should be delineated and filled up, to the delight of all genuine readers, as truly as that in Guthrie or Pinkerton. To give a specimen, and begin with Scotland,—Scotland would not be the mere territory it is, with a scale of so many miles to a degree, and such and such a population. Who (except a patriot or cosmopolite) cares for the miles or the men, or knows that they exist, in any degree of consciousness with which he cares for the never-dying population of books? How many generations of men have passed away, and will pass, in Ayrshire or Dumfries, and not all the myriads be as interesting to us as a single Burns? What have we known of them, or shall ever know, whether lairds, lords, or ladies, in comparison with the inspired ploughman? But we know of the bards and the lasses, and the places which he has recorded in song, we know the scene of "Tam o' Shanter's" exploit; we know the pastoral landscapes above quoted, and the scenes immortalized in Walter Scott and the old ballads; and, therefore, the book-map of Scotland would present us with the most prominent of these. We should have the border, with its banditti, towns, and woods, Tweedside, Melrose, and Roslin, "Edina," otherwise called Edinburgh and Auld Reekie, or the town of Hume, Robertson, and others; Woodhouselee, and other classical and haunted places; the bower built by the fair hands of "Bessie Bell" and "Mary Gray," the farmhouses of Burns's friends; the scenes of his loves and sorrows, the land of "Old Mortality," of the "Gentle Shepherd" and of "Ossian." The Highlands, and the great blue billowy domains of heather, would be distinctly marked out, in their

most poetical regions; and we should have the tracks of Ben Jonson to Hawthornden, of "Rob Roy" to his hiding-places, and of "Jeanie Deans" towards England. Abbotsford, be sure, would not be left out; nor the house of the "Antiquary,"—almost as real a man as his author. Nor is this all: for we should have older Scotland, the Scotland of James the First, and of "Peeblis at the Play," and Gawin Douglas, and Bruce, and Wallace; we should have older Scotland still, the Scotland of Ariosto, with his tale of "Ginevra," and the new "Andromeda," delivered from the sea-monster at the Isle of Ebuda (the Hebrides), and there would be the residence of the famous "Launcelot of the Lake," at Berwick, called the Joyeuse Garde, and other ancient sites of chivalry and romance, nor should the nightingale be left out in "Ginevra's" bower, for Ariosto has put it there, and there, accordingly, it is and has been heard, let ornithology say what it will, for what ornithologist knows so much of the nightingale as a poet? We would have an inscription put on the spot—"Here the nightingale sings, contrary to what has been affirmed by White and others"

This is the Scotland of books, and a beautiful place it is. I will venture to affirm that it is a more beautiful place than the other Scotland, always excepting to an exile or a lover; for the former is piqued to prefer what he must not touch; and, to the latter, no spot is so charming as the ugliest place that contains his beauty. Not that Scotland has not many places literally as well as poetically beautiful: I know that well enough. But you see that young man there, turning down the corner of the dullest spot in Edinburgh, with a dead wall over against it, and delight in his eyes? He sees No 4, the house where the girl lives he is in love with. Now what that place is to him, all places are, in their proportion, to the lover of books, for he has beheld them by the light of imagination and sympathy.

China, is a very unknown place to us,—in one sense of the word unknown, but who is not intimate with it as the land of tea, and china, and ko-tous, and pagodas, and mandarins, and Confucius, and conical caps, and people with little names, little eyes, and little feet, who sit in little bowers, drinking little cups of tea, and writing little odes? The Jesuits, and the teacups, and the novel of Iu-Kiao-Li,

have made us well acquainted with it; better, a great deal, than millions of its inhabitants are acquainted—fellows who think it in the middle of the world, and know nothing of themselves. With *one* China they are totally unacquainted, to wit, the great China of the poet and old travellers, Cathay, "seat of Cathian Can," the country of which Ariosto's "Angelica" was princess-royal; yes, she was a Chinese, "the fairest of her sex, Angelica." It shows that the ladies in that country must have *greatly* degenerated, for it is impossible to conceive that Ariosto, and Orlando, and Rinaldo, and King Sacripant, who was a Circassian, could have been in love with her for having eyes and feet like a pig.

Book-England, on the map, would shine as the Albion of the old Giants, as the "Logres" of the Knights of the Round Table; as the scene of Amadis of Gaul, with its *island* of Windsor; as the abode of fairies, of the Druids, of the divine Countess of Coventry, of Guy, Earl of Warwick, of "Alfred" (whose reality was a romance), of the Fair Rosamond, of the Arcades and Comus, of Chaucer and Spenser, of the poets of the Globe and the Mermaid, the wits of Twickenham and Hampton Court. Fleet Street would be Johnson's Fleet Street, the Tower would belong to Julius Cæsar; and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and the Dunciad.

I have seen various places in Europe, which have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses. to have walked, and talked, and suffered, and enjoyed with them, and if their books have made the places better, the books themselves were there which made them so, and which grew out of them The poet's hand was on the place, blessing it I can no more separate this idea from the spot, than I can take away from it any other beauty. Even in London, I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and, of course, associated it with every commonplace the most unpoetical. The greater still includes the less: and I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton, or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakspeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling

Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside—than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendour of the recollection. I once had duties to perform, which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood in which Dryden lived: and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.

BAGPIPES.

(*Table Talk*, 1851.)

An air played on the bagpipes, with that detestable, monotonous drone of theirs for the bass, is like a tune tied to a post.

THE COUNTENANCE AFTER DEATH.

(*Table Talk*, 1851.)

A corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

GIBBON.

(*Table Talk*, 1851.)

Perhaps Gibbon's life was altogether a little too selfish, and lapped up in cotton. He lumbered from his bed to his board, and back again, with his books in the intervals, or rather divided his time between the three, in a sort of swinishness of scholarship. Martyrdom and he were at a pretty distance! He was an admirable Latin scholar, a

punctilious historian, an interesting writer in spite of a bad style; and his faults, of every kind, appear to have been owing to temperament and disease, and to his having been an indulged infant, and heir to an easy fortune. Let us be thankful we got so much out of him, and that so diseased a body got so much out of life. A writer's infirmities are sometimes a reader's gain. If Gibbon had not disliked so much to go out of doors, we might not have had the "Decline and Fall."

WORLDS OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

(*Table Talk*, 1851)

"THE world!" The man of fashion means St. James's by it, the mere man of trade means the Exchange and a good prudent mistrust. But men of sense and imagination, whether in the world of fashion or trade, who use the eyes and faculties which God has given them, mean His beautiful planet, gorgeous with sunset, lovely with green fields, magnificent with mountains—a great rolling energy, full of health, love, and hope, and fortitude, and endeavour. Compare this world with the others. The man of fashion's is no better than a billiard-ball; the money-getter's than a musty *plum*

RUSSIAN HORN BAND.

(*Table Talk*, 1851)

"THE Russian horn music" (says an authority whose name I have forgotten) "was invented by Prince Gallitzin, in 1762. This instrument consists of forty persons, *whose life is spent in blowing one note*." This, to be sure, is sounding the very "bass-note of humility." A man converted into a crotchet! An A flat in the sixtieth year of his age! A fellow-creature of Alfred and Epaminondas, who has passed his life in acting a semitone! in waiting for his turn to exist, and then seizing the desperate instant, and being a puff!

WEEPING.

(*Table Talk*, 1851.)

It is an affecting, and would be a startling consideration, to think that God has given us tears for such express purposes of relief, as knowing how much our sorrows would need them, were not this very fact, among others, a proof (at least, it is a great evidence to myself) that all other needs of our affections are destined to be made up to us in good time, for tears, though they calm the first outbreaks of affliction, do not suffice for its subsequent yearnings, and as those yearnings continue—often with great returns of anguish to the last—sufficingness, I think, remains in store for them also. I should be one of the unhappiest, instead of the most resigned of men, at this moment, if I did not constantly, and as it were instinctively, feel that I should rejoin all the dear ones whom I have lost—words that now, as I write, wring bitter and unsufficing tears from the quivering of the soul within me. Encourage and, as it were, throw yourself heartily into the arms of this expectation, think how worthy it is, both of man and God, quite apart from the dogmas which too often render both so much the reverse; and, meantime, act in every respect with regard to your dear one just as you feel sure *she would wish you to act*, weeping as plentifully as you need, but as patiently too, and considering her as only gone before you, to be rejoined: she, all the while, being delivered from all *her* pain, spiritual as well as bodily, because she now possesses that certainty, as a disembodied spirit, which, for some finally good purpose, it is not fit that we, who are yet on earth, should possess ourselves. For my part, I confess to you that I often feel it highly probable that the spirits of my own beloved dead are in the room with me, and that they feel a special and heavenly pleasure by seeing that I do so, and by knowing the comfort it gives me. I count this no kind of madness, but one of the heights of reason, for it does not unfit me for the common work of life, but, on the contrar[illegible]t; and as it neither fevers me, nor is caused by [illegible]lf, I count it not among the unhealthy, but [illegible]capabilities of my nature; therefore of any [illegible]ure who chooses reasonably to enjoy it.

Friend and companion of the poet throng
That, save thee only, to that past belong.
Chief of a school so long contemned and scorned,
E'en though by Adonais' life adorned.
Bard of the realms of Cockaigne, dubbed in jest—
With what a grace, when taken to thy breast,
The brand of ridicule became the meed,
The badge and symbol of thy rhythmic creed!
An oaten pipe, the sceptre of thy sway,
Put to thy lips, lent music to thy lay;
From Dante's verse again in thine I see,
Revived the tender loves of Rimini.
Again the pale Magician of the Bow
Bids rapture from our trembling heart-strings flow—
Flow to the echo of the thrilling chords,
Struck from the living lyre of thy words.
Again, with dancing curls and laughing eye,
The sweet boy-elf of years and years gone by,
Perched on thy shoulder, claps his tiny hands,
Or clasps thy forehead with their loving bands.
Seasons have burgeoned, blossomed, teemed with fruits,
Acorns reared high their boles, struck deep their roots,
Babes turned to matrons, youth to hoary age,
Since thy first reader's soul hung o'er thy page;
Yet still thy blooms cling freshly to their stalks,
Still the bit wrangles as thy palfrey walks,
Still stirs the love-tale 'neath thy lover's touch,
Till leaves are left for looks that tell too much,
Tell the dear secret hearts but once disclose—
Theirs, than Pandora's box, more fraught with woes.
It was with thee, the vernal dawn of life,
When wayside themes with blooming fancies rife
Skirt the dull high-road, ev'n as hedgerows hung
With May's sweet blossoms—May, thy voice hath sung,
Sung as the fabled Nightingale the Rose,
When the bird warbles and the floweret glows.
Oft then thy brimming smiles and jocund tears,
Held quaint communion with long dead compeers:
The bright-eyed Elia with his tortuous quips,
Where wit's bee-wisdom sweet from bitter sips;
And studious Southey, lapped in antique lore,
Who breathed new life beneath the ribs of yore;

And ardent Shelley with his seraph look,
The heaven his picture and the earth his book;
And Coleridge dreaming dreams when young—when old—
Dreams of Arcadia and the Age of Gold,
Visions that first green Susquehannah yields,
Visions at last but of Elysian Fields.
These and their kindred forms may never more
Pass and repass thy genial glance before;
Never again upon thine ear shall fall
One well-known voice, then loved beyond them all,
The voice that through the rustling leaves at morn,
Chimed 'mid the Tuscan garden oft was borne,
When from his casement-sill Childe Harold there—
"Leontius!" called thee from thy student lair;
And when with pencilled book and scribbled leaf,
Each to the other breathed his joy and grief;
Rang the new-minted couplet from the page,
Making sweet music in the hermitage.
Yet none in thee, O Veteran! mark the mien
Of one superfluous lagging on the scene,
Dear to the youngest of this later throng
Alike thy silver locks, thy golden song
Quenched though the lambent friendships of thy youth,
On humbler altars burns the fire of Truth,
By hearths where oft thy unseen footsteps roam,
Familiar as the lares of our home.
Welcome as buds in April, dew at dawn,
From rind of years, from night of sorrows drawn,
The vernal fancies, sparkling, affluent, green,
Here in thine opening leaves of verse yet seen;
Here in thy drama's grace, thy lyric's hue,
The buds thy fancies, and our tears the dew.
Apollo's Feast, though years ago thou'st sung,
Still at the board thou sitt'st in heart yet young—
Joy smooth thy wrinkles with his dimpling smile,
Peace brim thy frugal cup with health the while,
Time count with rhythmic pulse thy latest hours,
And hide his snow beneath a crown of flowers!

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⁂ In giving this Catalogue of the Works of Leigh Hunt, grateful mention should be made of the exhaustive List of his Writings, with Notes and Critical Opinions, privately printed in 1868 by his old friend, Mr. Alexander Ireland.

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